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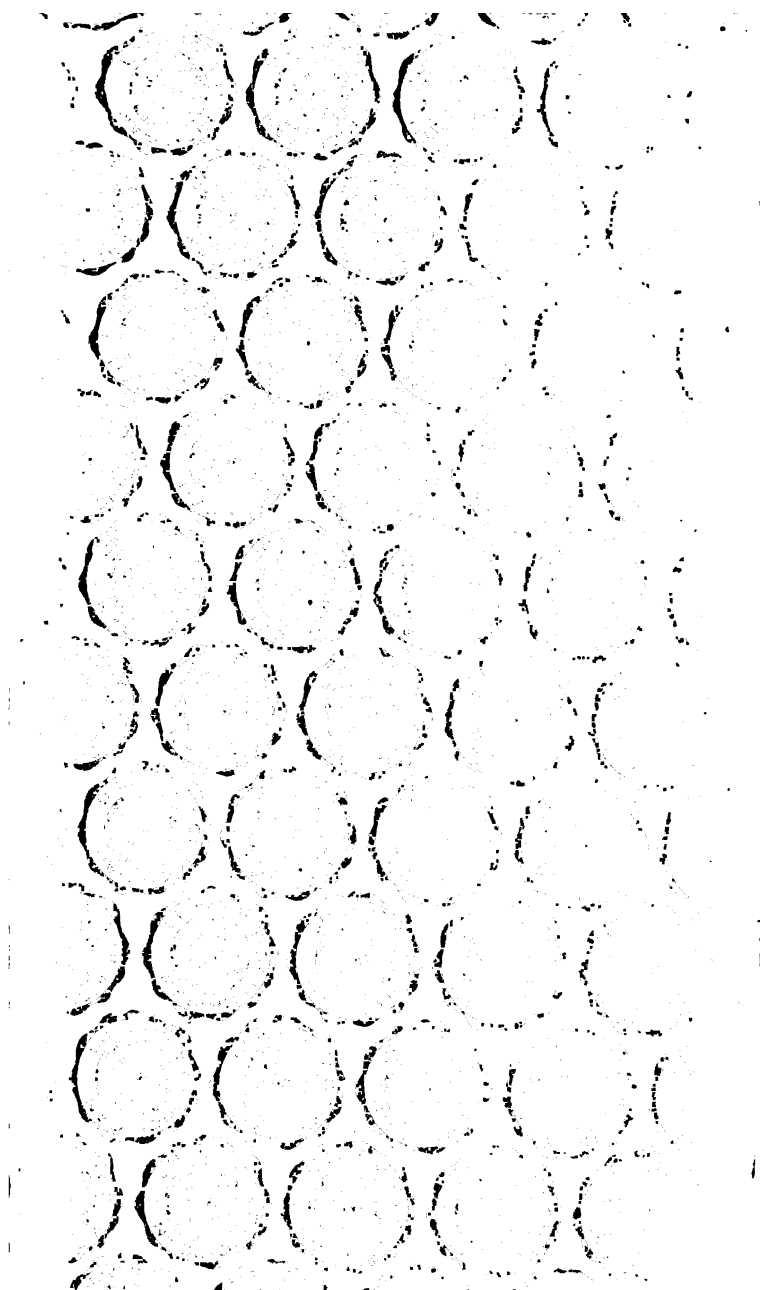
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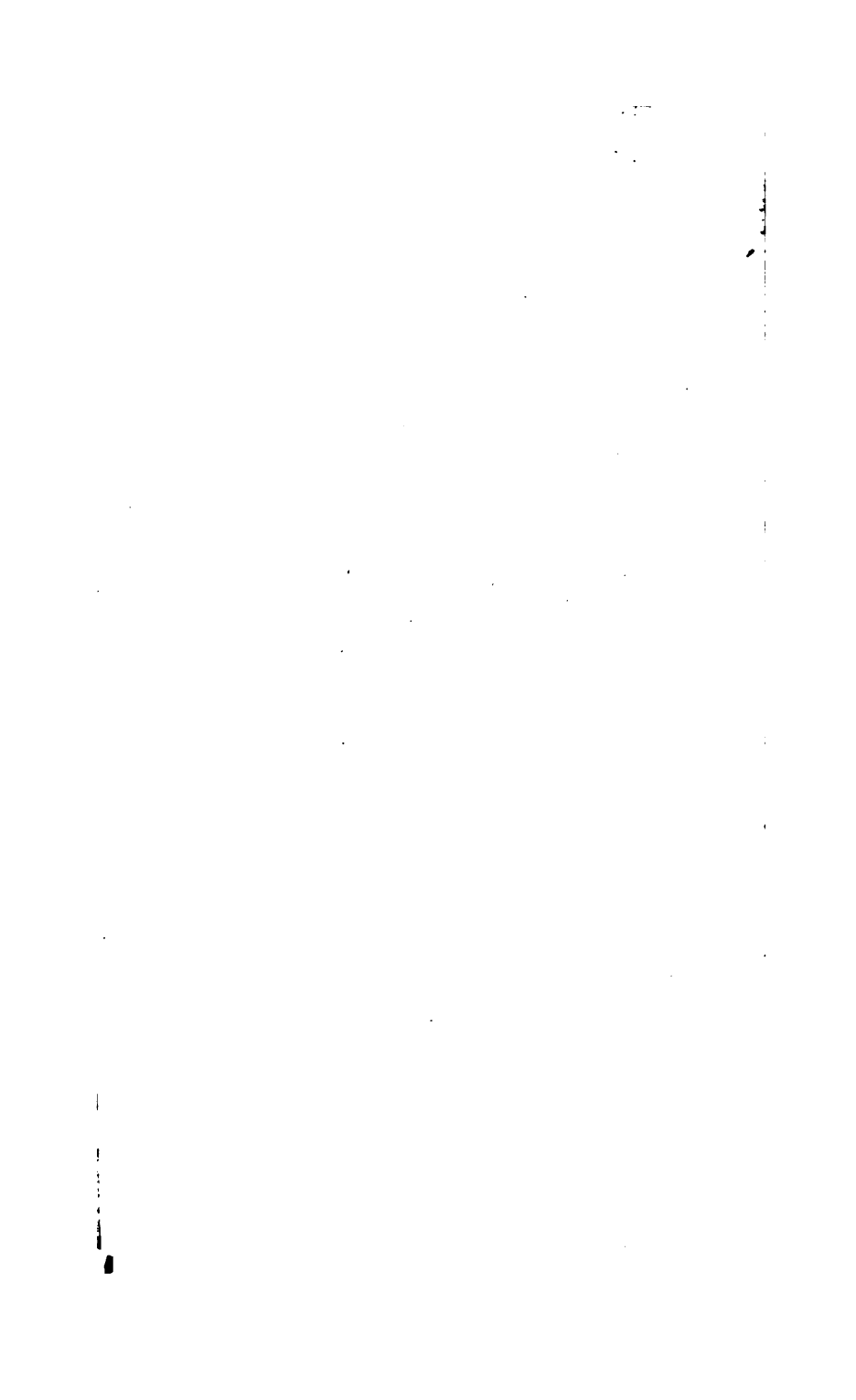
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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1803.

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST EXQUISITE
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,
PRINCIPALLY PROSE,
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS;

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES
OF
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. VII.

To be continued Annually.

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THE annually-increasing sale of this Collection of Jeux d'Esprits by the most celebrated wits and humourists of the age, is presumed to be an indisputable acknowledgment of its merit and utility. The Editor, however, when he mentions its *merit*, desires to be understood as asserting no claim for himself to a participation in the public favour; but as ascribing all to the respective authors of the pieces which he has had the pleasure of rescuing from that oblivion, to which they would soon have been consigned in the ephemeral repositories that originally gave them birth. Of its *utility* he may be allowed to judge, from the frequent demands for former volumes, as the work becomes more known; which have occasioned most of the early ones to be twice reprinted.

Among the happiest efforts in the present volume may be ranked several satires and farcafms, in the forms of playbills, &c. respecting the threatened invasion*. But if every part of its contents be not of equal excellence, the Editor trusts very few articles will be

* See, particularly, p. 336, *et seqq.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

found that do not possess some claims to preservation. The periodical publications are not, in every year, equally stored with the kind of matter which it is the object of these volumes to collect; nor is it always that Paper which produces the *most* that contains the *best*. It is, therefore, the Editor's duty, and his pleasure, when the metropolitan prints fail him, to resort to provincial aid. From *Suffex* and *Hampshire* he has derived some valuable auxiliaries to this Seventh Volume; and he hereby invites, from gentlemen in every county of the United Kingdom, the transmission of such articles *suitd to this publication* as they may observe in the papers of their respective vicinities; or, if *original* articles of merit, they will, of course, be doubly welcome*.

In performing the delicate task of selection, it must necessarily happen, that many essays will be rejected, for which, perhaps, their authors, or the persons by whom they were forwarded, had a degree of partiality or affection. When, however, the Editor states, that of the mass of materials annually collected, much more are thrown aside than are adopted, it cannot be expected that *reasons* should be assigned to every individual who may feel a disappointment of the nature alluded to. When it is *required*, the pieces not used will be returned by the Publisher; but no letters can be received that do not come *post-paid*.

* Such communications, addressed to the Editor at Mr. Ridgway's, York Street, St. James's Square, will be duly attended to.

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THE
S P I R I T
OF THE
P U B L I C J O U R N A L S.

MODERN MANNERS AND STYLE.

[From the Literary Journal.]

ALTHOUGH it may appear presumptuous to anticipate any of the decisions of posterity, it seems not improbable, that, a century hence, the present may be denominated the age of taste. Taste is a word which occurs more frequently than any other in all our printed annals; and our posterity must naturally imagine that it was a principle which in our times pervaded all animated nature and all moveable art. What it is, those who come after us may be as much at a loss to define, as we are ourselves; but that it is something, and a very important something, they must conclude from every species of evidence.

It would, however, be prudent in us to afford our children's children some data by which they might form an idea of this universal principle or passion. We cannot, it is hoped, be wholly inattentive to our character in future times; it behoves us, therefore, to remove those perplexities which obscure them, and must hereafter render our conduct paradoxical. But in what manner we can do this, by what laws we shall reduce our taste to a common standard, by what

means we shall limit the objects of taste, or persuade our successors that we have not forgotten the meaning of the word, are difficulties which appear insuperable. So many usurpers have arisen to dictate in all matters of taste, and to extend its boundaries over persons and things it was never intended to control, that we despair of seeing a regular government established in place of that revolutionary tribunal, which changes its laws and regulations, at least, every moon, and leaves no room for reflection or appeal to original principles.

At this season of the year taste presides over routs, and balls, and dinners. In these, we perceive that it consists of the aggregate of crowded rooms, chalked floors, and variegated lamps. When these are described by the able historian whose province it is to record such associations, we seem to have all which association can give us. In those splendid entertainments which formerly were denominated dinners and suppers, but which, by a fortunate coalition, are thrown into one, and called *dinner-suppers*, taste is displayed in an exhibition of articles, some of which are not intended, and some are unfit, to be eaten; and extreme taste, or that which merits and receives the eulogiums of the historians above mentioned, consists in the lateness of the hour of assembling. Hence some have supposed that taste is more particularly connected with midnight, and that the light of the sun, for some reasons not openly avowed, has of late years become particularly obnoxious to persons of true taste.

When we have once agreed to regulate our time by the principles of taste, it is but a slight transition to place our dress under the same control; but here it must be confessed we are every day departing farther and farther from any thing like a standard. A few years ago, taste prescribed that dress should not only

only be applied to decorate the person, but to become an integral part of the human body; hence the addition of cork rumps, wax bosoms, and other articles necessary to complete the work which Nature had very unaccountably left unfinished. But taste, which sometimes enjoins superfluities, will occasionally deny its votaries common necessities; and accordingly has lately prescribed that nature, which by the former experiments was found incapable of improvement, should be publicly exposed, and those objects displayed which had been concealed for near a century before. This is now, in a great measure, *true taste*, and has been attended with some very singular effects in the manufacturing world. We are assured by an eminent artist, that a dress may now be made so exceedingly fine and thin, that it may be either carried in a pocket-book, or conveyed by the two-penny post to any part of the town.

But while this taste prevails with the female habiliments, the gentlemen have a rule of taste peculiar to themselves, and which can best be described by saying, that it is the very reverse of the former.—With the ladies, it is the object to shew how little will do for dress; with the gentlemen, how much they can carry without fatigue. Hence the total disuse of silk, linen, and cambric, and the substitution of broad-cloth and leather. But this too is taste, and as such has the effect of law. The lords of the creation have tailors and boot-makers for their preceptors, and jockies or coachmen for their examples. With such instruction, how can they be otherwise than deeply learned in affairs of taste?

In our amusements, we have likewise a taste appropriate to them. This in the drama is no longer the province of the author, but of the scene-painter, the scene-shifter, and the carpenter; nor would it be just to deprive the musical composer of his due

share in this compound taste, for he has done wonders. By dressing the author's dialogue sometimes in a solemn suite of semibreves, and sometimes in the plain garb of minims; by sometimes helping him out with crotchets, and sometimes pricking him on with quavers and semiquavers, he has given to gross nonsense a refined taste, and has kept incapacity out of sight with astonishing ingenuity.

In books, too, there is a taste not very different from this; for as in the drama our taste depends on the painter, and carpenter, and the musician, so in books we owe it to the stationer, the printer, the engraver, and the book-binder. The stationer affords superfine wire-wove paper hot-pressed; the printer supplies types as fine as copper-plates, "with a rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin;" the binder makes the author pass for a man of taste, by his *elegantiss. compact. cor. Turcic. fol. deaurat. &c. or elegam. relié en Maroquin, feuil. dorées.*

But while every article of life has a taste affixed to it, it cannot be concealed that some have very seriously objected to the word; and at present, if our information be not incorrect, another is substituted which is yet more unintelligible, and consequently better adapted to general purposes. This is *STYLE*. One man lives in a very genteel style, while another rode his horse last Sunday, in the park, in a very pretty style. Mrs. Siddons's style of playing *Lady Macbeth* is much admired, but not more than Mr. Hoby's style of boot-tops. Mr. Fox's style of oratory is supposed to resemble that of Demosthenes, but no comparison has yet been found for the style in which Lady ——'s ball-room was chalked last Wednesday. Few men are much commended for their prudent conduct in domestic arrangements; but some of the most celebrated he-

roes

roes of Bond Street are celebrated for doing things in style.

So general is the application of this magical word, that the newspaper critics have had a prodigious addition to their necessary employments, and are sometimes expatiating on the style of an epic poem, and sometimes descanting on the style of a grand dinner; sometimes examining the style of a treaty, and at other times enlarging on the style of a song; sometimes displaying their architectural taste on the style of a suite of rooms, and sometimes proving the diversity of their talents in the style of a *pas des deux*; sometimes informing us that a member of parliament spoke in an animated style, and sometimes expatiating on the interesting style of a girl who appeared at the Old Bailey for stealing quart-pots; sometimes they describe the most stylish dresses at the Opera, and sometimes they repose on the style of Madame Recamier's bed, or instruct us in the style which has changed a tub into a chariot, and a coach-box into a dicky.

From these specimens it appears that style may in time accomplish the abolition of taste, and that upon the whole it may be more safe and useful, since there are a few who yet remember the old meaning of *taste*. It remains, however, to be added, that there are some affairs of high life and low life, to which neither taste nor style can be applied. There is nothing yet said to be stylish in the common disorders to which mankind are subject, such as fevers, &c. nor have we heard of any man of fashion having a fit of the gout in a good style. Nervous complaints, indeed, are in some degree connected with style, and there are taste and elegance in the hectic flush, of which we hear frequently. But, in general, pain is not very interesting, nor is there any standard of taste in agonies. As to death, it has long been voted a bore,

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

and no person of *ten* will allow it to be mentioned with patience.

Nor has style been yet extended to the affairs of the nation; nobody speaks of the style of the late war (which indeed was somewhat confused) nor of the late peace. An act of parliament has yet nothing genteel or stylish about it. Nor are the courts of law under any order in this respect. We hear now and then of a barrister giving a stylish dinner, or making a stylish figure at a masquerade; but he deserves none of this praise when he addresses a jury. Our judges give no charges in a stylish manner; and although criminals are dressed in style, and "look very interesting," they are transported or hanged in the most vulgar manner imaginable. It cannot be denied, however, that some men, by an excess of attention to the fleeting style or taste of the day, have brought themselves into those situations which are extremely awkward for a gentleman, because nothing in which he is accomplished can be of the least service.

R. S.

SPECIMEN OF MODERN INTELLIGENCE FROM THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

[From the Times.]

No. I.

THE Hon. Mr. DASH sports a new chariot, which is the pride of Long Acre, and the envy of Hyde Park.

The fashionable Mrs. HOG has taken No. 127, Manchester Place, where she will receive her numerous list of elegant friends, as soon as her little drawing-room has got the new paper.

The little Misses HYPS, of Piccadilly celebrity, are learning to play on the piano-forte.

It

It will give great uneasiness to the world of ton, to hear that the fashionable Mrs. TRAPES has cut her little finger, which interrupts the progress of her exquisite bell-ropes.

Last night we received an *express* from Portman Square, containing the important intelligence, that Mrs. FIDDLEDUM's ball is kept up with great spirit, and that the negus was excellent. More particulars by to-morrow's mail.

Our courier from the east has just brought word, that Alderman GUTTLE's grand dinner was dressed in a most superb style by Mr. Deputy BROTH. The macaroni was burned, it is said, by design, but the incendiary is not yet discovered.

It may be relied on, that Mrs. B—MPK—N will have a rout this evening. Invited: Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, and three Misses Jones, Mr. Mrs. and Mr. Thompson, jun. thirteen Mr. Smiths, six Browns, two Sparks, two Walkers; Messieurs and Mesdames Williams, Edwards, Tomkins, Johnsons, and Nichol's; Miss Winifrede and Miss Jemima Nichols; Mrs. and Miss Pratt; Mr. and the beautiful Mrs. Bumpkin, jun. besides a large *et cetera* of fashionables.

Sergeant PALAVER gave a grand dinner to Counsellor QUASH and a select party of legal fashionables. The company parted at an early hour, in the utmost good humour with themselves.

No. II.

The great world were last night assembled at the fashionable Mrs. PLUG's. It was the greatest squeeze of the winter. Mrs. FLIP and Miss AMELIA FLIRT, we are afflicted to say, fainted in the-door-way; but the friends of those agreeable ladies need be under no apprehension, as our reporter saw one of them playing

playing afterwards with great resolution at Casino, and the other was effectually recovered by winning a dashing pool at Commerce. The public may depend upon the accuracy of this interesting piece of intelligence.

Sir JOHN and Lady RIP, Sir THOMAS RAG, and the junior Mr. BOBTAIL, were at the head of a crowd of fashion. Miss PERKS was universally admired; indeed she looked all the better for her delightful ride in the morning, which was the talk of the pedestrian *beau monde*. Report says, that a German Baron is soon to lead this fair fashionable to the hymeneal altar; but if we may judge by the looks of Sir RALPH FINK, the rumour had not reached the ears of that worthy Baronet.

By the Brompton mail we have received intelligence, that the pretty Miss FIGG has nearly cured her cough by sugar-candy; and that the doctors have taken their last fee. Her noble visitors may therefore shortly expect another vocal treat at the Lodge. Mr. ABRAHAM FIGG has made great progress upon the violin, and is to take the lead next Friday. Mr. SALOMON is engaged *en second*.

Our express from Grosvenor Square brings the unfortunate information, that our reporters have been very rudely treated in Lord ——'s hall; and that at the Duke of ——'s they have literally been kicked down stairs.

The war having interrupted this channel of our information, we have only to say, that, according to the best private intelligence, the half of the first fifty pages of the red book visit the Duke and the other my Lord; and that we shall be able, notwithstanding hostilities, to procure authentic intelligence *via* the confectioner and the waiters for the night.

A bye-courier is just arrived to inform us there were no green peas in Grosvenor Square during the whole

whole evening; and that there was not asparagus enough for the company.

N. B. The music at my Lord's was very bad.

P. S. Mrs. PUFF will be at home to her friends, *et cetera*, to-morrow evening.

And without mercy for the opera, the delightful Lady LUNGS has determined to throw her doors open to the musical world.

No. III.

Mrs. DRIPPING's ball was the fashion of last evening. The light fantastic party kept it up till Phoebus intruded with unwelcome rays. The eldest Miss DRIPPING is allowed to be a *sweet* dancer; and her minuet with the fashionable Mr. TRIP was the *chef d'œuvre* of a most delightful evening.

Lady FUB had a card party, in the same street; but there were three times as many coaches before Mrs. DRIPPING's door, who enjoyed a complete triumph over Pam and the four Aces.

Miss LYDIA DRIPPING, the public will be concerned to hear, was prevented from joining in the festive dance by a bad chilblain, for which she is prescribed to sit with her foot in bran and warm water.

The company, which was very select, consisted of Monf. FRISSON, Mad. FRIMAIRE, the pretty Mrs. SHARP, with her rosy daughters, Mrs. SHORT, Mrs. BLUNT, the new-married Lady FROUST, who looked bewitchingly, and the fashionable Widow TAG, whose first re-appearance in the gay world, with our usual priority of intelligence, we take this opportunity of announcing, as well as Miss TIVY's recovery from the fall out of her gig; of which none of our competitors received advices.

Mrs. DRIPPING, besides the usual proportion of SMITHS, BROWNS, JONES's, JENKINSONS, and WALKERS, had the happiness of entertaining Doctors RAFF and ROE; Captains MACLAUGHLIN, O'FLAN-

SMITH, and TOMLINS; Mrs RALPH FRY, and ROBERT FISH, and a long list of fashionables too numerous for insertion.

Invalids of Fashion.—Lord LONE, Lady STARK, Lady GODIVA STARK, and the junior DANGLE.

Changes of Residence.—Mr. LEE to No. 4, Oxford Street, one pair of stairs.

Sir FREDERIC FIRST has taken the elegant mansion of the late Lady LAROE, in Piccadilly.

The fashionable Misses TOWNS are in treaty for a furnished house in Sloane Street. The Brompton *ton* are anxious for their success.

The public may rely upon it, that Mrs. TRAPES is recovering fast from her accident. By the bulletin of her health we have the satisfaction of finding, that her finger will heal without a scar. The amateurs of the piano-forte will rejoice in this piece of news.

We are sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of announcing, that the attentions and hospitalities of Mrs. PLUG have been ungratefully rewarded with a severe cold: but the host of title and fashionable inquirers, last evening, had the pleasure of being told that she was something better. The public may depend upon the accuracy of our report on Monday.

No. IV.

Fashionable Arrangements for this Evening.—At home, Mrs. JONES, Mrs. HOPKINS, four Mrs. SMITHS.

Mrs. CHARLES CLUTTON's rout.

Mrs. GALIMATHIA'S *conversazione*.

Invalids of Fashion.—Lady GODIVA STARK is recovering fast under the care of Doctor DICKIE.

The bulletin of Mrs. PLUG's health states her little finger to have festered, so that we may easily conjecture the morning ride of this day's fashion.

The junior Mr. DANGLE, it is said, has consented to have his tooth drawn.

Boys

Boys of Fashion.—Master BIRCH is entered at Westminster, to the great mortification of Eton, Winchester, and Harrow !!

Mrs. DRIPPING's charming little boy has a private tutor at last.

Lady DUNCE's second son is reading Æsop's Fables.

Lord SLAVER and the Hon. little Mr. SNIVEL are to be put into breeches on Thursday next. We pledge our credit with our readers for this piece of intelligence.

Girls of Fashion.—Miss HIGGS and Miss P. HICKS are at the school in Queen Square; Miss HYPPOLITE HIGGS, in Great Cumberland Street, with her charming friend, Miss RIP, whose accomplishments are highly spoken of. We pledge ourselves, that Miss RIP speaks French admirably, and that no young lady of her age dances a hornpipe to compare with her; but Miss HIGGS is unrivalled in her embroidery, and at Whist and Casino; which, by the way, we announce, exclusively, to be taught in the fashionable boarding-schools.

Footmen of Fashion.—William and Thomas have left the fashionable Mrs. BULL; but not upon account of wages or church-going, as has been said by our ignorant competitors. The reason of their giving warning is a profound mystery. *N.B.* They want places, and have no objection to wear any livery, having turned their coats already.

Lord THOUGHTLESS has increased his establishment by a groom of the chambers; and Sir LIONEL LOFTY has changed his silver lace to gold.

The negotiation with regard to vails and wages is still *en-train* at the *Thirteen Cantons*, where the diet is regular.

Horses of Fashion.—Titmouse and Barbara were yesterday exercised in Hyde Park. PRINCE in the ride.

Flyaway is indisposed at the Veterinary. *Bobtail* has a bad thrush; and it caused infinite concern yesterday to the *beau monde* at TATTERSAL'S, to learn that *Glander* and *Spavin* are amiss, owing to the injudicious manner in which they have been inoculated!

Asses of Fashion.—Our reporter having unfortunately met with an accident yesterday, in Bond Street, we are under the necessity of postponing our fashionable intelligence upon this head.

HINT OF A CALENDAR OF FASHION.

[From the Times.]

SIR,

HAVING observed in your paper an article under the head of "*Fashionable World*," I sit down to express my warm approbation of the first features of a new plan of that *most interesting species of news*, which has of late so very generally occupied the columns of our newspapers, and the attention of all readers who affect modish taste; but which is so much of a piece, *de die in diem*, that any one who consults those fashionable records for three months successively, will find only a continual reiteration of the same species of events, which become little more interesting, after familiar and successive perusal, than the pages of a last year's almanack. The same succession of Sunday concerts, routs, rackets, *conversaziones*, casino parties, *fêtes*, and masquerades, in one year, would just answer the purpose of any other year, with the trivial alteration of a few names; and the only inconvenience that could arise would be, that the witty Lady Tittle-attle, or the splendid Mrs. Brilliant, or the elegant Dutchess of Dashaway, or the charming Countess Careless, or the bewitching Lady Dolly Demirep, would not so often see their names in print, or so frequently

quently cut a figure in the fashionable click-clack of the day.

Our journalists, too, are not content with the office of historiographers, in recording the past, touching those important movements in the state of fashion, but they also assume the occupation of prophets: they not only tell what dashing belle has figured off with a Pic Nic supper, ball, card-party, or *fête champêtre*, but who *intends* to give one hereafter; and we no sooner read the details of a fashionable festival or two in the last week, than we come to the announcement of three or four others for the coming month.

The excellent hint in your Fashionable World of yesterday has suggested these reflections, and given birth to a proposition, which I shall here submit to your disposal:—It is for compiling at once a System of Fashionable Intelligence for every month in the year, either upon the plan of a perpetual almanack, or to be published like any other yearly ephemeris. The almanack-maker, in this case, might adopt a similar principle with that of the weather-wise compounders of our yearly calendars; he might, from a revival of the *past*, very shrewdly guess at the *future*, which, with a due attention to the *moon's* ages and changes, and the natural influence of that planet upon the fickle climate of fashionable temper, aided by that known tendency which all prophecies have to procure their own completion, erect for himself a fame superior to all the ephemeris of his time: he might settle the fashions for every month in the year, just as our gardeners' calendars do all the business of the fruit and flower garden; he might lay down the maxim, whether a lady should wear furs, or perspire under the load of a broad-cloth riding-habit, in July, or go *half-naked*, or shiver in transparent muslins, in January; he might adjust the precise seasons for every species of amusement, and name the ruling planets

(or

(or most fashionable leaders) in each *pro tempore*; he might foretel, as he would an *eclipse*, or a *transit of Venus* or *Mercury*, what beauteous nymphs were to rise, like new stars, in the fashionable hemisphere, and outshine *next* year the whole *galaxy* of beauty above our horizon in *this*. A peep into our fashionable boarding-schools, and a tolerable intimacy with teachers in French, music, and dancing, with governesses, abigails, and fashionable milliners, would wonderfully improve his sagacity on this point; enable him to predict the *first* appearance of each charming *virgo* at court, at the opera, at the card-table, the ball, or the masquerade, and prepare a crowd of eager admirers to adore her beauties, like those of the rising sun, before she had emerged from the cold mists of tuition. An occasional peep in the factories at Long Acre would enable him to foretel who would sport a dashing *vairure* on the birth-day; and a little experience in those matters (with a little of the same judicious inquiry among *laquies* and *chairmen*, which enables the present purveyors for fashionable curiosity to proclaim who *has given*, is *about to give*, or means to give hereafter, a dinner, a supper, a rout, or a concert) would enable him to foretel treaties of marriage to be on foot, and *who* was expected to lead *whom* to the altar of Hymen. This, with no inconsiderable share of *douceurs* for conjectural prophecies in this way, which, as I have before remarked of all prophecies, have so direct a tendency to their own fulfilment, would give him very pretty pickings upon the project.

Having thus suggested the plan of a book, which I have no doubt would be thought to the full as necessary to the study of a beau, or the toilette of a lady of fashion, as the *Court Calendar*, the *Visiting Directory*, or *Hoyle*, I should add a few remarks on the gross neglect of you editors towards the inhabitants

bitants of a quarter of the town, to the full as fond of fun, riot, and eccentricity, as any other in this great metropolis—I mean the parish of *St. Giles's*: and why it is that the neighbouring parishes of *St. James's*, and *St. George's*, and *St. Mary-le-Bone*, should engross the whole of the public attention to their *freaks* and *orgies*, while poor *St. Giles's* is wholly neglected, I am at a loss to conjecture.

This, however, if you approve the idea, shall be the topic of a future lucubration from a constant reader and old correspondent,

Vanity Fair,
Thursday, Feb. 17.

PIC NIC.

THE NATIONAL MORALITY IMPLICATED IN FEMALE DRESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE the public mind is agitated by speculations concerning peace or war, my attention is occupied by a subject of far deeper importance. The stormy cloud which now threatens us may blow over, but there is a destructive pestilence among us, which I fear it will be impossible ever to check. After the eloquent speeches of some reverend prelates in the House of Lords a year or two ago, it would surely be superfluous in me to prove the dependance of national morality upon female dress. Well, Sir, what has been the effect of all the sermons, dissertations, essays, and paragraphs that have been written against *vestimentary errors* and *offences*? Have *stays* been resumed? Have *ten-inch tuckers* become fashionable? Have *petticoats* been lengthened? But we have no longer any right to put these questions. Our own sex, in effeminacy, exceeds the indecency of the other. Do we not every day even hear of *Bond Street loungers* blanching their hands with cosmetics, and *embrowning* their cheeks with

with *walnut-juice*? Is not Juvenal's description of the Roman youth strictly applicable to us?

Ille supercilium madidâ fuligine tinctum,
Obliquâ producit acu; pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos.

And might not the *ladies*, with the spirited Laronia, reply to all our reproaches,

De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur!
Dat veniam coryis: vexat censura columbas.
Non erit ullum

Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu?

The evil is certainly beyond all ordinary means of cure. The divine, the philosopher, the wit, and the physician will exert themselves in vain. Many wish to "*cover the naked*," but the naked will not be covered. Still we must not give ourselves up to despair. Let us make one grand effort in behalf of civilized society; and, if it should go to pieces, having a good conscience, we will remain undaunted amidst its ruins.

Sir, I propose instantly to call in the interference of the *legislature*. Instead of passing penal acts against *Crim. Con.* how much better to crush it in its birth? Why was Mons, together with all the towns in Austrian Flanders, taken so easily by the French? Because the Emperor Joseph had dismantled their fortifications.—Let its proper *defences* be restored to *Virtue* by authority of Parliament, and it will become unassailable.

But this plan, though feasible, will be attended, in its execution, with innumerable difficulties. I do not allude to the opposition the bill would meet with in the two Houses, although I am a little afraid of *female influence*. Few M. P.'s obey the instructions of their *constituents*. I imagine there are a *few* who are not at liberty to shew equal contempt for the *representations* of their *wives* and *daughters*. Peeresses, by our constitution, have not a seat in the House of Lords,
yet

yet there are probably not many; either dukes or marquisses, or earls or viscounts, or barons, who are not fully convinced that they have a *voice*. But, supposing the utmost unanimity to prevail in both chambers, and that our gracious Sovereign would be ready to sanction any measures for the good of his female subjects, I scarcely see how it would be possible to proceed with effect. Must there be a particular act, regulating every piece of dress, with a schedule annexed? In three years the size of the statute-book would be doubled. Instead of the progress of money bills, road bills, and divorce bills, we should read in the newspapers of nothing but of the *Fichu Bill* being committed; the *Landau Bill* being reported; the *Smock Bill* being sent to the Lords; and of the following having gone through their respective stages: the *Petticoat Lengthening Bill*; the *Bumps Stiffening Bill*; the *Two-inch Waist Elongation Bill*; the Bill to prohibit the use of flesh-coloured Stockings, &c. However beneficial their consequence might be, I know not if it would be *altogether* consistent with the dignity of Parliament to spend a week debating bills with such a preamble as this:

AN. QUAD. TER. GEO. III.

A Bill, &c.

“Whereas an evil practice hath lately grown up among divers giddy girls, to cock their bonnets, not upon the middle of their heads, as was used of old time, as is decent and seemly, but upon the side thereof; whereby it cometh to pass that one of their ears is uncovered, discovered and laid bare, while the other lies hid, concealed, and out of sight; And whereas this sight doth greatly disturb his Majesty's liege subjects of all degrees, ranks, and employments: Be it enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons,

Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after, &c. &c."

The House of Commons would not have a moment to spare for the discussion of treaties of peace, or for the impeachment of ministers. Princes may defraud, and have punishments ordained for them. But how is it possible to foresee, or to prevent, the ramifications of folly? Every rout, every ball, every packet from France, will render necessary a new bill of pains and penalties. And you are not to suppose that these are to be hurried through the House like a bill for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*; a bill to *strangle political discussion*. Women are not thus to be deprived of their prescriptive right to arrange their ribands, and to adjust their handkerchiefs, as to them seems good. Due notice must be given to all concerned; petitions must be received; counsel must be heard; milliners, mantua-makers, and perfumers must be examined at the bar. Although the bills should be infinitely better drawn than those by Messrs. — and —, and though they should be submitted to the Blue Stocking Club instead of the twelve Judges, yet, in legislating upon such new, strange, and uncouth subjects, what ambiguities and obscurities would necessarily arise? It might be necessary to bring in seven bills during the same session to explain, amend, and render more effectual an act regulating the form, suspension, and lawful purposes of the *ridicule*.

Besides, Sir, the question must at once occur—supposing this code of fashionable law framed with the wisdom of a Solon, *how is it to be executed?* Shall the process be by *indictment*? Having Burn by me, I must furnish a precedent:—"Middlesex to wit—The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oaths, present that —, spinster, commonly called Lady G—, not having, &c. but on the 27th day of April, in the forty-second year of, &c. &c. did at a congregation of
Lucia

loose and disorderly persons, named a *rout*, held in Portman Square, in the county aforesaid, craftily intending to steal men's hearts, and to burn their livers, then and there appear, with her &c. &c. to the evil example of others in the like case offending, against the peace of our said Lord the now King, his crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided."

But, Sir, how is it to be tried? Lord Kenyon, I am sure, would not have ventured to direct a jury upon such points! and, deeply as his worthy successor is read in statutes and reports, I scarcely think he would presume to decide upon the *cut of a sleeve*, or the *position of a zone*. The sheriff might be directed to return a jury of *elegantes*; but this would be making them judges in their own cause. There would be no such thing as impartiality or justice in such a tribunal, even though ancient virgins were excluded. Suppose that Lady Elizabeth C. Lady Charlotte S. the Honourable Miss V. the Countess of P. and her Grace of ———, were sworn "well and truly to try, and a true deliverance make, between our Sovereign Lord the King and the beautiful Mrs. P." whom they all envy and detest, can *charity* suppose that they would remember their oaths?

——Tantæ cœlestibus iræ?

Although our researches have hitherto been so unsuccessful, I assure you, Sir, that I have a plan in contemplation, free from every possible objection, and calculated to produce the most salutary consequences. This I shall fully detail to you the moment that the present *preliminary article* appears in the Morning Chronicle. As you are a steady supporter of morals, I cannot doubt that you will give it a place; however dull you may think it.

Yours,

MISOGYMNOTAS.

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS TO A LOBBY LOUNGER.

[From the General Evening Post.]

HAVING gone through the usual routine of the day, as a *Bond Street Lounger*, a *Park Lounger*, and a *Coffeehouse Lounger*, in which several important stations I may hereafter give you some useful instructions, prepare for the theatre, the last scene but one in which you are to exhibit till the next morning. Luckily this preparation requires little trouble; it consists merely in having your *half-boots* re-cleaned, and putting a little fresh *walnut-juice* on your face. Thus you are ready to *personate* a GENTLEMAN: for the old practice of *dress[ing]* for the theatre is done away; and a man who, some years ago, would have been stared at as a clown, not to say an indecent figure, in the two-shilling gallery, is now quite the *tippy* for the boxes. Do not forget to take with you the *stick* which has ornamented your hand the whole day; and this stick, I need not tell you, ought to be short, thick, crooked, and full of knobs and snags: in short, just such a stick as you would expect to find upon the most desperate-looking footpad that was ever brought to Bow Street. There is something so *gracefully characteristic* in this stick, that it forms an important article in the fashionable accoutrements of a *Lobby Lounger*, and must by no means be neglected. Take care never to be seen with what is erroneously called a handsome cane with tassels; it costs a great deal of money, and is not half so genteel; indeed, the *Lounger* ought to be caned that uses it.

With this *valuable* and *striking* piece of timber in your hand, about eight o'clock repair to the theatre; you will see the half-price people going in; but do you remain behind, till you suppose the fourth act has commenced: then stalk through the lobbies, setting down your foot so firmly, and at the same time

time thumping the door with your stick so stoutly, that the attention of the people in the lower boxes, and perhaps of some in the upper, may be diverted towards the lobby, in order to see *who* is coming. Call loudly to the boxkeeper; and when he has opened one door, and you have enjoyed the *stare* of the company in that box, *bang* the door to again as hard as you can, and recall the boxkeeper to open another; and thus you may *da capo* this musical entré, this overture of your appearance, as long as you please, or while it will produce the effect of giving you an air of consequence, and you can possibly hear any body say "*Who is it?*"

You are now to determine on the box in which to take your station, and this is no light matter. Casting your eyes carefully round, giving, at the same time, a very consequential and terrific frown, you will observe several groups of *female Loungers*, the terror of the timid, and the delight of men of spirit, like you. If you discover among them *one* more distinguished than the rest for Amazonian manner, and extravaganza of dress, especially if she attracts the attention of the audience, and still more if she be interrupting it, make your way instantly to her, no matter whom you may disturb, and begin some of those *profound* and *critical* observations on what is passing, which usually distinguish your tribe. But take care to talk loud enough; and be *extremely* cautious in two particulars—*first*, not to sit down, and, *secondly*, not to pull your hat off. If you are civilly requested to do both, by any of those *queer ones* that come to see the play, and who, you will observe, are interested—and it is a poor play that does not interest in the fourth act—cast upon them a look of pity, or rather of contempt, and just intimate that you are going, but *continue* to address your Amazonian in a *louder* tone, and express your astonishment that any body can have patience to

fit such a bore! It is very probable you may be again requested to cease your interruption. And now comes a nice question, whether you shall comply, by withdrawing, making as much noise as you can, and *bang-ing* the door after you; or whether you shall be highly offended, and create disturbance sufficient to stop the performance? The most advisable is the latter method; it will inevitably produce an exchange of cards, and your names will be trumpeted in the next morning's papers, a gratification for which any man may reasonably risk his life.—Not that you run any risk; for none but one of your *own sort* will thus far honour you. A man of *real courage* and a *gentleman* has but one way of treating a *Lobby Lounger*, whom he may deem *impertinent*—the *mistaken* term which they will apply to such behaviour—and that is, by quietly taking hold of the *handle* of his *face*, ycleped the *nose*, and peaceably leading him out of the box into the lobby; where the *Lobby Lounger*, being on his own ground, may bluster and fight—if he dare, and be not interrupted by that kind of *kick* which has been observed to produce the most pacific effects. You will, therefore, always be watchful of the company you may intend to honour with a display of your fashion and consequence, and make good use of your physiognomical acquisitions.

But, as in all other affairs you may best carry your point by *confederacy*, preconcert every thing with a *brother lounger*, and you may both acquit yourselves with *ecbat*, disturb the audience with *striking effect*, interrupt the performance *famously*, and flourish in the newspapers *to admiration*! Of this I can safely say, *probatum est*, which you must know is Latin for a *damn'd good thing*!

If, however, it so happens, that either mal-accident or your own discretion—for, as *Falstaff* says, “the *better part of valour is discretion*”—has prevented any
grand

grand occurrence taking place during the play, you have various opportunities, the lobby rooms especially, and even in passing out of the theatre, of applying your skill in the production of what may redound to your fame, and distinguish you in the ephemeral annals of the *Londoner's Calendar*.

BOB BLUSTER.

TRIPS TO FRANCE:

OR, CONSULAR CONVERSATIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is with much regret that I observe the misunderstanding which has taken place between the French Government and the English newspapers. I am willing to allow that, in some of the latter, certain liberties were taken with the name and character of the Chief Consul, which were not proper towards the head of a nation with which we are in amity. But I am nevertheless persuaded that upon a cool inspection of our papers for some time past, that great personage will discover an urbanity of style and manner in everything that regards him, and particularly an anxious desire to record every word that drops from his lips, than which I do not know a more certain proof of high esteem and admiration. Experience shews that we are very little disposed to note the sayings of persons we dislike, or who are in themselves insignificant.

Yet while I applaud the industry of our Journalists, and their determination

“To lose no drop of that immortal man,”

I cannot felicitate them on their success. The conversations they have hitherto given us, are extremely scanty, and I strongly suspect that Bonaparte must have said a great deal to his English visitors, which they are unwilling

willing to repeat, and has asked more questions than they were able to answer.

My inquiries therefore have been very much directed to this subject, and, that I might pursue them with more effect, I hired lodgings at one of the principal houses in Dover, and watched the landing of our *returning* countrymen, and by shewing them such civilities as men just come on shore are not sorry to receive, I contrived to fish out of them some of their adventures at the Consular court, before they had been long enough from it to consider whether they should speak or hold their tongues about it; and by this means I flatter myself I have got a pretty little collection of *smart* things, which one of the Boswellian school would have *bon mot-ed* into an octavo volume; but as I have no ambition for the honour of authorship, I shall furnish you with a specimen for your newspaper, concealing, however, the names of the parties, unless where I think I have permission to reveal them.

The Chief Consul is, perhaps, one of the best informed men respecting the constitution, laws, manners, and customs of this country, that can be found. This ample knowledge furnishes him with a remark or a question for every visitor; although, as it will appear in the sequel, he as often furnishes information, as receives it.

Of an *eminent counsel*, he inquired whether there was any such thing in this country as imprisonment upon bare suspicion, or confining persons without bringing them to trial; and upon being informed that our ministry would as soon be hanged as do such things, he expressed great satisfaction. He immediately turned the subject with great neatness, and inquired about the *affizes*, and the *dinners* furnished to the counsel by the innkeepers, and said he should like to see one of their bills of fare on such occasions, that he might regulate his own table.

He

He asked a *dignitary* of the church whether he relied on his living; but the latter looking a little confused, he changed the subject to pluralities, and wondered that the clergy were able to divide themselves into four or five parts, to do duty in as many churches; but being told that curates were employed, he said "that was well"—and immediately after, asked how they were paid? When this was explained, he calculated on his fingers, and observed, that, for aught he knew, the ticket-porter at the Royal Exchange was the richer man.

With a gentleman of distinction from the city he was very lively, and shewed no little acquaintance with city affairs. He asked the size of Mr. Kemble, and inquired much after Mr. Alderman Curtis, whether he had sported a new *bon mot*—and remarked with a smile, that he was afraid the Alderman was no friend of his, for keeping him so long out of his *speedy peace*. He expressed a desire to have a pattern of the state bed, that he might *attempt* something like it at St. Cloud—but spoke rather disrespectfully of some city politicians, although he had no objection to their *puffs* and their *pastry*.

To a lady of distinction he spoke much of *routs*, and inviting more company than a house can hold. He observed, that friendship was raised in England as soldiers in France, in a *mass*, and that ladies seemed not to value any visit in which their friends did not almost literally stick together. When the lady replied, that the squeezing and other inconveniences were necessary to give *eclat*, he said, rather sharply, "Then, my lady, you had better go into the city, and give your routs in Thames Street. There you may have squeezing and jamming, and broken limbs, every hour of the day."

With an eminent *dramatic writer* he held a long conversation on the revolutions of the theatres, remarking that the grave and serious character of the

English must be much improved by plays, in which there was no temptation to laugh; and that the theatre would be an excellent dormitory for persons who wanted rest, if the actors had not been instructed to jump about like Harlequins, and throw down tables and chairs, on purpose to keep them awake. Being told that the best English actor was then in Paris, he replied with a sneering smile, "Then you *can* do without the *best actor*!"

He inquired of a *gentleman of fashion* whether the Pic-Nic Society was to be revived; and, on being reminded that something of the kind was preparing in Paris, he said, "Let them:—I suppose they want to be sent on their travels."

Concerning an Ex-Minister of War, he was very particular in his questions, whether from friendship or fear, I know not. He commended his spirit, and observed that, with him, saying and doing were the same thing. If he commended the practice of setting a dog at a bull, he immediately exemplified it by taking an elector by the nose. "As to his scheme of promoting religion, loyalty, and bravery, by such sports, I wish I had known it sooner—I might have given them a niche in the *Concordat*—but I question whether they would have understood me. Of all my brave fellows at the bridge of Lodi or the plain of Marengo, how many ever saw a bull-baiting, or a boxing-match?"

From these specimens, to which I may make additions on a future occasion, I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will agree with me in praising the universal knowledge of this great personage, and the laudable curiosity which leads so many of our countrymen to visit him,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ANECDOTICUS.

A DEVIL'S

A DEVIL'S ADVENTURES.

[From the True Briton.]

IT is now above four hundred years that I have so-journed in this lower world; and as I did not long remain at any fixed post, I had an opportunity of visiting a great many people. The society in which I generally lived, was that of philosophers and men of letters; and if I had not taken a fancy to propriety, I should have remained with them, because I do not like changing my lodgings; and when once I was lodged in the body of one of those men, I could remain there as long as I liked. During the course of the last century I remained for forty years in the head of a philosopher, who, to the very last hour of his life, gave me constant employment. You will suppose, that I had time enough to examine every part of my lodging, and that I cannot easily forget the kind of furniture that I found in it. His head was divided into several cells, some of the principal of which I will describe to you. The cell which was called the *Sovereignty of the People*, was inhabited by a great-fury, armed from head to foot, and surrounded by a number of little *sovereigns*, who were in great agitation at his feet, calling upon him loudly for bread, for tribunes, for woollen bonnets, and wooden shoes; and they made so dreadful an uproar, that, Devil as I am, I found the post was not tenable. The cell of *Universal Toleration* presented a singular contrast with the title which it bore. Vanity, pride, and the desire of governing, had taken complete possession of it; and I never met any thing else there but little despots, peevish and meddling, always ready to declare war against those who were not of their opinion. The cell of *Perfection* gave me at first some uneasiness, because we Devils cannot get cleverly through our work in this lower world, unless there are

people a little disposed to adopt the plan of *perfection* laid down for them by modern metaphysicians. But in examining closely what was passing in this cell, I found I had no great reason for alarm, for the more my good man of a philosopher laboured to furnish it with ideas, the more it seemed to me that he emptied it of common sense. The cell of *Experience* was there, only to make up the number:—I cannot tell you what was in it, for I never saw it open.

After remaining forty years with this philosopher, I entered the body of an old poet, whom I hoped to remain with until his death; but I found it impossible to remain above six months, without running the risk of dying with hunger. But that was not the only disagreeable circumstance attached to my new habitation; you know, or you do not know, that we Devils take the opportunity, when our hosts are asleep, to take the air and a little recreation: now, the chamber in which he lived was so small, that I might as well remain in his body, which I constantly did all night. His poor neighbours who lived *under* him, for there were none *above* him except owls, felt the inconvenience as much as I did, for he would jump out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to continue a bad play, the characters and songs of which he repeatedly sung with so much vociferation, that it was impossible for any one who lived within two hundred yards of him, to sleep.

It was this man that disgusted me with poverty, and, consequently, with men of letters.—Though I was afterwards sufficiently tired of demagogues, because they had a great deal of wickedness, and very little common sense; yet, I must confess, that the ten years I passed with them, appeared to me not so long as the six months I spent with the poet. The greater part of the extraordinary persons I met with during that time, in popular societies, were not very well acquainted with good living, and consequently I
was

was always in danger of dying with hunger; and now that their kitchen is threatened with a counter-revolution, I am glad to decamp and seek my fortune elsewhere. If then I wish now to enter the body of a man of property, it is because I am tired of spare diet; and property seems now secured in a way that leaves me no uneasiness upon the subject.

ACCOUNT OF THE ALPHABET CLUB.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine]

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter was found among the papers of a gentleman, who contributed more than one paper to the *Connoisseur*. It was destined to be sent to Mr. Town, but was mislaid and forgotten. As Mr. Town is dead, I know no person, Mr. Urban, who has a better right to open his letters than yourself.

R. Z.

MR. TOWN,

Cambridge.

"Nihil dulcius est otio literato."

Cic.

The humour of forming clubs, which was so common in the beginning of this century*, is still in existence in this place. Indeed, we are in many respects the same race of men that Mr. Bickerstaff remembers. "*Manserunt hodieque manent--vestigia.*" The sect of Loungers daily increases, and St. John's has not lost its reputation for punning. But to return to my subject. It was a gentleman of this last-mentioned society, who made the first proposal for that singular club of which I am going to give you an account, and of which I am myself an unworthy member. We call ourselves the Alphabet club; as we consist of twenty-six members, each of us by the initial of his name representing one letter of the al-

* The *Connoisseur* was published in the years 1754, 5, and 6.

phabet. There was at first a dispute whether we should consist of more than twenty-five, as some persons contend that V and U were the same letter: however, it was asserted on the other hand that they differed both in sound and form; and upon Q's reminding the company, that he could be of no use without U, but that he had nothing at all to do with V, it was agreed that each of these letters should have a representative. Each letter takes rank, not according to its place in the alphabet, but according to its rarity; for this reason our president is always one whose name begins with a Z. The next to him in dignity is Q; after whom the rest follow in order, beginning at the end of the alphabet; for we have observed that the first letters A, B, C, &c. are the most ordinary. We likewise endeavour to choose our members from some fancied resemblance, either in shape ormien, to the letters they represent. Our present worthy president is an excellent little Z, and is a fellow of one of the largest colleges here. The part of the corpulent B is well supported by Dr. Bluster, a gentleman who measures about four yards in circumference. But he who bears the most striking resemblance to his initial is Professor Ignoramus, who is as stiff and upright as any I in any horn-book whatever. There are at present several vacancies to be filled. If you can mention to us a person who turns out his toes well; and whose name begins with an A, we will prefer him to the place of that letter. We shall thank any body who will point out a gentleman that makes a good bow, and whose name begins with an S. We have already refused a P, who does not wear his hat with a good air; and have done the same by a V, because he has not the faculty of standing upon one leg. As we are determined that our society shall be truly English, we peremptorily rejected the proposal of a certain great scholar to admit the Digamma into our club. When
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we meet in an evening, which we do once in twenty-six days, we amuse ourselves in a very sprightly manner without uttering a single word; our whole conversation being carried on by the bodies of the members. We connect ourselves together by our hands, and so form words and sentences. Thus we are continually in motion, and talk in dumb show. Were you to enter when we are carrying on a brisk conversation, you would think we were playing at blindman's buff: at other times you would take us for a knot of Peripatetics. We think all this very innocent, and conducive to the sharpening of our wits, and keeping our bodies in health.

I am, &c.

RALPH CROCHET.

P. S. There are several clubs, set up in imitation of ours; such as the Black letter, the Italic, the Grecian, &c. But I believe they are not in a thriving condition. In the first there have been great contentions between the vowels and consonants, in which the diphthongs have sided with the former. The Italic has for some time been in a slender tottering condition, and we expect that it will soon fall. There is a gentleman here whose letter is filled up, and who wants us to admit him as an honorary member under the title of *Et cetera*. We wish to know your advice on this point.

IN PRAISE OF GARRETS.

IN the first place, no room can dispute with garrets for healthfulness: here the air is clearer and fresher, more subject to winds, and of course less liable to any offensive vapours, than below. As health is the best friend to study, let all hard students thither ascend: here, free from noise and hurry, they may enjoy their souls, either making their court to the Muses, who love that their admirers should approach them alone and in silence; or perusing the labours of the learned; to

which thought and retirement are absolutely necessary. When men began to grow numerous in cities; when trade thereby increased, and noise of course; wise men always chose to get out of the way into garrets. There have the greatest authors lived, there resigned their breath. There lived the ingenious Galileo, when he first tried his philosophical glasses. By being in garrets much conversant, Boyle and Newton happily formed and successfully perfected the modern philosophy. There, and there only, could they use their telescopes to advantage.

The world can never make a sufficient acknowledgment to garrets, for the many valuable historians they have produced. Such was the instructive Robinson Crusoe, equally esteemed for his truth and morals: such were the learned authors of Tom Thumb, of Thomas Hickathrift, of Jack the Giant-killer, &c. There dwelt the famous politicians, infallible projectors, and sagacious understrappers of the state. Naturally do men look up thither to find the authors of those vastly witty pieces, some of which daily, some weekly amuse and divert the curious and the idle; and indeed where else should they look for them but in garrets? which are the liveliest emblems of Parnassus, being high and difficult of access, and abounding with learned men: for since that comical devil, Fortune, resolved to make all poets and wits poor, to their great happiness they have been banished, by the consent of all men, into garrets; for there they pay the least rent; and there they are delivered from their mortal enemy; the dun, whose aspect, threatening justice, there they cease to fear.

The Roman satirist tells us, that garrets were in great repute among his countrymen all the time of the commonwealth; but when pride and luxury, and the contempt of the gods, came in with the emperors, then the grandees left their garrets, and let them out

to the poor people ; intimating hereby to us, that it was natural for them to leave their garrets, when they became proud, luxurious, and irreligious.

As to our society; I believe it is owing to our good affection to garrets, that so many of us have shone in the world, some in the learned, some in the religious. Unless a man raises his body above his fellow-creatures, it seldom happens that he can raise his mind. Lofty garrets give us sublime thoughts ; for this reason the Grubean sages have exalted their society in point of fame above all societies, which will endure while we have the wisdom to live in garrets, which will be as long as we are a society.

THE CONVENIENCE OF COUGHING.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

SIR,

THERE are few disorders incident to the human frame, which people seem more desirous of curing than a *cough*. For their timidity in this respect, I never could obtain a proper reason. Coughing is, unquestionably, in some cases, attended with a degree of pain ; but, have we actually arrived at an age of light, and reason, and philosophy, and yet cannot endure a little pain ? Admitting that the pain is on some occasions troublesome ; or granting that it is, on those occasions, much greater than it has been represented ; is there nothing to balance it ? Is not the possession of a cough, and the liberty of using it when we please, an advantage of the first importance ? It is, indeed, so valuable a substitute for speech, that I do not see how we can part with it, without suppressing those opinions which we are not allowed to give in words.

The great utility of *coughing* appears principally in the senate, the pulpit, and at the bar. To begin with
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the senate. Suppose a member had made a speech so long as to become tiresome, and so dull as to create no interest, and that he still persists in wearing out the patience of his hearers, what are they to do? None of them dare to interrupt him in words; not even the Speaker of the House himself can request him to conclude before he pleases. What then is to be done? Why, Sir, half a dozen, or a dozen of his brethren, begin a coughing *chorus*, which they repeat until he is completely put to silence. And it very fortunately happens that this venerable assembly hold their sittings in winter, when coughs are more frequent than at any other season, and when, consequently, a member may provide himself with this method to reply, at a very easy rate.

In the church, coughing is of considerable service. If the Rev. Mr. A——, or the Dean of B——, or the Bishop of C——, happen to say any thing which seems to allude to a person or persons present, they can immediately communicate their opinions to one another by a gentle, tickling cough, ay, and understand each other through a whole dialogue, at the expense of the preacher, who thinks, poor man! that their lungs are touched; whereas it is only their consciences.

At the bar, during the harangue of some able and eloquent lawyer, I have often heard a clandestine cough between his opponent and the jury, which was translated into very plain English when they came to give their verdict. Winks and nods any person may detect, but the language of coughing is confined to your old practitioners.

In the private intercourses of life, the advantages of coughing have, I dare say, been experienced by most persons who will honour this letter with a perusal. At the tea-table, when characters come to be discussed, upon ~~the~~ occasion it may not be always safe to speak out,
a cough

a cough supplies the want of words. Praise an absent character, and accompany your words with a proper intermixture of coughing, and the company will immediately understand that you mean the very reverse of what you say. In another case, when a person advances any thing to which you are not disposed to assent, but which, for certain reasons, you do not choose to contradict, a cough will explain your intention very fully. This is particularly useful when listening to what old aunts and uncles advance, from whom we have great expectations, and who, therefore, must not be thwarted. It will likewise often happen that we are tempted to laugh, and yet must suppress it: this is exceedingly painful, especially when we see another person in the same situation. The laugh begins involuntarily; but any expert person may soon change it into a fit of coughing; and when he is black in the face, who will dare to dispute the severity of the disease?

In playing at cards, I know, from experience, that coughing is much resorted to, although I can by no means defend any practice that is unfair. The Tabithas and Dorothys, however, do not scruple to inform each other of the state of their hands by means of a gentle coughing *dutt*, intelligible only to themselves. I am convinced I have lost many a game because my opponents were not provided with pectoral lozenges, or sat with their back to the door, or slept with a window open, or some other cause; while I well know they would not have parted with their cough for five shillings *per* night.

I have thus, Sir, set down at random some of the advantages of coughing; and I hope that the ingenious gentleman who executes the medical department of your Magazine, will hereafter mention this disorder with a becoming tenderness, and not hint at a cure, which, I am persuaded, would be to all the personages above mentioned a very great misfortune.

I am, Sir, &c.

TUSSIPHILUS.

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ON SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

[From the same.]

SIR,

BY *superfluous advice*, I mean that advice which, however good in itself, is given at a time when it cannot be of the least consequence to the party. Now good advice being one of the most valuable things upon earth, you will no doubt be surprised that it should be thrown away in this manner; yet nothing is more certain, for instances of it occur every day. If a young fellow falls from his horse, and is hurt, there are some of the wisest of his friends who advise him not to ride so fast, or not to ride in the dark, or on such a bad road, &c.—All this must certainly be very consoling to him, at the time when the surgeon is probing one wound, and his assistant, perhaps, binding up another; and it must likewise be very *useful* at the precise moment when he is most sensible of his rashness, if he really has been rash, and is more conscious of the narrowness of his escape than any wise man around him can possibly be.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, and coming to town, to oblige him, whose business required that he should be very early there, I had the honour to meet with three of those gentlemen, whose notions of personal property are so confused that they take every opportunity to appropriate to their own uses what does not belong to them, and who commit so many mistakes of this kind, that it often requires a very learned judge, and twelve men beside, to convince them they have done wrong. In a word, Sir, the highwaymen stripped us of our money and watches, and left us only our philosophy to console us.

On our arrival in town, and announcing our loss, we expected to meet with some pity, seeing we had no means of defence, and were proceeding on his Majesty's highway

highway on our lawful business. But, instead of that, for near a month, we were overwhelmed with *post facto* advice and *post obit* wisdom. One assured us that we could not have been robbed, if we had not travelled by night. Another blamed us excessively for not doing *as he did*, namely, to travel without any property about us. A third, with a smile of conscious superiority, wondered that we did not secrete our watches in the seat of the chaise, or among the straw, or under our arm-pits, or in twenty other places, in all of which he was certain they would have been perfectly safe; and in one or other of them he seriously *advised* us to deposit such articles, "in all time forthcoming." A fourth, collecting all his prospective powers of sapience into one focus, advised us never to travel on that road without pistols. Others, again, were so perfectly astonished at our having been robbed, that they could not reconcile it to any known principles of human prudence. "What! bless me! did not you see the highwaymen coming? Could not you have ordered the post-boy to drive on? Could not you have dropt your watches at the bottom of the chaise? Could not you, if you must travel by night, have borrowed pistols by the way? Could not you have come away earlier? Could not you have staid till next morning? Could not you have got a cast in the mail-coach? Could not you——"

But I shall be out of breath. In short, it appeared that to be robbed at all is one of the most foolish, unwise, imprudent things on earth; and that of all foolish, unwise, and imprudent robberies, ours was the principal. Indeed, I began to doubt whether we were not the first who had ever met with the misfortune of being robbed, and that while the rest of mankind were enjoying the luxury of cautious sagacity, and protected by the quintessence of true wisdom, we two were the only fools which the kingdom of Great Britain produced.

duced. Nay, from the manner in which we were *ruined* and *advised* by some of our Mentors, I am doubtful whether they did not think that we set out with a direct intention to be robbed, and that we had given due notice to the thieves, where they might most conveniently meet with us.

Such is the kind of advice we are perpetually receiving from our sage counsellors, after the affair is over which they wish to prevent, and the loss irretrievable which they wish to avert. Even the bedside of the sick is not protected from advice of this kind: there are always some sagacious persons, who foresaw that the patient must catch cold, if he did so and so, and who really wondered, that, when taken ill, he had not immediate recourse to Dr. Bolus, or Dr. Apozem, or some other infallible terror of diseases. As to broken limbs, one would think they were always matters of premeditation. A friend of mine stepping hastily out of a coach, which several hundreds do every day without hurt or danger, had the misfortune to fall and break a leg. He has often told me that the pain of setting the limb, and the subsequent confinement, would have been very tolerable, but for the *kind admonitions* of his friends, who had long declared open war against all steps of coaches, and really wondered how he could be so foolish as to jump hastily out of a coach: "this was what they never did, and what no wise man ever did, and what certainly none but fools would do."

But there is no case in which this kind of wisdom is more frequently employed, than when a person happens to be over-reached by a swindler, or artful fellow, of which there are always plenty to take advantage of unsuspecting innocence. Now, indeed, the sufferer is assailed with innumerable scraps of *post hoc* sagacity. "Why did he trust such a person? Why ~~he~~ not suspect him? Surely he ought to have had all

all his eyes about him. *We* would not have been taken in by such a fellow; and we would *advise* him in future to be more upon his guard against men of that description."

I was not a little diverted, one day, on viewing the ruins of the houses at Ratcliffe Cross; to hear the various sagacious remarks made by the other spectators. They could not conceive how it could be possible that a fire could have done so much mischief in the day-time. What was to hinder the inhabitants from removing their goods? This, and a hundred other similar questions and remarks, accompanied by suitable shrugs, nods, and winks, convinced me that none are fools but sufferers, and it is the wise only who escape—*unavoidable calamities*.

I know I shall be told, that the dealers in this kind of wisdom mean well. The same *well-meaning* is, in many instances, a great enemy to proper acting. A mother beats her child because it falls down; a rider flogs his horse because he stumbles—and they may, for any thing I know, mean well. But I am certain that neither child nor horse will be the better for a punishment inflicted in the heat of passion, and without a due consideration, or any consideration at all, indeed, of the circumstances.

The truth is, we may set *well-meaning* aside; and refer the kind of advice I have described, to that constant desire we have to embrace every opportunity of displaying our superior sagacity, at a time when we can do it without the risk of being contradicted. A man who has been robbed, or imposed upon, or who has received any hurt by carelessness or accident, appears a creature beneath us. We look at him with a degree of contempt; and the advice we give, of which it is impossible he can stand in need, we give with a haughty sneer, and with a tacit insinuation
that

that he is yet too blindly foolish to perceive the cause of his misfortune.

As to those who are so very ready with their advice, after the accident is over, it may be observed, that they are as profoundly silent before it happens. They are as little conversant in the doctrine of chances as others; but if you will tell them how any misfortune happened, no people can be more ready to inform you of twenty ways in which it *might* have been prevented. There are some people indeed, who have the happy faculty of always foreseeing misfortunes, and who are content to live a life of fear, if in the course of it they can be able to boast that they have saved a corkscrew or a handkerchief from the fangs of a pickpocket. With these people every noise is a housebreaker; every smell is a fire. Caution is unquestionably necessary; but excess of caution comes very near to that distrust in Providence, which a good man would not cherish, and to that unhappy timidity in which no wise man would wish to live.

But, that I may not leave the *post obit* advisers in ill-humour, I shall not dilate upon the subject, but merely submit to their consideration, whether a grain of good advice in a time of danger, is not preferable to a bushel of their sagacity after an accident has happened.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

NEITHER RASH NOR FEARFUL.

INCREASE OF HANDICRAFTSWOMEN.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

MR. URBAN,

AS peace is now concluded between Great Britain and France, it may be a proper time to consider how we may best allay intestine commotions. Peace abroad is an imperfect blessing without peace at home. It is notorious that a war has been carried on for some years

years in this country between the sexes, occasioned by a contest for superiority. At the commencement of this unhappy dispute, the fair sex maintained that they were our equals in point of genius and talents; and that what was termed *sex* was merely a nominal difference in compliance with the customs of the world, or, as some asserted, in compliance with the tyrannical prejudices of man. On the other hand, *we* insisted that the superiority of talents was on our side; that there was not only a nominal but a real difference between men and women; and that it was insulting to suppose that any of us could arrive at the years of discretion without knowing the existence of such a difference, what it proceeded from, and to what it led.

The flames being thus kindled, war broke out; and animosities fierce and implacable raged from one end of the kingdom to the other. Such confusion of sex took place, that the most discerning could not say,

"Where ends the *woman*, or begins the *man*."

Abundance of the best ink in the kingdom was shed in the various engagements between the contending parties. The republic of letters felt the dreadful shock, and trembled under the horrors of war. The groans of the press were lamentable to hear; booksellers and bookbinders became poor and needy, while stationers and trunkmakers, like contractors and commissaries, accumulated immense wealth. "Their equipages shone like meteors, and their palaces rose like exhalations." Philosophers in petticoats brandished the pen; and were followed into the field of battle by historians, novelists, and poets, clad in muslin and tippets, threatening destruction to *man-kind*, and the re-establishment of the Amazonian age.

Courage and enterprise, however, are not beyond the reach of the fate of war. Some of these intrepid heroines,

heroines, deserted by their followers, perished by their own pens; others were tried by the monthly courts-martial, and broke; and some deserted to the enemy, enlisted as wives, or mistresses, and were never more heard of.

This contest, however, although apparently ended as far as regards more public engagements, is still carried on in private skirmishes. I should with a very bad grace propose terms of peace, if I did it not with the true spirit of peace; and I am unwilling, therefore, to recur too often, or too pointedly, to the original causes of the dispute; yet what follows will not be easily understood, if I do not mention that one cause of the rupture was an assertion, that the *men* occupied all the places which women were intended to fill; that they usurped the provinces of milliners, ~~man~~ mantua-makers, &c. &c. and, while they insolently complained of the idleness of the fair sex, at the same time deprived them of all means of industry.

I could have wished this complaint had been properly attended to. It had certainly some foundation, and a complaint which is not unreasonable is a fair subject for redress. Instead of resisting it, we ought to meet it half way. All history proves, that, when a reasonable request is refused, the plaintiffs are driven to demand those which are unreasonable. I say, Sir, it was a most fatal delusion on our part, to turn contemptuously from such remonstrances. I was one of those who would have fortified Paternoster Row against the inroads of the enemy, but I would have left Bond Street open. I would have opposed the increase of straw-bonnetted historians, philosophers in pelisses, and novelists in *spring* muslins; but I could not conscientiously refuse them the "privileges of the most highly favoured" shop-boards and counters. Thus I argued; and I deprecated the fatal consequences. I clearly foresaw what has actually taken place. I
foresaw,

forefaw, that, when foiled at one weapon, they would take up another; anger is prolific, and indignation remarkably prone to invention: when difappointed in attacking our impregnable, they would foon fap the foundations of our ingenuity and induftry, and effect by flow degrees what was impoffible by a *coup de main*.

My fears accordingly have been realized; and at this moment I would afk, whether the fex have not monopolized every article of ufeul manufacture heretofore the conftant occupation and exclufive province of men; and whether they do not fhew an induftry in working, as well as an ingenuity in inventing, which will foon make us repent our conduct towards them?

I am not now fpeaking of the poor; the poor of both fexes are pretty equal in their labours; but let any man look into genteel life, and fee what progrefs has been lately made by the female branches of the family in all handicraft employments. I pafs by mufic and painting; yet why fhould I pafs them by? Why not, by way of digreffion, felicitate the fathers and mothers of fo many female *Sir Jofhuas*? What more pleafant than to hear one parent boaft of his little *Banti*, and another bid you liften to a fong from his little *Bilnington*? What a change, Mr. Urban, in your time and mine! No more working a fet of worfted commandments in a fampler! no more clothing the map of England in purple and fine linen, with a beautiful green filk channel in crofs-ftitch! No; they who in our days were content to fubfcribe the *Belief* with a needle and thread, and proud if they made a darn invifible, now *prelude* like Clementi, and *compofe* like Haydn.

But, as already promifed, I will pafs all this, and come to the more direct interference with male occupations, which is every where vifible. If we examine the furniture of a houfe, we fhall find that all the ornamental

ornamental part at least is the manufactory of fair and delicate hands. Look at the finely-worked bell-ropes in variegated worsteds, with rose-tassels; the beautiful fire-side carpets and screens; and gilt and painted frames for flower-pots; the fillagree tea-caddies; the fruit-baskets, &c. &c.; and we shall soon see that injuries inflicted by men-milliners are revenged with a heavy hand on the unoffending upholsterers and cabinet-makers.

Nor are these the only employments usurped by the fair sex. Would they were restricted to such delicate luxuries as may be dispensed with! But they are advancing step by step towards the more robust articles. I know one lady who is an exceedingly good carpenter, and has mended some pieces of furniture in such a manner as to prolong their use beyond all the hopes of the regular trade. Some excel as gardeners; and others are so expert in the exercise of the whip, as to threaten the annihilation of postillions and coachmen: Some have nearly killed themselves with the repairs of their houses; and declare that, if the work could be done *in-doors*, they never would employ a mason or bricklayer again.

These are alarming innovations, Mr. Urban; and deserving our most serious consideration. I may be told, indeed, that the distresses of the times have induced many persons to patch up the old, instead of buying new, and to do themselves what they formerly employed another to do for them. This is plausible, Sir; but, if it be allowed its full force, what will it avail! The evil will not end with the return of peace and plenty. There is great reason to doubt whether habits of industry and ingenuity once acquired, from whatever motive, will be so easily shaken off as some people think. When we get into the knack of doing things for ourselves, one certain consequence is, that we think we do them better than any one else could.

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There is much vanity in beating a man at his own trade; and I never knew one of the female cabinet-makers of my acquaintance, who, after covering a foot-stool, or twisting a bell-rope, was not ready to snap her fingers at Seddons or Oakley. No, Sir, I am afraid that as the sex have, in a moment of indignation and resentment, taken up the hammer, the chisel, the pallet, and the trowel, they may not be so easily prevailed upon to lay them down again. In fact, Sir, with sorrow I speak it, but why conceal it? I dread a declaration of independence.

Permit me now, Mr. Urban, to conclude with a piece of information which was in truth the cause of this whole epistle, and which I have from undoubted authority; and that is, it is now become the fashion for ladies to *amuse* themselves (*amuse*, as they call it, which is a mere pretence) with *making shoes*! These shoes, I am told, are made, that is to say the soles of them, of flax twisted in a particular manner, which I cannot describe, but which makes a sole at once firm and repellent of wet. They also purchase leather (they will be *tanners* next), and cut it out for upper-leathers, and so waxing their thread, &c. they complete the whole process of shoe-making. Was there ever a more direct infringement of the rights and privileges of the worshipful company of Cordwainers? And where will these things end? Besides turning our drawing-rooms into *halls*, and substituting *cobbling* for *card-playing*, how easy will the transition be from shoes to boots! and what then remains in the progress upwards, I leave to the candid consideration of every tailor.

I have been told, indeed, that a pair of shoes made as above will require upwards of a month (some say six weeks), and will be no more than eighteen-pence under the trade price. This, however, is little calculated

lated to allay the fears of "good men *." All manufactures are slow in their infancy, and eighteen-pence will at least pay an old *shilling* fare. On the other hand, let us consider the advantages those females will enjoy who bring their *awl* into notice. They will have, for their customers all the gay and gallant young fellows about town; and, as the best things are liable to abuse, perhaps many an abominable intrigue will be found to have no higher origin than a harmless *beel rap*. I am alarmed into this consideration by the following passage from an antiquary, which I beg leave to transcribe:

"It may not be amiss," says mine author, "to observe, that the word *cobler* had not originally that despicable meaning that most now understand in it, but signified a *coupler*, or one who made and sold things *by pairs* †."

I conclude with recommending this passage to gentlemen who may be at present *botching up* a courtship, or have already been married to *shoemakers*.

EVERY MAN TO HIS LAST.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL'S LAMENTATION.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM that insulated being called an Old Bachelor; a creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expenses incident to a married life with a woman who had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who

* "To Shoemakers. *Good men* may be employed by applying, &c."

An advertisement frequently repeated in the papers.

† General Description of all Trades, 1747, 12mo, p. 76.

wanted

wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with *sang froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the plagues and expenses of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me (for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw); I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. . . Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffeehouse, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having
seen

seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness her voice could have whispered comfort, and, in my dying hour, the pure invocations of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as gray as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep, alternately, as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my gray hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or at best ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution), is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long: either, taken separately, is prejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet: they must be blended, to render them

them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this, in vain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

COMPLAINT OF SOPHIA MYRTLE.

[From the same.]

SIR,

SINCE you have admitted the complaints of an Old Bachelor, you surely will not treat an Old Maid with less civility. I am one of that despised sisterhood, very much against my inclination, I assure you; and, if you please, will give you my history in a few words. When quite a girl, I was in a similar situation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had spared no pains to make a lasting impression on my heart, and succeeded so well, that I was for many years in the habit of drawing involuntary comparisons in his favour, from the appearance of every man who said civil things to me, and with the constancy of an heroine, kept his idea "unmixed with baser matter," till he was pleased to quit my vivacious ladyship, the bloom of two-and-twenty yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity, attractive for nothing but her wealth. Touched by that, as if by the spear of Ithuriel, he started up into his proper form, and I lost him for ever. I did as I suppose most young women do in such cases: in public I laughed away all appearance of grief, and stayed up at nights to weep unobserved. My sorrow, some time after, assumed a softer tone, and I wrote very pathetic odes to Despair, Ingratitude, &c. &c. till time and pride swept away the last trace of tenderness, and left on the tablet of the mind nothing by which to remember the circumstance,

stance, except a tolerable quantity of double-refined contempt.

By this time I was in the sober latitude of thirty, and near being put upon the woful list of stale virginity, when a man, many years older than myself, paid me a particular attention, and repressed for a time the prognostics of the withered community, who feared I might yet escape them. From the similarity of our tastes and dispositions, I began to hope that I might, though late, meet with happiness, or at least avoid the ridicule attendant on old-maidism, of which I had a very absurd dread. "This lover of mine," thought I, "has passed that heyday of the passions which hurries men into inconstancy; though he is not so desperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myself. Well! all is for the best; I once never thought I could like any man but Edward; but time changes one strangely. Nevertheless, the same sensations do not recur with the same force as for him; that can but happen once, and perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of susceptibility, than one of a warmer and a finer texture would be."

Thus you see, Sir, I settled this second affair quite to my mind, and seemed willing to accommodate myself to such a mixed kind of enjoyment as Fate appeared to design for me. I now inquired after houses to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the secrets of marketting at low prices, and interested myself greatly in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably endeavouring to fit myself for a good housewife, lo! my man of moderation flies off, and leaves me for the roses and lilies of sixteen!

However, his deserts overtook him time enough. The girlish playfulness that had bewitched him from me, presently shewed itself in a multitude of unpleasant

fant forms when kept up by the wife. He soon had to contend with obstinacy, ill-nature, and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think she had a right to display. "She would weep when he was disposed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to sleep;" admit gentlemen to her toilette, buy her millinery in Bond Street, and rattle home at four in a morning from a card-party. In short, she led him a most delectable life, and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furnished me with a treat: but I am not made up of such ungentle elements; I sometimes, even now, heave a sigh for his fate; and, though he has lost my esteem for ever, I feel quite as much sorrow for his wretchedness as resentment at his conduct.

Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is pity such a liberal-hearted creature as myself should be thus excluded from some of the most endearing connexions in nature? With the first man who won my heart I would have braved every danger, and struggled with every difficulty; and for the second, although perhaps I might not have been quite so active, I certainly would have done my best to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down October-hill with as equal a pace as might be.

Except that my own caprices have not occasioned my misfortunes, I think my case much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful; and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of vestals efficacious, you may secure mine at the trifling expense of inserting this, that the world may see our sisterhood is not composed merely of decayed beauties or unsocial spirits, but sometimes the unwelcome retreat into which those of elegant desires and wounded sensibility are too often plunged by the versatility of the other sex. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA MYRTLE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DEAN AND A
CURATE.

Dean.

I BLUSH, Mr. Curate, at my own discontentedness, when I candidly acknowledge that I am tempted, by my love of simple pleasures, to envy you the life you appear to lead. Yes, I envy you that quiet cultivation of your own thoughts, and that exemption which you enjoy from the tumultuous grandeur and luxury of the great.

Curate. I cannot say, Mr. Dean, that I feel all the happiness of my situation, or perceive any advantages it holds out that balance against your club-tailed coach-horses, and the pipe of Madeira I saw carried into your cellar about a fortnight ago.

Dean. Why should you revive such disagreeable thoughts in my mind? These sacrifices which I make to the world, and to the gross and mistaken medium through which men contemplate the dignity of my station in the church, have cost me all that I regard as most precious in the world—the quiet enjoyment of the muse and my own company, and that envied opportunity which poverty affords, of wrapping one's self in the delightful gloom of one's own meditations.

Curate. Forgive my audacity, in demanding of your Reverence, why, with such a taste for poverty, you do not relinquish a station which withholds you from indulging so simple and so cheap a relish?

Dean. Alas! good Mr. Curate, there is no persuading one's wife and children to follow rational pleasures. A refinement of thinking, which is beyond the reach of low and uninformed minds, is necessary to qualify for these rich gratifications. For my own part, I never pass, in my chariot and pair, the humble cottage that stands in the dell at the end of my lawn,

lawn, without fighting for the sober serenity which reigns in that peaceful mansion. The moon, which sends her broken light through the branches of the old elm that shelters this little dwelling, opens to my delighted vision such a picturesque display of crazy beams, fractured casements, broken doors, and ragged children, as never fails to throw my mind into one of those ecstasies of delicious melancholy, known only to such as are elevated above the spurious splendour of vulgar greatness.

Curate. To give you yet higher touches to this pleasing melancholy, and to render it yet more picturesque, let us suppose a tremendous storm beating in through the battered roof; the cries of children, and squalls of famished cats, borne along in blended harmony by the winds! who would not give up a deanery, and club-tailed coach-horses, and pipes of Madeira, for such bewitching sorrows?

Dean. Nay, Sir, this is straining my meaning rather farther than was intended: if you respect rank and dignity so little, as to throw ridicule upon my remarks, I have done with the conversation.

Curate. I beg, Reverend Sir, a thousand pardons, and frankly acknowledge the coarse make of my mind, that cannot enter into such sublime satisfactions. My life has been exposed to many heavy misfortunes, from which I have never known how to extract any pleasing reflections: nothing elegant has ever mixed itself with my sorrows; and I have sometimes wanted a dinner, without any satisfaction from those feasts of imagination which refinement affords. I am never so well disposed as after a comfortable meal to relish that sublime passage of our immortal poet:

“ And bring with thee calm Peace and Quiet;
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet;
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove’s altar sing.”

I am tempted to believe, that, in general, those men think highest of these enjoyments who are most at their ease; as those who possess a firm footing on the shore, contemplate with the most delight a storm at sea.

Dean. Why, Sir, I will confess that the grossness of bodily suffering is inconsistent with these subtle and refined sentiments; and even hunger, when carried beyond a certain pitch, ceases to be picturesque, and becomes too rude and querulous to harmonize with such gentle emotions: though I am convinced, that, to the functions of the brain, and the operations of the intellect, nothing is so physically and morally conducive as an exclusion from the pleasures of the table. Corporeal temperance is mental luxury: and the Muse is sooner inebriated with the limpid beverage of the pure fountain, than with the richest draught which the grape can afford; more pampered with a pottage of herbs, than with the choicest viands that were ever thought of by the sons of sensuality. But I give up the defence of fasting, since it is impossible for me to impart to you a conception of pleasures which nature has not qualified you to feel. Let me only contend for those sober delights which result from a melancholy train of reflections, such as the pensive enthusiast experiences, when reposing on the tomb of his friend, or when bathing the cold urn of his departed wife with tears of delicious sorrow. Alas! the worldling, taught from his earliest youth to misconstrue the design of his creation, and to place the happiness of life in the indulgence of appetite, exercised in vanities till the frame of his mind becomes too slight to endure reflection, and condemned, in a manner, by the conditions of his state, to let his finest attributes and faculties run to waste and corruption, has no idea of that indescribable mysterious pleasure which is born of our sorrows, and certain delicate capacities

capacities of delight to which the turbulence of his career keeps him ever a stranger.

Curate. Alas! Sir, what you say may be very true; and is certainly very eloquent; but I cannot help thinking that we call the sentiment, of which you speak, by a wrong name: it is not melancholy, but so different a thing, as only to live in minds naturally cheerful and unacquainted with genuine grief. You talk of the pleasure of leaning on the tomb of one that was dear to your bosom: this sounds well in a monody; and to write a monody on a departed friend, requires this kind of supposititious and prating sorrow. Permit me, without offence, to ask if you have any real friends, if you have wife or children in the church-yard? Perhaps you have never tried the effects of a visit to their tombs. Alas! Sir, I have lost the dearest friend on earth; my Lucy, the partner for twenty years of all my joys and troubles, lies in a corner of our parish burying-ground. I buried her in a corner, because I desire to pass as seldom as possible a spot that is calculated to call up in my mind pains, genuine, unmixed pains, that can never be alleviated. I love not to talk of her; I have never written a line about her; and as I sometimes am forced to pass over her grassy tomb, tears so little pleasant pour down my cheeks, that I would willingly exchange them for the smile that sits on the fat unthinking face of a smirking haberdasher.

MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE advantages of retirement have been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very justly argue that it becomes a rational creature to devote some time to meditation upon past actions, of which

which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world to which he is no more to return. All this is very easily comprehended, and the many other fine arguments in favour of retirement made a great impression upon me at one time. I should have been very happy, indeed, to have confirmed them by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumstance of considerable moment in order to settle the question, namely, that after a long trial I have found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook: while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man*. From this character, you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a *warm man*; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down-hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make; and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion, of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence; suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers.

Here

Here I felt myself light as a bird that has escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness; something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no Custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negotiate. These had been the employment of my former life; and, deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. "It was very singular," you will say, "that all this never occurred to me before." Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary, helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with

a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits into a man of pleasure and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences more of a painful than pleasurable nature: my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early likings and dislikings; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really, more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory, or the Red Book; and such a chain of reasoning, or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement, by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling,

ing, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again; and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a *nod*.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here, too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, "of no use to any person but the owner." The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long; my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length: but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish who understood any thing about nainsooks and handannoes, soofayes and tasseties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their ta-

pacities; I believe they had none of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that "your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow bells."

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits and the indolence of my habit; and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, for ever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain in the highest possible degree.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

PETER PENNYLESS: •

A FRAGMENT.

"THE world," said I, "is full of ingratitude!"—
"Ay," replied Peter Pennyless; "so the world says: but I maintain it, that one half of the world, when

when they talk of ingratitude, do not understand the meaning of the expression.”—“Impossible!” said I: “sure every schoolboy——”—“Hold,” added Peter: “these gray hairs came not without experience; and experience has taught me, that ingratitude, in the true sense of the word, is not so common as you seem to think.”—“Prove that, my friend Peter, and I’ll burn Rochefoucault’s Maxims, and become enamoured with mankind.”—“To prove it,” replied Peter, “would perhaps be difficult; but I’ll relate a few facts, and they are such as occur every day.

“I applied to my friend Presto for a favour—Presto considered for about half a minute, and then, with a look of sympathetic friendship, declared he was very sorry that it was not in his power to oblige me.—I felt a degree of pain—not on my own account, but on his. My mortification at the disappointment was entirely swallowed up by the uneasiness I felt for having reduced him to the necessity of refusing a friend; and this sensation, if it did not increase my friendship for him, at least did not diminish it.—I knew Presto would have served me, had it been in his power.

“I next applied to Allegro.—‘Yes, my friend! I am happy to oblige you.’—And my request was immediately granted.—For this favour, and it was a trifling one, but well timed, I felt a degree of gratitude which I cannot express—I would requite Allegro a thousand fold.

“On another occasion I requested a favour of Penferoso; and Penferoso could have immediately gratified me, had he been so inclined: but—‘he could not give me an immediate answer—he would think on’t.’—A considerable time elapsed, and—no answer.—I applied a second time, and obtained my request. I observed, however, a cloud on his brow, which plainly indicated that he was far from taking a pleasure

pleasure in what he did.—I am not naturally ungrateful; but, on this occasion, I felt very little gratitude.

“ To Severus I made known some difficulties in which I was involved, and requested his assistance to extricate me. Severus started at the request—looked very serious—and required time to deliberate. After a reasonable interval I renewed my application. His countenance now wore an appearance of reserve and disgust, and ‘ he had not as yet determined.’—I again waited a considerable time for an answer; but in vain. —I applied a third time. Severus now looked—but I’ll not attempt to describe his looks:—suffice it to say, that every glance of his eye was a dagger to my soul. Had my exigencies been less pressing, or had I known where else to apply for assistance, I would have turned from him with scorn and indignation, nor have waited for his answer: but as I had advanced so far, I was under a sort of necessity to proceed. The desired assistance, indeed, I obtained, though with some difficulty, and attended with some remarks, admonitions, and something even bordering upon reproof, that hurt my feelings to the last degree. On this occasion, so far from feeling the smallest emotion of gratitude, I carried home a secret displeasure, and even something like resentment, against Severus.

“ How will you account for the different sensations I experienced on these several occasions? Was I ungrateful in the two last instances? Penferoso, Severus, and others of their stamp, may perhaps think me so; but I trust that I shall be acquitted of the charge by every man of feeling and sensibility; and to such only would I appeal; for, as to those who are themselves unacquainted with the finer and more delicate sensations of the human breast, and can therefore make no allowance for their operations in others—I should be as unwilling to appeal to them on the subject of sensibility

bility or gratitude, as to a blind man on the subject of colours.

“ Let us then take a review of those different transactions, and examine what sensations they might naturally be expected to produce in the bosom of any man not quite callous to all the finer feelings of human nature.

“ By Presto’s immediate refusal I was at once relieved from the pain and anxiety of suspense. Even this I considered as a favour, especially as the refusal was accompanied with expressions of friendship, whose sincerity I had no reason to call in question. And besides, my wish was instantly gratified on making application to Allegro: so that, in fact, Presto benefited me more essentially by refusing me on the spot, than he could have done by granting me the favour after a week’s delay.

“ Allegro, by serving me at once, gave me a full opportunity of deriving every possible advantage from the favour he conferred, and thus enhanced its value. And then, his manner! he appeared to consider the favour as a mere trifle, and to wish that I should consider it in the same light. Nay, he seemed to think that it was I who conferred an obligation on him, by giving him an opportunity of shewing his friendship. Thus he at once smothered, in their birth, all those painful and humiliating reflections, which naturally arise in every feeling bosom on soliciting a favour, and left my heart open to the impressions of joy, friendship, and gratitude. I felt them in their fullest force—I feel them still, and shall ever be proud to acknowledge an obligation to Allegro.

“ Penferoso, on the other hand, thought—and thought—and thought!—Perhaps, in fact, he never once, in my absence, bestowed a single thought on me or my concerns. In the interval of delay, to say nothing of the anxiety and uneasiness of expectation,
I suffered

I suffered inconveniences, to which I should not have been exposed if he had granted me the favour at once; and from which the favour, when at length it was conferred, did not fully extricate me. Had he refused me at once, I should have immediately turned my eye upon some other person, who, like Allegro, would perhaps have obliged me without hesitation or delay. As he had not refused me, I had still hopes of obtaining my wish. Fear constantly attends hope, and anxiety ever walks hand in hand with fear. My mind alternately agitated with hope, fear, and anxiety, I determined to wait his answer.—No answer given—what's to be done? Reveal my necessities to another?—Mortifying!—Renew my application to Penferoso?—Equally so!

“ On the whole, however, as Penferoso was already made acquainted with my situation, I thought it better to submit to the mortification of applying to him a second time, than to reveal my distresses to a third person. With reluctance I prevailed on myself to renew my solicitation. My request indeed was complied with; but observe—the favour granted me was exactly of such a nature and consequence, that the pleasure resulting from it was but barely sufficient to counterbalance the pain and uneasiness I had felt from the delay, and the mortification which attended the renewal of my request.—What room here for gratitude?

“ Had Penferoso, when at length he did grant my request, apologized for the delay—had the accents of friendship burst forth from his lips—had benevolence beamed from his eye—they would have reached my heart, and there produced their natural effect, gratitude. For in every heart, whether of human or savage, the hand of Nature sown the seeds of gratitude; they there lie dormant and decay, 'tis but the sunshine of Benevolence to warm and animate

animate the soil, to call them forth into birth, and make them blossom to maturity. Nothing of this kind attended the interview with Penferoso: quite the contrary. I retired therefore with the resolution of—discharging the debt as soon as in my power. When that duty was performed, I looked upon myself as exonerated from all further claim on his part, and obligation on mine.

“ The service, indeed, which Severus rendered me, was of such magnitude, that the delight and satisfaction arising from it would have been more than sufficient to counterbalance the uneasiness and chagrin which I had unavoidably experienced during the interval of suspense, and the pain attendant on a second and even a third application. But unfortunately Severus would not suffer me to incur a debt of gratitude.—In the very act of conferring the favour, he threw so much additional mortification into the one scale, which was already but too heavily charged, as to make it outweigh all the pleasure and satisfaction that were in the other. Having therefore fairly summed up the account in my own mind, I found there remained, in his favour, a balance of—pain and disgust. This pain and disgust he had, if not wantonly, at least unnecessarily subjected me to; I therefore credited the balance to his account.

“ Thus it has happened that Severus, in rendering me a considerable service, diminished my esteem and friendship for him; whereas Allegro, by a trifling obligation, took immovable possession of my heart; and Penferoso, although he conferred a favour, did not make greater advances in my friendship than Presto in refusing one.

“ On the whole: from the observations I have made through life, I am thoroughly convinced that real ingratitude is not so common among mankind as superficial observers are apt to imagine. And I think,
that

that any person who is at all acquainted with the secret springs of human actions, and has carefully noticed the conduct of those around him, must acknowledge, that, for one man who is ungrateful through want of principle, twenty will be found, who, though otherwise of grateful dispositions, feel their gratitude frozen by the cold, unfriendly manner in which favours are conferred, or suffered to perish, through the delays, reluctance, and hesitation of those who confer them.

"Almost every man knows from experience, that the delay of an answer to a request, or of the performance of a promise, keeps the expectant in suspense; suspense is attended with anxiety and pain; and the transition from the feeling of pain to the feeling of resentment against the person who causes it, is so easy and imperceptible, that when, by unnecessary delays and procrastination, the pain and anxiety is continued, we need not be surprised if a degree of—I'll not venture to say 'resentment,' but at least coldness, proportioned to the degree of pain, should sometimes happen to spring up in the bosom along with it.

"The heart of man is a fertile, luxuriant soil; let any passion once take root there, it soon flourishes and gathers strength: and unhappily the evil passions, like noxious weeds of every kind, are but too apt to flourish without the labour of cultivation. This coolness, therefore, or, if you please, resentment, the longer it is nurtured by hesitation and delay, strikes the deeper root, and branches out the farther. And when at length the expected favour is conferred, what effect does it produce?—If conferred in a delicate and friendly manner, it may perhaps calm the uneasy sensations which took their rise during the interval of delay; but as to gratitude, it cannot be expected to produce much of that, unless it be a favour of very great consequence indeed. But if, on the contrary, the

the long-expected favour, however great its value and consequence, be conferred in a harsh, indelicate, degrading manner, though the necessities of the receiver may force him to accept it, yet, in the acceptance, he must feel an additional mortification, which, added to his former disagreeable sensations, cannot but stiffen and smother all ideas of gratitude that might, for the moment, attempt to force themselves into his breast; and can leave nought behind but disgust and resentment. In a word, he will be no more obliged to the person who renders him such a service, and in such a manner, than a hungry beggar would be to the man, who, on being asked for food, should in a passion fling a hard crust in his face, and knock out his teeth with it."

Here Peter ended.—I was going to reply—but he would not stay.—His friend Allegro had met with an accident, which prevented him from superintending his harvest. Peter had just heard this, and was, when I met him, hastening, unasked, and on foot, to Allegro's farm, at the distance of ten miles, to assist his friend, in return for the favour he had received from him forty years before.

SHORT CANES.

TWO bucks, having lost their bamboos in a fray,
Side by side swagger'd into a toy-shop one day,
Each, by a new purchase, his loss to repair.—
But, lo! when for payment our heroes prepare,
All the cash in their pockets, together combin'd,
For the purchase of one, scarce sufficient they find.
In common they buy it; and, nice to a hair,
In two they divide it, and each takes his share.

Our beaux economic, improving the hint,
The length of their canes have determin'd to stint:

And

And when they would buy, a whole company splice
 Their pence and their farthings, to make up the price.
 Hence, view the smart beau, and you soon ascertain
 The depth of his purse, by the length of his cane.

THE NEW COMEDY AT THE NATIONAL
 THEATRE.

[From the Times.]

THE *Melo-drame*, which was performed for the first time this season on the 24th ult. upon the re-opening of this Theatre, has been so variously spoken of by the critics, that it requires some courage to form and to publish a right judgment of that extraordinary piece. These difficulties are much increased by the peculiarities of the Theatre, in which that judicious part of an audience, the *Pitt*, is *not to be found*, and where the *Asses* in the Gallery are prohibited from braying. We are thus left *without the usual assistance*, to make up our own comments for ourselves.

The *Melo-drame*, like most of our modern pieces, possesses considerable merit, allayed by glaring inconsistencies. The language and sentiments, though in general lofty or poetical, are often so misplaced, as to become ironical in the mouth of the speakers. The plot is both vulgar and complicated, and the coarseness of the materials disgusts doubly from the elaborateness of the work. The preparations for battle in the first act cannot be reconciled to the *Temple-scene*, in which it is solemnly declared that peace is the desire of the conspirators, and their sole object to be to force themselves into power!—Besides the want of dignity in these sentiments, as the cause of action and groundwork of the *plot*, the project of dictating the choice of his counsellors to the Emperor, is too factious and revolutionary to take with a British audience.

The character of the *Chief Counsellor*, however,
is

is admirably drawn. He appears an equal mixture of fortitude and moderation, proceeding from the placid contemplation of his own virtues, and the great services he has rendered to his country. There is nothing too high or too low in the composition : and the great *relief* with which it appears to be drawn, proceeds only from the contrast with other persons of the drama, whose sentiments are always turgid, while their conduct is creeping and base. To bad or prejudiced judges, the constancy and even dignity of his mind, never elated nor depressed, but equal to itself, under every temptation of fortune and every reverse, have appeared *mawkish* and ill-coloured. Such critics are charmed only by rant and rhodomontade, and are formed only to applaud the violence and declamation which have lately vitiated the public taste, and corrupted the Theatre we are speaking of.

The speech in favour of the *Tyrant* is certainly ludicrous in the mouth of the great Patriot. The dialogue is often trivial, the soliloquies always too long, and the best of them much too romantic or metaphysical. The harangue of young *Buckingham*, attempting to persuade the Senate to re-enthronise his relations, is a gross and vile plagiarism from Richard the Third's *Cousin of Buckingham*, and met with still less success from his auditors. But there is something so preposterously absurd in the testimony of the *copying clerk*, to the possible resolves of the council of state, that the House was convulsed with laughter, in spite of its disgust, and the piece had very nearly come to a premature end.

For the rest, the principal novelties are before the curtain ; some of the new pillars are of the Corinthian order, but other *capitals* of a less noble architecture are very frequently admitted. The House does not appear to contain more lights than last season, and
under

under the galleries in particular, the spectators complain that they were perfectly in the dark!

The *Melo-drame* is but indifferently got up: the dresses are not new; but, being worn by new performers, some of them look rather like disguises than robes of state, and others are so altered, as, in plain English, to look no better than turn'd-coats. The paintings are mere varnish, and the *mechanical part* pittiful in the extreme!

Dec. 1, 1802.

THE CAT LET OUT OF THE BAG;

OR, THE MARROW OF A NOBLE ORATOR'S SPEECH IN
A CERTAIN ASSEMBLY EXTRACTED, AND DISHED UP
IN AN HASTY PUDDING,

BY KIT CRISP-PIG,

FIRST COOK AT THE SHAKSPEARE TAVERN.

[From the True Briton.]

Hinc ille lacrymæ,

YOU'll perhaps think it strange, but our corps of Draw-
canfirs,

Ancient Pistols and Bobadils, all to a man, Sirs—

Of regiments kill'd off by wholesale, who tell ye,

And of French revolutions with young in their belly;

Though we rave about strife internecine and slaughter,

Yet the blood in our veins, Sirs, is mere milk and water *.

Fierce W—NDH—M and GR—NV—LLE you'll tame when
you lift 'em,

War, to tell you the truth, is no part of our system †.

But

* “It is not that we wish for war at any rate.”—[Lord T—mp—e's
Speech, *Courier*, Nov. 25.]

“One does not like to hear this language from the mother of revolutions—a revolution with twenty more in its belly.”—[Mr. W—n—
k—m's Speech, *Courier*, Nov. 24.]

† “War is no part of our system—The object of our argument is
to open the minds of the people to their danger—to shew them into
what hands they have fallen.”—[Lord T—mp—e's Speech.]

But the drift of our croaking, and blust'ring, and 'bawling,
 Is the people to shew in what hands they are fallen;
 How degraded their state is, how sunk and debas'd
 They must be till this Administration's displac'd:
 You're not safe in their hands, for 't is matter of fact,
 Like conductors of light'ning they danger attract:
 (We ourselves keep aloof and don't care to come near,
 Though so valiant there's nothing but danger we fear;)
 If I say blunt conductors, I do them no wrong;
 For of such the attraction is ever most strong:
 And my simile, Sirs, you must own well applied,
 Since, alas! they've drawn all honest men to their side;
 And most harm they can do, for they've giv'n a sad shock
 To the credit of all our belligerent flock.—

If the war's termination the country last session
 Approv'd, 't was in confident hope of a fresh one }
 When France should be guilty of any aggression.
 This was promis'd us, Sirs, and I think it no joke
 That the nation's at peace and the promise is broke.
 Yet aggressions * enough I'll point out in a crack,
 Without one bloody nose to console us—Good lack!
 There's Piedmont has fallen, but take notice, I beg,
 For its rescue the Ministry stirr'd not a peg:
 If the Germans preserv'd independence or not,
 Nay, though Hanover trembled, they car'd not a jot.
 If they've suffer'd all this, and would now interfere,
 Their procedure you'd deem, as my rhetoric, queer.

"To shew them how degraded, sunk and debased; to shew them
 that while the country continues in such hands, there is no hope of
 success in war, or security in peace. They attract danger as conductors
 attract lightning; as blunt conductors, which attract most strongly,
 and spread the mischief most widely around. The country approved
 the peace on a promise that we should again commence war when
 France was guilty of any aggression; but the promise has not been
 kept."

* "Though a multitude of aggressions, and of the greatest mag-
 nitude, has taken place. If the Ministers did not interfere for the
 rescue of Piedmont, the preservation of the independence of Germany,
 including the dominions of their own Sovereign, for what will they
 interfere now? Much, however, remains yet to be done, and in
 other hands much may be done, &c."—[Lord T——'s Speech.]

Much,

Much, however, believe me, remains to be done ;
 To effect it I lay down this *fine quâ non*,
 And comprise in two objects our party's demands,
 " The loaves and the fishes"—so let us change hands.
 In such change you 'll all find your account, when your ears
 We shall pester no more with French horrors and fears ;
 When no orator's tongue shall resound like a knocker,
 Arithmetical rules of destruction from Cocker * ;
 (For what boots it, although she 's not arm'd cap-a-pee,
 Like the Devil, France fights with her d—mn'd rule of
 three;)

Nor stun you with dolorous enumeration
 Of the chronic complaints and acute of the nation † :
 When of states swallow'd down any longer we shan't lie,
 At one gulp by the great Gallic Dragon of Wantley,
 Who shall cripple our energies, quench all our spunk,
 And reduce us to skeletons shapeless and shrunk.—

No, trust me, good Sirs, though we hector and huff,
 At bottom we 're peaceable fellows enough :
 So, if you 'll but let us, our ardour to quench,
 By sap or by storm seize the Treasury Bench,
 Each old friend, cloy'd with warfare, shall wear a new face, }
 And we 'll close our campaign with a special good grace, }
 When our word-valiant knights fight their way into place. }

THE INCAPABLE MEN.

[From the Times.]

THOSE who have never entertained a high opinion
 of " the Family Politics," and think it possible
 for a state to be saved without a G—NV—E, will only

* " It is merely a question of Cocker, namely, If, in a given time, France has destroyed so many powers; in what length of time will she be able to destroy the remainder?"—[*Mr. W—nd—m's Speech.*]

† " The country is going down. We are dying by a complication of disorders, both chronic and acute."

" What would they (the French) care?—They would have satiated their vengeance, they would have crippled our energies, broken our spirit, and reduced our firm and manly bodies to shrunk and shapeless skeletons."—[*Mr. W—nd—m's Speech, Courier, Nov. 24, 1802.*]

laugh

laugh at the late *ex-tempore* confessions of that disappointed party.

The public has not forgotten the stupendous nonsense that followed their resignation, when the nation were *congratulated* that the persons who had just *gone out of office* were, *ex officio*, at the head of affairs. At this time it was the pert affectation of the *ex officio* to speak of their successors as men *unknown to the country* * (as if no Ministers could be too well known), and the *quizzing benches* behind that of the Treasury used to think it a very good joke to mistake LORD ELDON for the conqueror of the 13th of February, and the unrivalled Admiral who commanded on that immortal day, for no more than the greatest magistrate his country ever produced. How these Ministers, notwithstanding all their ingenious convertibility, and most witty confusion, *invented* by the *mechanical part* of their predecessors, could be *unknown*; or how the Right Honourable person who, holding the chief place in his Majesty's confidence, had put an end to the most expensive, the most dangerous, and the most calamitous war in which this country has ever been engaged, could be *unknown*, it was doubtless beneath the dignity of privileged pleasantry and senatorial satire to explain; the more so, as that Right Honourable person had, during three Parliaments, by their own vote, and with their own uninterrupted applause, filled the chair of the House of Commons, with so much ability, so much dignity, and such transcendent equity, that even Mr. ABBOT has not effaced the memory, or surpassed the fame, of those sessions.

Wit, it is true, is of that subtle and quicksilver quality, that it is impossible to fix it. Its activity is multiplied with the places it occupies; and it is often wonderful to observe *how far* it can go, and how often

* See Vol. vi. page 39.

it can be repeated, without the least waste of itself, or renovation from without. Nothing can be more lively than a joke in power; even a pun *in office* will tell twice; but a panegyric *out of place* is duller than the last Almanack, and for the same reason; and wit is killed by flattery, as quicksilver is by grease.

Thus, although it cannot be doubted, but that it was a most high and happy conceit, and worthy of the master-spirits of *Wright's* shop, not to know the names of the King's Ministers, it now appears very flat, insipid, and low, in the *simple individuals* at *Hatchard's*, to pretend to talk of the "*incapable men*," with as much facetiousness as secretaries and under-secretaries used to do of the "*unknown men*." Even the immortal and inimitable poem of the Sovereign has suffered in its popularity (not to say its reputation), by the godlike author's no longer representing any other constituents than Apollo and the Muses. It cannot, therefore, be surprising, that the joke *incapable*, although intrinsically as good as the joke *unknown*, should not gain as many admirers, since it is deprived of the official seal, and the green-box, in which its elder brother used to be conveyed to Piccadilly.

Nobody can accuse us of want of candour in thus accounting for the depreciation in the *stocks* of wit—their value is the same, but opinion has changed. For our part, who have no property of this kind, and who stick stupidly to the land, we are not affected by the variation, and admire the last joke as sincerely as we did the first. We know, that to reason with wits is unpleasant to them, and to refute them superfluous for other people; we therefore candidly *admit the whole extent of their accusation against these unknown and incapable Ministers*; with so little hesitation and reserve, that we shall even add the points and specific heads upon which we consider the charge as *unanswerable*. Doubtless

Doubtless we are sorry for men (however mawkish and milk-and-water we consider them) who have rendered even such trifling benefits to their country, as conquering in battles, or proclaiming peace; but candour compels us to acknowledge their *incapability* in the following most glaring instances, for which we most heartily desire to see them impeached by the virtuous minority of the G—ry—a!

1st, Because they were *incapable* of seeing their master and their country deserted in a most disastrous and hopeless moment, without coming to their assistance.

2dly, Because they were *incapable* of sending Lord Nelson into the Baltic, without orders to fight for the rights of his country. To this article, in exaggeration, must be added, that their incapability in this instance, reflected strongly upon those able ministers who had sent Admiral Dickson into the same sea, without the same instructions.

3dly, Because they were *incapable* of beholding the forlorn and desperate hope upon which a few regiments were sent into Egypt, to contend with the superior forces, established posts, and fortresses of the French; not to mention the native troops, the knowledge of the country, and its terrible diseases; and because they were in consequence *incapable* of keeping other troops at home, although it required great courage to spare them.

4thly, Because they were *incapable* of continuing an expensive and bloody war for a single moment after they saw no prospect of its success, and no object in its prolongation.

5thly, Because they have been *incapable* of violating the peace they have made, upon the requisition of the scholars of Mr. Burke; or of abandoning all connexion with the continent upon the persuasion of Mr. Fox.

6thly, Because they are *incapable* of creating unfounded alarms, of maintaining the Income Tax, or suspending the *Habeas Corpus Act*, without an honest and direct necessity.

7thly, Because the First Lord of the Admiralty being of so ambitious and aspiring a nature, as not to be contented with his victories at sea, takes upon him to be a great minister; and in a single tour to the Dock-yards, has saved the public one million sterling per annum; thus convicting himself of being *incapable* of perceiving frauds upon his country, without putting an end to them.

8thly and lastly, Although we could prefer twenty more articles of impeachment of the same nature, or worse, against the King's ministers, yet some remains of tendernefs and gratitude for past services will excuse us from insisting upon them *all*; besides that there is a kind of cowardice in setting one's wits against men so *incapable*; but the love for our country and for truth, extorts from our reluctant feelings one other charge, so heinous and important, that it is impossible to suppress it; namely, that they are *incapable*, after enjoying for a term of years the honours and emoluments of power and office, their Sovereign's favour, and the confidence of their countrymen, of deserting their post in the hour of danger upon some frivolous pretext, or for some mysterious intrigue, which they have not courage to explain, and which could not have operated upon men of courage, or men anxious for character: that they were *incapable* of desiring their offices for their own advantage, at a time when office was so perilous as to have ceased to have charms for the insatiable ambition of others; and that they are *incapable* of resigning them, at the factious bidding of any one whom their happy and successful services may have made repent of his own crime or folly in abandoning them.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the same.]

WANT PLACES IN A FAMILY,

A SET of approved and faithful servants, who were turned away for no fault; but themselves gave warning, from the apprehension that their Master was upon the eve of bankruptcy.

The advertisers think they can give satisfaction in any place where hard work is not required. They can give security to any amount, having a considerable *stake* of their own. Wages are not, therefore, so much their object, as a comfortable situation and the confidence of their employers.

They will undertake, amongst them, the whole service of the family, according to their several talents and experience. They can collect the rents of the estate, let out the farms, and also carry on all law-suits with ability and success. They understand the management of the cellar, and will undertake to keep the House *clean*.

They can have an eighteen years' character from their last place, in which they conducted themselves so well, as to have received several large gratuities and pensions from the family, before, and even at the time of quitting it; in doing which they confess their error, and are sincerely repentant. And now that their worthy Master has superseded his commission of bankruptcy, and appears in a prosperous way again, they are heartily desirous of returning to his service, whether he be willing to receive them back again—or not.

N. B. Inquire of the porter of the TEMPLE. No objection to a family where Roman Catholic servants are kept.

NOTICE TO SERVANTS OUT OF PLACE.

[From the same.]

WHEREAS it is exceedingly insolent and intolerable, in the whole body of the servants out of place, from the *maitre d'hotel*, to the under-scullion, to besiege, as they constantly do, the new door* which their late Master has built to his premises, knocking with fists and bludgeons, *protesting*, and cursing, and demanding to be taken back in the lump; and all this without any why or wherefore, but because, forsooth, *they want places*. They say, indeed, they left their characters behind them when they quitted him in his distress; but surely this ungrateful and riotous behaviour is not the way to recover them; nor would they get employment, if their Master were to give them a fair character, as it is well known, that although the *steward* was honest enough in his own dealings, he paid them their wages three or four times over to keep them quiet. As to the kitchen, they would have ruined Croesus himself in *cheese and candles*, which latter, indeed, they always burned at both ends.

With such pretensions as these, it cannot be for a character that they pester their Master's new servants, but to bully and frighten them out of their places. But the present steward is a man of so mild, and yet so resolute a temper, that he only laughs at their airs and impudence. They have even gone so far as to try to hinder their Master from receiving his rents, because he would not *come down*; and tell them the state of his affairs, although they understood it as well as his present servants; and knew, that if they had got him to say much about them, it would have involved him in his old lawsuit again, which is what they are striving at.

Now after all this ill behaviour, and their employ-

* About this time a new entrance had been made to the Treasury at Whitehall.

ing every Saturday after work a mad *American savage* to knock down and scalp all their Master's friends and adherents, it is not to be expected that he will ever willingly take them into his house again; therefore, this is to give them notice, that if they do not relinquish their mal-practices, and betake themselves to an honest and peaceable calling, they will be *taken down* on Tuesday, the 8th day of February next ensuing.

Bow Street, Jan. 28, 1803.

R. F.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE complaints which some members of the new Parliament have made respecting their accommodations in that edifice may be just in themselves; but the blame is quite misplaced, if any share of it falls upon the ingenious architect employed by the Board of Works. I can with confidence say, that the blame does not rest with him, although I may not, and indeed cannot, be equally positive as to the quarter principally in fault.

The fact is, that the old Parliament House was an oblong, consisting of *two sides*, and consequently *two ends*; a construction easily understood, and perfectly accessible to the most ignorant of the country members. Their eye could take in the whole at one glance, and at one glance they saw where they could place themselves *to most advantage*. But unfortunately during the recess, and unknown to Mr. Wyatt, this construction was entirely altered, and the building, unlike every thing of the kind ever seen, consists of *three sides*, exhibiting one of the most perplexed and unintelligible pieces of *ichnography* that can be delineated. I have heard of wise parliaments and foolish parliaments, of pure parliaments and corrupt parliaments; but I believe no one ever heard of a *triangular* parliament

before, and still less did any one ever hear of such a triangle as this. A geometrician could describe it only by negatives; he would say it is not an *equilateral* triangle, because the three sides are not *equal to one another*: it is not an *isosceles* triangle, because *no two* of the sides are equal to *one another*. In truth, it is incapable of being delineated upon paper, or explained in the geometrical way by letters; it is therefore as perplexing to the eye as to the understanding.

There is some talk, indeed, of an eminent surveyor being sent for from Bath, who is said to be very skilful in such matters; but I doubt this intelligence, as the man, it appears, was bred to the *sea*, and served many years on board the *Britannia* as *pilot*, until the late storm, when he left her, with some of the rest of the crew, and has since been seen following the *bounds* in a *chase*. I know not whether these are the qualifications of an architect; but in the mean time I have troubled you with these few lines; that the country gentlemen may no longer be led into a mistake, and blame the Board of Works.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HOD.

NEW DOOR TO THE TREASURY.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE intelligence you have lately communicated to us, respecting the building of a *new door* to the *Treasury*, is highly important. Whether it was really wanted is another concern, but every man naturally wishes that the avenues to the Treasury may be multiplied. I hope, therefore, it will not be improper, if I suggest a few hints relative to the construction of doors in general, which I trust will be found applicable to the one in question.

It

SOMETHING MORE OF THE TREASURY DOOR. 81

It is a principle in constructing a door, that it should not be upon the ground; and for want of attention to this, it is notorious that some have gone into the Treasury at once from the *common level*. To prevent this, there ought to be a *flight of steps* leading gradually up. By this means, whoever reaches the door will have a prospect both *before* and *behind*, which is very necessary in buildings of the kind we are speaking of.

The ornaments of doors are generally of wood, stone, or marble. The present, I think, ought to be of *wood*, as corresponding best with the furniture within; but I admit that a good deal of *gilding* and *colouring* may be requisite.

The door itself should be of a due thickness, to prevent its *warping*; and it ought also (which I fear has been neglected) to be constructed of well *seasoned* English oak. By these means it will not be easily forced open, as has lately been attempted.

Lastly, Sir, let us say a word as to the breadth and height of this door—circumstances of more importance than the public at large may be aware of. The *breadth* should be of such a proportion that no person need *lessen himself* in order to get in, nor be under the necessity of going in *sideways*. And as to the *height*, the only direction I can give is, to make it of such a height, that persons who wish to enter may not be compelled to *stoop so low* as has been the practice in doors of this kind.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Feb. 1.

VITRUVIUS, JUN.

SOMETHING MORE OF THE TREASURY DOOR.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE recent measure of Government, in making a new entrance to the Treasury, while it has encouraged the hopes of some impatient and almost worn-out expectants,

82 SOMETHING MORE OF THE TREASURY DOOR.

expectants, has furnished no small alarm and surprise to all those who are attached to the good old *ways* of the constitution. By those persons who love to tread in the *beaten track*, and approve of no *deviation*, except on the ground of some over-ruling necessity, the change is deemed, at best, but an useless and dangerous *innovation*, as anticipating only the *steps* of certain persons, had they the power of effecting an alteration in so material a part of the constitutional edifice. Surely, Sir, the improvement, if it be to be called such, is not meant to convey an insinuation that the former way was *dark*, *narrow*, and *inconvenient*; that the ascent was too *steep*, and the entrance too *difficult*; that new facilities were wanted to enable the passengers to steer their *course* with safety, and prevent them from *stumbling* in the very *threshold*. I can never believe that such ideas have obtruded themselves upon the minds of Mr. Addington and his coadjutors, because they would seem to imply a consciousness, from past experience of their own, of the reality of these evils. I should rather incline to think, though upon this subject I confess that mine is the unauthorized, and perhaps groundless, speculation of an individual, that the new opening is held out as a signal of invitation to the numerous and discordant parties, who at present so obstreperously *besiege* the *outposts*; that it is intended to signify, that no obstacle any longer opposes the *introduction* of strangers in *limine*; that the entrance is *widened* for the accommodation of a greater number within, and the *door* large enough to receive an accession of friends. Upon this principle, I suppose, it proceeds, that the Minister, as it is reported, means to inscribe over the gateway his favourite motto, so declaratory of candour and fair dealing, namely, *Open to all parties, and influenced by none*. I know not, however, whether this be altogether wise, as far even as concerns his own interest. His predecessor, who

was a man of a more unbending and imperious turn of mind, adopted a different line of politics. He never was known to *surrender at discretion*. It is true, he occasionally relaxed from his system of exclusion; but whenever he opened the door, it was with so small an aperture, as to admit only a few *rats*; though at one time, when he was much pressed from *without*, a very considerable number gained admission. He took care, however, always to reserve to himself the *master key*. No person in his situation ever possessed a more complete command over the *binges*, which always turned at his command; a power, in a great degree, to be attributed, it is said, to a certain *essential oil*, which he had the good luck to obtain the art of preparing and using with such success as generally to prevent any disagreeable *creaking*. With this power, notwithstanding, he proved himself withal a most steadfast enemy to all unnecessary *revolution*. I cannot but confess, with all my predilection for the present Minister, I must charge him with some degree of imprudence, in deviating, in the present instance, so materially from the system of his predecessor, which experience has shewn was so instrumental to the great end of *keeping in*. I am, however, encouraged to hope, that the Minister does not intend to open the door of unlimited participation, because in one instance, at least, he follows the example of his prototype, and with laudable jealousy still keeps the *back stairs* carefully out of sight. Yours, &c.

Feb. 19.

JANITOR.

THE NEGOTIATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IN the embarrassments of intrigue, whether political or amorous, every thing depends on the choice of the ambassador: whether a state or a fine woman is threatened with a fall; whether the court has a job to

carry, or a husband is to be brought back to his obedience, the whole success of the affair depends on the selection of the envoy. It is with the diplomatic art as it is with physic; every man is a dabbler in it. Every man is eager to shew his dexterity and address in the difficulties of his friends, as every one suggests a remedy in their complaints. There is somewhat so alluring in a trust, so grateful to our conceit, so dear to self-complacency, that every one aspires to the management of an intrigue. How rarely is it that forwardness to be employed is accompanied by talents for the office! How rarely do all the requisite accomplishments unite, as they do in the person of Don *Marino*! This gentleman is a Spaniard: nice and punctual in the etiquettes, and conversant in all the forms of honour, he happily combines the Castilian elevation of sentiment with the high polish of the ci-devant Parisian. Though no man is more erect and resolute in the observance of his claims with the proud, no man is more placable in yielding to the importunities of the humble. To a demand he was never known to concede, and he never was able to resist a supplication; so from the very inconsistencies of his character he is diplomatic. In all cases Don *Marino* is a welcome mediator; he is chosen by the one side because he has courage to enforce pretensions; and accepted by the other because he has too much condescension to be stubborn. It was no wonder then that he was chosen as the arbiter of the differences between Lord and Lady *Booby*.

This had been a match made in the very spirit of fashion. He addressed Miss *Plumb*, because to the graces of a beautiful person she added the contingent charm of an hundred thousand pounds; and the lady accepted his hand, because, in return for his political subserviency, he had the promise of a peerage. The forms were minutely observed. Nothing was left to chance: their happiness was matter of arrangement. The forecast

cast of law provided for every possible event. It took into compassionate view the indulgence of the frailties, and made provision for every lapse in the chain of conjugal felicity. Every thing was provided for but the heart; every thing was put under the formal security of parchment, except the affections. Happy condition of rank! that thus elevates life above its accidents, and places the favoured order of society in an atmosphere undisturbed by the storms, untainted by the contagions to which mortality is doomed on the level plain! Thus my Lord and Lady *Booby* set out on the course.—He imbibed all the manners of the nobility to which he was annexed, and she displayed her talents in the enjoyment of its franchises. Charmed with the rules of the Peerage, he carried them into practice; though he was in truth a lax member, and rarely attended in the House to discharge his duty; but, upon these occasions, Lady *Booby* had his *proxy*. He sometimes, indeed, proposed an amendment to her motions; and sometimes a debate would spring up; but she always carried the question without a division. As to the supplies, he never presumed to interfere: he knew that they originated in the lower House; he might revise, indeed, and cheque; but he could neither alter nor amend. So she brought forward what bills she pleased; and, if she thought even that any material provision had been omitted in the committee, never scrupled to tack a rider to the Bill, and carry it through the House. In short, Lord *Booby* was an admirer of the system of confidence which a great Minister had brought into fashion, and thought it as applicable to smooth the front of matrimony as of politics; though some are of opinion, that confidence is not a specific in this respect. It certainly does not *always smooth the brow*. Asperities will break forth; and fashion, though it teaches the truest philosophy, cannot always subdue original feelings. And so it happened with Lord

Booby.

Booby. In a moment the least expected, on their return from the splendours of a rout, where example ought to have subdued every querulous emotion, he for the first time assumed the privilege of a Peer, and entered a protest against her most favourite resolution. The thing became public, it appeared on the Journals.

How the affair happened it is not necessary to detail; suffice it to say, that nothing could be more malapropos, for he stood upon his privilege, at the critical moment of her approach to parsimony; for instead of universal benevolence, she had confined her bounties to a single object. He seemed to take a pride in the generality of her beneficence, and put his trust in the spiritual consolation, that "through the abundance of your charity shall your *horn* be exalted;" but he took umbrage at her contracting the sphere of her kindness, and was offended that the benevolence which was meant for mankind, should be limited to an individual.

Be it as it may; he not merely rebelled, he was outrageous; and in the paroxysm of anger he forgot not merely his peerage but his manhood; he fairly beat his wife. Sublime advocate for the Corinthian order of society, where wert thou at the moment? Did not thy silver pen start from its polished standish? Didst thou not strike to the earth with the thunder of thy holy indignation this daring Jacobin? for what in the annals even of the French revolution could be more shocking than this attack on the prerogatives of rank? What could more effectually level all distinctions, and bring even nobility to the dust?

But the case was referred to Don *Morino*; and his decree, though summary, was conclusive. It is a model of its kind, and ought to be framed and hung up in every chamber of fashion, for the terror and edification of all men who preposterously interfere in business that is not their own.—It runs in substance as follows:

"Be

"Be it known to all men by these presents, that I *John Petrucchio*, Lord Booby, do engage and contract, under the penalty of ten thousand pounds, that I never will henceforth beat, abuse, maltreat, or otherwise offend Catherine my wife; nor will I molest her in any respect. She shall have the full range of all my houses and parks, and the free use of my carriages and horses; she shall go forth and return at her pleasure; invite whom she pleases to her toilette or her table; and I hereby surrender all my right of complaint.

"Witness my hand,

BOOBY."

TREATY OF FASHION.

[From the Oracle.]

ARTICLES OF A NEW TREATY OF PEACE, EXECUTED
BETWEEN THE FASHION OF PARIS AND THE FASHION
OF LONDON.

ART. I.

HENCEFORWARD there shall be peace and friendship between the *Græcian* toilet and the *British* costume; between robes of crape and robes of Indian muslin; and between the small pockets of the *French* and the large pockets of the *English* ladies.

II. The *pretty foot* of the French ladies shall be received and treated in England on the most handsome *footing*; and the *plump foot* of the English ladies shall cease to serve as a model for the Parisian caricaturists.

III. Englishmen shall be permitted to go to taverns, and drink porter and Madeira, from six in the evening to twelve at night; and Frenchmen shall be allowed to go to theatres, balls, and gaming-tables, from seven in the evening till five the next morning.

IV. It is agreed, that the *English* shall preserve their verdant meadows, their blood horses, their invincible navy,

navy, and their charming women; and the *French* their fruitful vineyards, luxurious fruits, and elegant fashions.

V. Every Englishman who may wish to cure himself of the spleen, or any other national disorder, shall have free permission to enter *Paris*, and laugh heartily at French levity: provided that, when he returns, he makes a faithful report of the *prejudices* of his country against the other, leaving the same behind him, at the port from which he may embark.

VI. On the other hand, when a Frenchman, either a learned man or not, shall emigrate to *London*, it is provided, that, on his return, he shall leave behind him all the scandalous anecdotes he may have collected, and shall only be allowed to carry back with him two pair of English boots, two pair of gloves, a hunting whip, and a couple of thorough-bred harriers.

VII. Agreed, that every Englishman who shall reside at *Paris*, shall not judge of its modest women by courtezans, the manners of the French by their caricatures, the virtue of females by their dress, wit by the books daily published, patriotism by violence of declamation, religion by their lectures, or the innocence of the daughters by the security of their mothers.

VIII. Also, that every Frenchman resident in *London* shall take the English as they are, and shall not, for their own convenience, presume to effect a change in their manners, dress, or amusements. Moreover, if he shall prevail on a married woman to take a trip into the country, he shall not be offended if her husband be of the party.

IX. And lastly, A mutual allowance shall be made for reciprocal follies; and, from the signing hereof, there shall be *no more difference* between a Frenchman and

and an Englishman, than between an Englishman and a Frenchman.

(Signed) A BEAU OF THE PALAIS ROYAL,
On the part of France; and
A BEAU OF BOND STREET,
On the part of England.

ECONOMY IN HIGH LIFE.

“—YES, yes, my dear Duke, the present, as Mr. Burke well said, is the *age of mediocrity*; and London is the chosen asylum, in which a man of fashion may *economize*, and repair a fortune *damaged by rural prodigality*. Formerly, indeed, men might go to the woods for shelter, and even in the practice of the *hospitalities* of their mansion, find their account in an occasional *retreat* from London; but, thank Heaven! these days of drunkenness and gloom—of *barons of beef*, and *venison pasties*—of dull October and heavy port, are gone by, and a gayer scene of easier expense, and more shewy, though less burdensome life, has succeeded—so that now-a-days, as I tell you, London is the very *chosen seat* of economy and reform!”

The Duke looked at her Grace with astonishment; but recollecting her wild way of talking, that she delighted in paradoxes, and had the happy art of turning every thing that she pleased into ridicule, he contented himself with a smile, and said, “You have the knack, Jane, of finding the most plausible excuses for whatever course you have determined to pursue.”

“Duke, you do me injustice. No, I defy the most bitter even of my *dearest friends* (much less my *enemies*, who do not know me) to accuse me of striving to seek pretences to justify what I choose to prefer. I lay my claim at least to *candour*. If I have taken a new road in life, and have asserted the *privileges* of the *sex*, I have scorned the subterfuges of *pretence*.—No, I will prove

prove the fact which I allege, that the gay, rattling, crowded, extravagant metropolis, is the very spot which *misery* itself would choose for *retrenchment*.

"My dear Duke, you shall see.

"Do you think that we give *dinners*, or *suppers*, or *see company* in London? No such thing—Twice or thrice a year, indeed, we see *all the world*, but we never have *company*—No; all society is *dissolved*—That which you call at the Castle, *having your friends about you*, is unknown—The pleasures of a party—the conversation of a circle—the gaiety of a social board, which the *wits* and *poets*, and *bon vivants* of all ages, have concurred in praising, is now known only in the *tavern*, or in *description*—It is discarded from fashionable life. And now, my dear Duke, for a residence in town, according to the very highest point of the present mode, you neither have to encumber yourself with a *kitchen* nor a *wine-cellar*."

"The deuce!"

"No, indeed! we manage these things after a perfectly new fashion. Every thing is now done, as you transact your duty in Parliament, by *proxy*. There are half a dozen obliging *ladies of fashion*, who have had the goodness to relieve all the rest of the world from the *fatigue* of *housekeeping*, and from the *expensive pleasure* of entertaining their friends. *Lady A*, *Lady B*, *Mrs. C*, and so forth, divide the week among them—throw open their doors, provide us music and cards, and collect us all together, to the number of several hundreds, or a thousand, every night, where we are *crowded* into a suite of large rooms, and *jostle* one another in the most *lively* and *comfortable* way in the world.

"Then, that it may not be said that we neglect the *splendour* of our *rank*, once or twice in the season we invite the same multitude to a *roué*, which, so far, however, from being expensive, may, with good management,

nagement, go a great way towards defraying all the establishment of the year; for, instead of a *regular supper*, as heretofore, you may give the whole company the colic for five pounds five; and you may either contract with Martindale, who will give you a *couple of rouleaus* for the job; or you may hold the bank yourself, and hire half a dozen *croupiers* to *pigeon your company*."

"The devil!—and do you call this hospitality?"

"No: I call it *high life*!"

THE CONJECTURAL CHRONICLE;

OR, OBSCURE INTELLIGENCER.

YESTERDAY a gentleman high in office left his house in ——— Street early in the morning, and has not since been heard of.

Since Friday last there has been a visible *coolness* between two gentlemen of rank not an hundred miles from Pall Mall.

The report of a certain lady being dead is not true, *because* she is at present in good health and spirits.

The son and daughter of a lady of high rank have declared that they intend to be in town before the Queen's birth-day.

From Bath we hear that on Wednesday last a gentleman of some note left the ball-room about seven o'clock, and did not return in less than an hour.

Our intelligence respecting the ——— of ——— is confirmed by every morning paper, and makes no little stir in the polite circles.

Yesterday dispatches arrived from France at the Secretary of State's Office; they are supposed to be of great consequence, as the contents have not yet transpired.

The B—— of ——— is actually in ——— with a certain ——— not an hundred miles from ——— Street, near the

the parish of ———; and it is further said, that the ——— of ——— intends to m—e some re—y to the l—tt—r on that subject.

A new play is preparing at a certain theatre, written, we are assured, by a gentleman who is well known in a particular house near ——— Street.

By letters from Ireland we hear that the L—— L——t is now preparing a ——— for the ———, which will probably be made public on the m——g of P——t. This may be depended on.

Yesterday two ladies of high rank were ——— near St. James's Street—the names of the parties are well known, and ——— in the same Street, was seen to ——— in two hours thereafter.

A nobleman not far from Grosvenor Square was observed at the Levee yesterday in close conference with ——— of ———. Something important is expected from that quarter.

WHIMSICAL CROSS-READINGS.

THE whole Prussian army, under the command of Field-marshal General Mollendorff—may be *taken* at any time by women and children, with the greatest safety.

The Dutchess of G—— and her beautiful daughter—were obliged to put into North Britain in a very leaky condition.

Yesterday, as an Irishman was going up Ludgate Hill, his foot slipped, and he made—*a descent on the Island of Guadaloupe.*

An apothecary assures the public, that his pills will occasion—*a passage, from the mouth of the Thames to the gut of Sunda!*

Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress—is an infallible cure for lowness of spirits, spleen, and melancholy, if taken every night, just after going to bed.

Yesterday

Yesterday their Majesties, with the younger Princesses, and their usual attendants, paid a visit in form to—Alexander Mackenzie, my coachman.

Among other delicious rarities, at the grand dinner at the Mansion House, on Saturday last, were several bottles of—Swainson's (Vélnos') Vegetable Syrup.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE present rage for local improvement must afford great pleasure to every one interested in the prosperity of his country. But, Sir, if our schemes go no farther than *bridges, canals, wet docks, and iron railways*, I much fear we shall never be able to cope with France in her present state of power and aggrandizement. Sir, I am about to lay before you a proposal, which if it shall be approved by the public and adopted by the legislature, we may bid defiance to the Corsican Usurper and his vassal monarchs. I am not a hasty projector or an ignorant enthusiast. The subject has engaged my steady attention for years. My at first *crude* conceptions have been gradually *roasting*. The dish is now fully ready, and if I can serve it up with *sauce piquant*, it must be universally relished. Fortunately there is at the present moment an excellent opportunity of putting this grand plan in execution—*Bethlem Hospital is about to be rebuilt*.

I would ask you, Mr. Editor, whether you have not often thought that there is an order of men much more mischievous to society than *lunatics* or *idiots*. I do not complain that these *gentlemen* should be liable to be deprived of their liberty; but my blood boils within me when I see the others going at large. Sir, I speak of *fools*; and I fondly hope that a wing will be added to new *Bedlam* for their reception. Who disturb the enjoyments

enjoyments of domestic life?—Who mismanage the affairs of the nation?—Maniacs: No. Those whose imbecility falls short of idiotism, and whose derangement only touches upon frenzy. *Staring solidity* is something much more dangerous than *moping melancholy* or *moon-struck madness*.

We shall never do well till a *commission of ninnyism* is grantable under the great seal, like a *commission of lunacy*. I would by no means wish to see the Lord Chancellor or the Justices of the King's Bench empowered to pass an arbitrary judgment of *stultification*. The accused shall have a fair and open trial by the country. In most cases, I am afraid, they must enjoy the benefit of *Magna Charta* in being tried before their *peers*. I would allow an attain to lie against the jury, who, upon being found guilty, instead of having their trees cut down, their meadows ploughed, &c. should be held and reputed *fools*, and be treated as such evermore. New trials might be granted to the number of three, upon the application of the defendant; but no one who has been acquitted by the unanimous verdict of twelve men upon their oaths, should ever be put a second time in jeopardy. Proper precautions must, no doubt, be taken to guard against the undue influence of the Crown.

If the "*understanding*" of the nation were surrounded by such fences, I am convinced that this amendment in our laws must be agreeable to every good subject. What a noble supplement will it be to the right of impeachment! Can you not conceive it possible, Sir, that in future time there may be a minister whom it perhaps would not be easy to convict of "*high crimes and misdemeanors*," but whose excessive *weakness* is a thousand times more pernicious to the nation than if he took bribes or openly attempted to subvert the constitution? Instead of being arraigned at the bar of the House of Lords, he will be brought before

before a traverse jury, and proved a *fool*. The vacancy of his countenance, the unmeaningness of his smile, the turgidity of his speeches, the emptiness of his brain, and the total nothingness of himself, may here be given in evidence, and will be sufficient to convict him. Sentence of civil death is instantly pronounced. He may command triumphant majorities in the two Houses of Parliament, but it will not be such an easy matter to corrupt a jury. He may be styled "respectable" by the enemy, but he will be *found* a blockhead at home. We may thus guard against incapacity in every department of Government.

Need I point out the great advantages that will be felt by families, when it is possible to get rid of a silly wife and a sottish husband? I put these merely as instances. The grand error of all the legislators that have hitherto existed, seems to have been in directing their efforts only against *knavery*. A brighter æra is about to commence. When *fools* find no quarter in the world, I know not whether the race may not become extinct. At present *fools* are frequently most flourishing, and this renders parents completely careless. But the opinions of old Mr. *Shandy* will thenceforth be attentively studied, and great discoveries may be made in the art of procreation.

It will be said, perhaps, that the charge is quite vague and indeterminate: but I demand whether we less peremptorily declare a man a *fool* than a *rogue* or a *lunatic*. By the law as it now stands, a man may be indicted as a *rogue*, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment under a *commission of lunacy*. There are *indicia* about *plumbeosity*—it has marks altogether as strong and specific. Besides, I do not know that a *stultie*, as well as a *criminal code*, may not yet be framed. The different modifications and acts of *foolishness* will be classified and digested, and the species and degree of constraint or punishment will be nicely ascertained, which

96 STRIKING ORNAMENTS OF THE CITY.

which is to be inflicted on every variety of defect and absurdity.

I confess I feel a little alarmed at the immense multitude of convicts it will be necessary to dispose of. There is a single House that will furnish not many fewer than 658. Of another next door I will not venture to speak, as there is something about which people are more anxious than their reputation for *honesty*, and as those who have least of this commodity are always the most ready to construe what is innocent into a personal insult. These, however, are the two grand *foes* of debility and dulness; and, I assure you, I have a mode in contemplation much superior to that, according to which our common culprits are distributed among Bridewells, confined in the hulks, or transported to Botany Bay.

But the nature and discipline of my *Anoetikon*, *Apprometikon*, or *Eutheiotikon*, I must reserve for the subject of my second letter.

Yours,

I forbear to sign my name, lest I should be the first victim of my own project.

STRIKING ORNAMENTS OF THE CITY.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

TWO of the most *striking* ornaments of the City request your attention. Your correspondents, knowing, from experience, the value of *time*, feel inexpressibly hurt that every *quarter of an hour* they should be the innocent cause of numbers throwing away the space of several minutes in unprofitably gazing at them. As the monitors of the public, we are placed in an *exalted situation* over the *heads of the people*; but, instead of obeying our injunctions, and quietly pursuing their respective affairs, whenever we
move,

move, we are scrutinized with a curiosity as insatiable, as if, in place of being *men*, we were *monsters*. It certainly is treatment that we have not merited; for being recently informed that our habiliments were worn out, though without a sixpence in our pockets, and obliged to incur an obligation from the parish, we have, in order to evince our respect, been wholly refitted, and with some difficulty obtained the further permission of *shaking our heads*. Insert this, and every *second, minute, and hour*, we shall think of you, and if you will pass at a proper *period*, we will endeavour to favour you with a *nod*; moreover, we give this public notice, that on Monday next, at two o'clock (should we be in the humour), we will descend from our long-inhabited abode, and oblige the spectators with a nearer view of

THE MEN AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN,

TO HIS METALLIC RELATIVES EMPLOYED IN STRIKING
THE HOURS AT ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH.

[From the same.]

DEAR COUSINS,

I FIND by the public prints, that your long services are at length to be rewarded by a pension, or rather by a *sinécure*, though ye cannot be called *state quacks*. I suppose you have heard of the sentence that has been pronounced on me *, though, perhaps, I may yet live to ring out the knell of those that pronounced it—"My tongue is to be muffled in future." Full well I know that the tongue is a very unruly member; but, alas! how times are changed since my ancestors used to be christened by popes, and when cardinals and

* The steeple of the cathedral was supposed to be endangered by the ringing of this bell; and an order was made for its tongue being silenced.

princes used to stand as godfathers; when we were ranked among the saints, and a number of holydays set apart in the calendar in our honour! The French Jacobins, in the beginning of the revolution in that country, *cannonized* an immense number of my relatives under the specious pretext of patriotism; when they got them, however, in their power, they crammed powder and ball down their throats, and admitted them to what they called the honour of a sitting in their spitfire clubs: but the reign of anarchy, thank Heaven! is at an end, and that monster, Jacobinism, has lashed itself to death. I am really at a loss to know what crime I have committed, to draw down so heavy and so unexpected a sentence on my head. I have been always firmly *attached* to the *church*, and I am sure my loyalty cannot be doubted. As often as victory has perched on the *British flag*, by land and sea, have I not been among the first to announce it, and that in so bold and joyful a note, that every honest heart in the kingdom danced in unison with it? Thus my principles have been always known to be *sound*, and *Great Tom* has been uniformly looked up to as the greatest *Anti-Jacobin* in the kingdom. As to my origin, it is a matter of little consequence; I am true English, and yet I think it a little extraordinary that I should be deprived of that privilege, which every true-born Englishman claims even in right of his mother, the *liberty of speech*, especially at a time when the *gagging bills*, as they are called, are no longer in force; and when Jews and Gentiles are permitted to clip, nay, even in a degree, counterfeits the King's English. There are many strange stories in circulation as to my ultimate destination: an attorney in the neighbourhood says, I am to be moved by *habeas corpus*. Dr. Herschell, it is said, has proposed to apply me as an *extinguisher* for the *new volcano* he has lately discovered in the *moon*, in case it should blaze forth with too great

great a fury. But the most probable report is, that I am to be appointed Governor of the *Bank of Air*, in the *Isle of Sky*, under the superintendence of a certain *would-be Baronet* with half a dozen names. Be this as it may, I am content with my present station; I do not look to any higher situation in church or state. Those that find fault with me on account of the *length of my tongue*, evince little knowledge of either ancient or modern history. In the kingdom of *Codono* men are raised to offices and dignities in proportion to the length of that organ; and a greater misfortune can scarce befall a man, in that country, than to be born with a *short tongue*. Is not a lady's beauty estimated in proportion to the length of her hair, fingers, nails, train, &c.? and did you ever hear of any benefit accruing to the state because a man's tongue was tied up? A few days since a *dumb* man was found guilty of holding a criminal *conversation* with his neighbour's wife; and we all know that *fame, reputation, and honour*, may be winked and nodded down.

I have much to say, but the post is just setting out, so I must take my leave of you at present.

GREAT TOM OF LINCOLN.

JOHN BULL BECOME A CONNOISSEUR.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING persuaded last autumn by many of my acquaintance to take, as they called it, a trip to Paris, I assure you that I resisted their importunities for some time, because I had formerly received many honours in that city. At length their persuasions, and the promise of seeing what they called the *National Institute*, overcame my reluctance; for, do not suppose that I *wished* to see the *Great Man*, or the ruins of Paris. To Dover I went, the sea agreeing extremely well with

with me, and landed in high spirits at Calais; but their abominable carriages were so unpleasant, that I was half dead when I arrived at Paris. That city I found filthy in the extreme, and its inhabitants fallen almost into a state of barbarism. This disgusting me, together with the miseries which this once splendid city had undergone, made me peevishly inquire what was the National Institute, and when was I to see it? The reply was, that it contained all the riches of *Rome, Florence, Naples, &c.* Never having been in Italy further than her *sea-ports*, I imagined that some entertainment might arise from this sight, and accordingly went, and of course felt pleasure and surprise. "Here, Sir," said the man who shewed them to me, "here are all the *riches of the world*; here are the finest *sculptures* ever executed by the hand of man; and here are the *finest* pictures that now exist, from the time that *Giotto* flourished, down to *Rubens* and *Van Dyke*." I answered, fully enough, that I could see what they were, and the man left me. I visited, and spent many hours for some days in admiring and contemplating this magnificent gallery, and returned home to my own country, reflecting upon what I had seen, fully impressed with a high sense of the value and superlative excellence of the contents.

Sitting in my great chair in the library last November, taking a retrospective view of my journey, and seriously reflecting upon the consequence of such an assemblage of art, this question occurred—at what periods did *Giotto*, *Rubens*, and *Vandyke* live? when conscious ignorance upbraided me that I knew nothing of them but their names, and what I had seen of their works in the National Institute. I found that it was a heavy reflection in being a gentleman, and at the same time ignorant of what I ought to have known. Surely I am a Goth, a Vandal; in short, every thing that is wrong.

My

My books were consulted : *Gietto* was born in 1280; well, *Rubens* and *Vandyke* flourished about 1635, in the reign of Charles the First; Pouffin was born in 1594, Le Brun, 1619—Good. But what has been doing since? for, from *Gietto* to *Rubens* there is a period of 345 years, in which the world of painting seems to have been *encouraged*, and they produced very fine pictures; but from *Rubens*, *Vandyke*, &c. who painted in 1635, a period of 167 years has elapsed, to 1803, during which time what has been done? In *Italy*, *nothing*; in *France*, *nothing*; the *Low Countries*, *nothing*.—*Gently*: I began to feel my heart dance with joy; for in 1635 we had both *Rubens* and *Vandyke* in England. From the above period to 1649 little was done, for fanatics were not fond of the arts. Charles the Second had his Sir Peter Lely; and William the Third, Sir Godfrey Kneller. Queen Anne's was the Augustan age: fine writers sprung up, and the fine arts were neglected. George the First, portraits. George the Second's reign was illuminated by the extraordinary genius of Hogarth.—1762, George the Third. Now, Mr. Editor, what has been done within these *last forty-one* years? Let us see what has been produced in that space, and let the examination be *fair and candid*; look at the finest productions of my own sons, and I think, although I will not presume to say, that they are equal; but for the short time they have been educated in the profession, we have many of the English chisel and pencil that would not *disgrace* the *National Institute*. Nay, I will be *bold* enough to say, if they had been encouraged* and matured with equal care and munificence with the sons of Greece and Rome, that their works would have stood in competition with any in the gallery at Paris.

* 27th of November 1802. Four historical paintings, and two statues, to be the productions of French artists, to be paid for by the French government.—Vide Orders of the Exterior Government.

For a moment let us reflect what has been done here for the encouragement of the arts by private individuals. If the affluent, who *could and ought* to have seconded their exertions; if they had led them gently forward, with a fostering hand, the result to me, as *John Bull*, would have been glorious; but the truth is, that my artists for some years have not *lived* to study, for their whole employment has been, studying *how to live*; and I should not, as I now have, an aching heart for the fate of that *child of genius, poor Proctor*; and as a small tribute to the manes of *starved, neglected merit*, with unfeigned sorrow I feel myself obliged to insert this simple eulogium to *his memory*; and I am afraid many other melancholy events, similar to *Proctor's*, have happened in this great town.

"Blush, Grandeur, blush!"

Yet at no period in any country, even in the *profoundest* peace, were there ever such stupendous works of art carried on as in our own, by *commercial encouragement alone*; and this during a contest the most *ex-jercise our experienced*; yet, for the honour of my progeny, *I must and will* speak of them *as they deserve*, for many of their great undertakings are finished, and others very nearly so.

The *Boydells' Shakspeare*, at the expense of 150,000*l.* their *Miltons*, &c. &c. *Bowyer's History of England*, *Macklin's Bible and Poets*, not to mention many other publications, which have done *very great credit to us as a nation*, and of which, *at no former period, no country in the known world has produced any thing like a parallel*.

It is by such *works* that the *taste* of the fine arts has been spread by being multiplied; their merit, which is shewn, is made use of by the *manufacturers and mechanics*; and it is from *their service* that we have kept that superiority of taste in all our manufactures, and taste is required in almost *all*.

But

But suppose I say no more of ourselves than the most ignorant of us know, that the arts, and of course the manufactures, are *superior* here to what they are in any other country; *encourage* them, then, my noble sons, and shew to the world what we could perform, as a bundle of sticks.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Ugolino*, at Knowle; his *Nativity*, at Belvoir; and the following specimens of modern art, will, I think, prove that we have not been deficient in very fine *historical paintings*. His *Infant Hercules*, at St. Peterburgh; his *Holy Family*, late in Macklin's gallery; the *Pylades and Orestes* of Mr. West, in the collection of Sir George Beaumont; his *Regulus*, in his Majesty's collection; the *Mortimer* and *Hubert*, in the Shakespeare Gallery, by Northcote; the *Niobe*, and other landscapes, by the immortal Wilson; the *Orpheus*, by Mr. Dance Dummer, in the collection of Sir Watkins Williams Wympe, not to mention the many inestimable portraits by Sir Joshua and others, as the *Marlborough Family*, *Lords Pembroke, Thurlow, &c. &c.*; the exquisite drawings by Westall for the *Milton*; the humorous scenes of Smirke; the daring and supernatural efforts of Turner, and the truly original genius of Fuseli, particularly the *Ghost of Hamlet*, and his first picture in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, all in their way unrivalled; not to forget the *Marriage à la Mode* of Hogarth, particularly the second picture, and the exquisite works of taste produced by the late Mr. Cipriani.

If I were to say that the *Cardinal Beaufort*, by Sir Joshua, would respectably rank with the finest works of Rembrandt, but without their vulgarity; the *Burying of the Princes in the Tower*, by Northcote, with Carracci; the *Leontes*, by Opie, with Giorgione; I should be laughed at. Laugh. *John Bull* is not at all *d'concerted* by the ridicule of prejudice, and *will affirm*, that, were all the best pictures painted by English artists

within these last forty-one years placed in a gallery, and compared with what the National Institute presents, I should *not* blush by the comparison, considering the *finest* works of *Italy, France, the Low Countries, &c. &c.* which have taken 445 years to produce, and our own only 41; also during the 445 years the artists were encouraged by the *crowned heads, popes*, and all the *rebelly* of those countries; and since the time of *Rubens, &c. &c.* a term of 178 years has gone by, without producing in *those nations* any one *artist of merit* comparable to our own. And again, the *political* temper of the times has been against us: peace was concluded in 1760, the American war ended 1783; and the last, after a contest of nearly ten years, 1802. Therefore, during *our career of forty-one years*, the *fine arts* have enjoyed *only twenty-one in peace*. After recapitulating those facts, in what light are we to consider the *National Institute*, but as a great *monument* of the *abilities* of *nations and ages*, raised in *different countries* by *men matured by the sunshine of patronage and affluence*?

It has been thought that our *earth, our lives, our minds* were not congenial with the arts: to prove that assertion *false*, I maintain that we are the *only nation* who have *revived* them. *We* have *revived* them as *men separately and individually*. Look at our *monuments*, for, alas! the *living* do not like *statues*; examine our *monuments* for these last *fifty years*, and then tell me if the works of *Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Banks, Bacon, Nollkens, and Flaxman* will not deserve the *praises* of *posterity*?

Gently—I grow *warm*. Nothing is so distressing to a man afterwards, as having been in a passion. *Calculations* are admirable soothers of the animal spirits, and prevent many of us from running headlong into *heroics*. Therefore let us try of what use *arithmetic* may be to a subject upon the *fine arts*, for I see clearly that *my envious sons are determined, since they have seen the national gallery, not to allow any merit to our own*; therefore
we

we will try in a way which may be best understood, *as we are a commercial country*, who judge of things by their value. At what *price* do you think *we might have had all these* treasures, these *inestimable* treasures, safe in this country? *I will now inform* the world, that we might have possessed *all*. But *my son* William, whom I had appointed my *purse-bearer*, and who in truth neither *understood*, nor had much affection for his brethren in the arts; this unfortunate man, therefore, thought *statues* and *pictures* a very *bad* speculation, and *so let them pass*. But what would *three hundred thousand pounds* have been for such *treasures*? *cheap as dirt*. Why, we should have received the *money* back by this time from *Curiosity*, with all her *noble, wealthy, and numerous connexions*, thinking them the *only works* of art worth their looking at.

As it is, we have squandered away more to *see* them* than the original cost would have been; but if they had been purchased, that expense would have been saved, and we should have possessed the property into the bargain.

I must confess that this is one of those oversights in the conducting of my affairs which I can never mention, as John Bull, without feeling extreme *indignation*,

But to the calculation.—The return of the *Minister of Police at Paris* was, that there were 16,000 *English* within that metropolis. Now 16,000 English who are fond of *good eating*, and most of them of the *expensive order*, what might we suppose they must, upon a *moderate calculation*, spend per head, per day? Say *three*, say *two*, nay, lay it at *one guinea*, although another might be added without going into the *extreme*; but we will say *one guinea per head per day for one month, you have 496,000 guineas*. Now make it, as was *really the case*,

* For the truth of this inquire of Messrs. —, the Bankers.

106 JOHN BULL BECOME A CONNOISSEUR.

four months expenditure, the amount will be 1,984,000 guineas.

	<i>Guineas.</i>
Now let us come to our son William, to whom all the fine works in sculpture were offered * for	300,000
The pictures from the same country might have been purchased for about the same sum, say	300,000
	<hr/> 600,000

If our curious friends had subscribed and made a purse to have purchased these valuable productions, and had brought them here, they would have saved to their country	—	1,300,000
Allow the odd	—	<hr/> 84,000

For the building of a Museum to have received them	—	—	—	1,984,000
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Thus we might have possessed all these treasures for	—	—	—	684,000
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And then there would have been left for the idly curious, to have spent in paying their adulations to the Emperor and Empress of the Gauls	—	—	—	1,300,000
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I am, Mr. Editor,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN BULL.

N. B. Lately a committee of taste has been appointed, of men highly qualified, to preside over the public monuments voted by Government. I could have wished munificence had extended its influence to a given number of historical works of the pencil, as this example might have produced private encouragement.

It is reported that the National Institute is to be further perfected by adding the English school, and that agents have been instructed to procure the best pictures already painted, as they may occur.

Jan. 28.

J. B.

* This is a fact.

ILL LUCK!

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN Solomon said, " Money is the root of all evil," he certainly meant the *want* of it; though I will not deny that *his* superabundance might lead him into many errors; and very wise people say, that it is more easy to act with propriety in adversity than in prosperity. Of the latter I have had no experience; but of the former great abundance: I have suffered a good deal, and all my sufferings have originated in the want of *twenty pounds*!

You must know, Mr. Editor, I am an *author*; you will not, therefore, wonder at my *poverty*; but I wonder at it myself, because I know I do not merit this *literary distinction*. It happened some years ago, that I was engaged in a periodical work, and was satisfied with what my labours brought me; but the proprietors changed their principles, and from violent supporters of Government, became violent opposers. This I could not do, and we parted. I had then the double misfortune to have an illness, and nothing to do; and was soon in debt to the amount of *twenty pounds*.

Many of my friends (I mean my acquaintance) censured me for my conduct: they said, a *poor man*, and especially an *author*, had no business with *principles*!

I was afterwards engaged to supply a newspaper at a certain salary, which just maintained me, and with which I was content; for I never had any immoderate desires: but still I owed *twenty pounds*, and the patience of my creditor being exhausted, I was obliged to quit this situation, and renounce bread rather than gain a prison.

I obtained credit at a farm-house in the country for a month's board and lodging; in which time I wrote a novel, which brought me forty pounds; but it was

so long in printing, and the bookseller not settling with me till the edition went off, that when I received my money, and paid the demands on me, I had not a shilling left towards discharging this unfortunate *twenty pounds*.

I was next engaged in writing for a Magazine, and was so lucky as not only to give great satisfaction, but to save something monthly towards liquidating the *twenty pounds*. But my inconsiderate creditor, fancying the publishers could not do without me, and that I had nothing to do but to ask for assistance, and have it, gave me to understand as much; and I, *knowing rather better*, was again obliged to seek safety in concealment.

I then assisted a literary character in writing seven volumes, of which I was to share half the profits; but here again I was disappointed; my creditor found out my concealment, and I was obliged to fly before any money was received; and when it was, my employer found means to use it without my participation.

Now, the most vexatious circumstance attending all these adventures is, that every person with whom I have been connected says, that *I am not to be depended on*; though I have always been remarkable for *punctuality* in all my engagements, and so they constantly acknowledged, till I am *compelled* to leave them, and then—*I am not to be depended on!*

In respect to *talents*, mine are confessed not to be despicable; but they would be much better if I did not owe *twenty pounds*, and *could be depended on*; and they would be brilliant, if I could but afford to write for nothing, and *might but be depended on*.

One of my employers once extolled so highly something which I produced, that I asked him to lend me *twenty pounds*. The next day he discovered that what I had written *would not do at all*, and we parted; so that now, for want of *twenty pounds*, I have no chance
for

for any regular engagement, because *I am not to be depended on!*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

VERITAS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

[From the same.]

MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS,

AS there promises a continuation of severe weather, I will give you a few hints, which may render you pleasing to yourselves, and terrible to others; but first let me attempt to explain the meaning of the appellation by which you are distinguished, viz. "*Cocknies*."

I could with the greatest facility deduce this word from the Greek; but as possibly you may not have your lexicons ready, I prefer deriving it from the two English monosyllables "*Cock*" and "*nigh*," though I do not mean by the first word either "*cock-sure*" or a "*cock of the game*," from both which you are equally remote. The signification I allude to is "*cocking the optic*," and the word "*nigh*;" as sometimes by creeping under shelter of a wall, or hedge, instances have been known of your shooting a fowl or turkey at the distance of five yards. Having therefore proved you most indisputably to be "*Cock-nighs*," or as, from the corruption of the orthography, it is at present spelt, "*Cocknies*," I shall now proceed in my instructions.

1. In the choice of a gun I would advise you to prefer a crooked barrel, as the odds being against your levelling direct, there will then be more chance of your hitting the object.

2. In loading, most people are in the habit of putting in the *powder* first; but as this is not of the smallest consequence, you are at liberty to follow your own inclination.

3. With

110 SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

3. With respect to *flints*, by all means do not take those which throw out a great deal of fire, for then it must inevitably scatter; but choose one of so dull a nature, as scarcely to emit a single spark, for you well know, "*Scintilla una sufficit.*"

4. As the *snow* is upon the ground, I would exhort you, instead of a pointer, to take out a Newfoundland dog, and be particular that it is entirely *white*, as you will then have a chance of *surprising the enemy*.

5. In taking aim shut *both eyes*; for if it be a received opinion that a sportsman shoots well by shutting *one eye*, you must of course shoot *twice* as well by shutting *two eyes*!

6. In the choice of a dog, take one that is either lame or blind; for if they are too active they put up the game; but indeed this may be remedied by tying up the two hind legs.

7. Lastly, as to the game you should prefer; the *turkies* are uncommonly strong in the wing, and the *sucking pigs* run like the wind; therefore confine yourselves to *geese*, *broody hens*, and *sows in pig*, to which you must approach within three yards before you presume to "*make ready, present, and fire!*"

Feb. 1.

Yours,

PETER ROFGUN.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

IN the *Sporting Magazine* is given the head of Dick Knight (as he is familiarly called), the celebrated huntsman to Earl Spencer. The editors of that work not being furnished in time with the particulars of Mr. Knight's life, supplied its place by the following:—

"Having mentioned Earl Spencer as his late master, we take permission to *throw off* a little, in order to fill up the space intended for the particulars of Mr. Knight's celebrity, unavoidably delayed till next month;

month; and that by remarking, that his Lordship has been the patron, not only of Mr. Knight, but of some of the first *huntsmen* in the kingdom. Indeed, the superiority of his judgment, when at the head of a great *hunting establishment**, has rendered his name immortal. It was Earl Spencer who, with a certain degree of perspicuity and penetration, first employed that unrivalled *hunter* Horace Nelson, who discovered how admirably adapted he was for a *long chase*, and how invariably and invincibly determined he was, at all times, to be *in at the death*.

“ When Horace took the field and threw off, the well-trained *pack* were so exact, and so perfect in discipline, that not a hound gave challenge upon drag, till they were sure to run up to *their game*, and bring it to view. Upon breaking covert he was always at the head of the hounds, to prevent even a chance of their being at fault, and would sooner hazard his life at the most dangerous leaps, than suffer the disgrace of the pack’s being beat. He had formerly been *whipper-in* to that famous old sportsman John Jervis, and from him, with his own native courage, caught the spirit of looking danger in the face. No weather, however dreadful, prevented his taking the field, or continuing the chase. When the game was a-foot, his pack was remarkable for their speed, and were never known to tire; of which they gave ample proof in a tedious drag with a light, fluctuating, and uncertain scent, till the leading bound, beginning to feather, at the entrance of the Nile, a challenge ensued. The exhilarating sound rallied the pack to a point. They entered the *Aboutir coppice*, when the game was unkenelled; and, after a few short and shifting turns in covert, brought to view; when one of the most desperate chases took place ever recorded in the annals of sporting. Nelson, and the

* The Admiralty.

whippers-in, took every thing *in stroke*; the pack, with the most unprecedented courage, *lay side by side*, and might have been covered *with a sheet*; the *scent lay well*, and they continued running *breast high*, without a *check* (except once for a few minutes), for *near eight hours*, when, nature being quite exhausted, the hounds, exulting, ran into *their game*; and Nelson, the gallant Nelson, secured *the brush*, after sustaining more difficulties than ever were known upon any former occasion.—Lord Spencer has likewise had the good fortune of selecting many other *celebrated huntsmen*, who have done equal honour to the distinct and separate *packs* they had the happiness to lead. Witness the Duncans, the Keiths, the Warrens, &c. &c. who never *drew bit* until up to their game, and were *in at the death*.

“ While on this subject, it may not be inapplicable to mention, that a young fellow, who was formerly in the *hunting stables* of old Digby*, and it is thought, would have made an excellent *hunter*, has lain out of place for more than *ten years*. The lad has *great* relations, and a good character, but could never get a *situation*. He happened once, at a meeting of the *first-rate* sportsmen, to give his opinion against the majority, for *taking the field* in another country, and told them freely, that they *knew no more than the man in the moon* what they were about. This so exasperated the mighty *Nimrod* of the day, that he has been kept out of place ever since. The young man, however, as well as *Nimrod* himself, has lately turned *farmer*.”

* The D—c of Cl—ce.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1803,

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

THOUGH the tempestuous winds no more
 The main with angry pinion sweep,
 Though raging 'gainst the sounding shore
 No longer howl th' impetuous seas ;
 But sooth'd to rest, the billows sleep,
 Save where soft Zephyr's tepid breeze
 Fans with its silken wing the rippling deep ;
 Yet still with unremitting eye
 The pilot marks th' uncertain sky,
 The seaman watches still the gale,
 Prompt or to spread or furl the sail,
 Mindful of many a danger past,
 Tost by the turbid wave, check'd by the adverse blast.

II.

Not keen Suspicion's jealous glance,
 Not fierce Contention's feverish rage,
 Shall bid BRITANNIA point the lance
 New realms to grasp, new wars to wage.
 In conscious rectitude elate,
 In conscious pow'r securely great,
 While she beholds the dangerous tide
 Of battle's crimson wave subside,
 Though firm she stands in act to dare
 The storms of renovated war,
 Her ready sword, her lifted shield,
 Provoke not the ensanguin'd field,
 More than the wary pilot's cautions urge
 The wind's tempestuous strife, or swell the foaming surge:

III.

Oh ! from our shores be exil'd far
 Ambition's wild and restless crew,
 Who through the bleeding paths of war
 False Glory's dæmon-form pursue,
 Whose burning thirst, still unsubdu'd
 By deluges of guiltless blood,
 Glares on the regions round with fiendlike eyes,
 While scarce a vanquish'd world its wish supplies ;

Yet

Yet ne'er may Sloth's inglorious charm
 Unnervè the manly BRITON'S arm,
 Nor Sophistry's insidious art
 E'er lull the manly BRITON'S heart!
 May Peace, with Plenty by her side,
 Long, long o'er ALBION'S fields preside;
 Long may her breath, with placid gale,
 Of Commerce swell the happy sail;
 But rous'd in Justice' sacred cause,
 Insulted rights or violated laws,
 Still may her sons with fierce delight
 Flame in the gleamy van of fight,
 Spread o'er the tented plain, or brave
 With warlike prow the hostile wave;
 And on each firm ingenuous breast
 Be this eternal truth impress'd,
 Peace only sheds perennial joys on those
 Who guard with dauntless arm the blessings Peace bestows.

HALF AN ODE,

ON THE ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[From the Morning Post.]

SWEET Mr. PYE, how canst thou sing
 That "the tempestuous winds no more
 Sweep the calm main with angry wing,"
 Whilst dismal *wrecks* bestrew the shore?
 At Margate, did "the tepid breeze
 But gently fan the rippling seas,"
 When the Hindostan (dire to tell!)
 Late sank beneath the billowy swell;
 When on the beach the frequent corse was cast,
 While Feeling shrank and Pity stood aghast?
 Oh! hadst thou, ere the Muse inspir'd
 Thine Ode, at LLOYD'S for news inquir'd,
 Thou wouldst have learnt a stormy tale,
 That might have made thy cheek turn pale!
 Thou wouldst have found the dæmons of the deep
 Were fatally *awake*—the Zephyrs *fast asleep*!!

But

But haply, whilst disastrous chance
 Thus hover'd o'er the angry main,
 Thy gentle Muse ne'er cast a glance
 Beyond her parlour's crystal pane.
 Snug as her wishes could desire,
 Beside a warm, clear, cheerful fire,
 With tepid airs around her playing,
 But nothing dismal, or dismaying,
 The placid damsel might conceive, no doubt,
 That all was quite serene, and calm, and clear *without!*
 FINGAL.

ORIGINAL PREDICTIONS,

WONDERFUL AND INFALLIBLE! FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[From the Oracle.]

A VAUNT astrologers, and prophets too!
Moore, Brothers, Partridge, all the dreaming crew:
 The *Devon prophets* who raves in rhyme,
 And tells the *Deuil* there's an end of time;
 The *Yorkshire sage*, too, who can plainly see,
 And point the hour, when earth shall cease to be:
 Avaunt ye visionaries! crack brain'd throng!
 And listen all to my prophetic song!
 To me 't is given wisely to foresee
 The *strange events* of eighteen hundred three!
 First, I foresee, with a prophetic glance,
 The *new-year's* destiny of haughty France.
 The *Chief* shall wear a crown, inspiring dread!
 The mortal crown of his own scheming head;
 And if he seek no other crown to wear,
 He may continue Chief another year.
 For Madame Bonaparte, I foresee
 More splendid honours than were paid to thee,
 Antoinette! royal beauty! murder'd queen!
 Whose like in that gay realm shall ne'er again be seen!
 The *Consulefs* in vast Versailles shall shine,
 And be in all things finer far than fine!
 Silver alone shall grace her household stock,
 Each *bathing-tub* shall have a golden cock!
 Four *maids of honour* stand behind the chair,
 And *martial legions* to defend the fair.

The

The *happy French* shall bless the splendid reign,
If *Lethe's* waves but wash the banks of *Seine*!

Bright Italy subdu'd, and trembling Spain,
The Dutch, who fight for Nassau once again,
Those foully robb'd of liberty, the Swiss,
Shall all be *happy*—while the rod they kiss!
All Germany rejoice with all her heart,
While she can think a whole less than a part.
Balance of power shall the world surprize,
While one scale kicks the clouds, and one in ocean lies!
In Britain, low-born Discontent shall range
'Mong changeful fools, for the pure love of change.
While knaves shall flatter fools, as heretofore,
And vile monopolizers squeeze the poor.
And I foresee, nor let the country doubt,
Peace will continue—till a war breaks out.
And if war shakes the vessel of the state,

The *pilot* Pitt * * * * *

Then Grenville * * * * *

While Windham * * * * *

Then tremble shall our foes, for I foresee
Nelson shall risk another arm at sea!
And I foresee, that, when the war shall cease,
'T is likely to be follow'd by a peace.

The Parliament shall *real* rights maintain,
And crush each rogue in *spirit* and in *grain*.
The *dusty millers*, try whate'er they can,
Shall find their wheat all chaff, their flour all bran.
The knight of mills and millers stands aghast,
To see how soon the last is first—first last.

At Westminster the lawyers, I foresee,
Will loudly wrangle for a double fee;
Or at the *Bailey*, with a golden brief,
Shall prove all innocence the harden'd thief.
Still *fate* and *Bow Street* shall ensure his doom,
Nor shall he 'scape them when his time is come,
That time shall see him, by dread Newgate's wall,
On nothing dancing, to no tune at all.

In the Gazette what wonders I foresee!
Here threat'ning letters, there a pedigree;

Marvellous

Marvellous bankruptcies, in numerous flocks,
For merchants still will gamble in the stocks:
And thousands shall be ruin'd, thousands made,
By luck, and ill luck, in the tricks of trade.

In *fashionable life* strange things arise;
Here starts a vice, and there a virtue dies.
A score of *Crim. Cons.* shall be brought to light,
And hundreds lie conceal'd in shades of night.
'Mongst young nobility three heirs behold,
By *faro* sacrific'd to lust of gold.
Five heiresses, by amorous passions led,
Shall seek on *Gretna Green* the bridal bed.
I prophesy, that on the English stage
Pun, jest, and humour, shall be all the rage.
While sparkling wit with Sheridan shall *sleep*,
The Comic with the Tragic Muse shall weep,
Playgoing folks be treated *quantum suff.*
With frisky gossip and pathetic stuff,
Mix'd with the skill that raises a *puff-paste*,
And nick-nam'd "writing—to the *public taste*."
Not long that taste shall thus degrade the town,
The gods shall send an *as* to *bray it down*.

Of *Bond Street* heroes, I foresee whole droves
In *lobbies* lounging and *Vauxhall* alcoves;
By them the dome of *Ranelagh* is *grac'd*,
Their *phrase* all fashion, and their *dress* all taste.
Lo! thence I trace them, with their vacant stare,
To the gay mansions of the *Paphian* fair;
Their watches, ear-rings, trinkets, charm the sight;
With these, *in jest*, they wing their speedy flight:
Strange *jest*! which sends them—and it rarely fails—
To study botany in *New South Wales*!

Next I foresee—but now the Sibyls close
The book of fate, revealing future woes,
Nor longer fling the leaves in troubled air,
For woes anticipated breed despair.

Though I foresee, let others be content
Early to know the truth of each event;
And let those read, who wish to become wiser,
THE ORACLE and DAILY ADVERTISER.

FORESIGHT.

AN

AN ERUDITE COMMENTARY

ON THE PREDICTIONS, ORIGINAL, WONDERFUL, AND
INFALLIBLE, OF THAT LEARNED CLERK, MASTER
FORESIGHT.

[From the same.]

IT redoundeth greatly to the good of this reàlme, that a right learned and trusty clerk hath undertaken, in these delectable verses, to expound, or rather to foreshew, the marvellous matters which shall come to pass in this present new year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three.

The more so, as the land hath been grievously overrun with divers mean astrologers and pretended prophets, who have greatly misled his Majesty's liege subjects with their false predictions, thereby spreading strange rumours, and causing much dread among some, and much scoffing among others. To these our author fitly alludeth in the beginning of his poem, with an *avaunt*, speaking to them as the pious speak to Satan, that is, in the language of command and defiance. And herein he wisely forbeareth to enumerate them all: he mentioneth Master Moore, Master Brothers, and Master Partridge, who have vainly uttered and published many false fables; and the rest he calleth a *dreaming crew*. He also speaketh of the *Devonshire prophets*, who hath published some thousands of rhimes, of certain *fighis* she hath had with the *Devil*; therein foretelling the speedy destruction of this world. An ignorant man in the wilds of *Yorkshire*, he likewise speaketh of, who hath set forth the day and time of the end of this world, which day, I ween, is now past, and the world remaineth as it was before this wight set forth his profane revelation.

Our learned clerk then proceedeth to state, that it is given to him *wisely* to foresee the *strange events* of this year. And being conscious of his power, he speaketh boldly. And first, of *France*, he saith, that the *Chief*,
meaning

meaning the man that is ycleped the *Chief Consul*, shall wear a *crown*, as if indeed he were to become *king*; but herein mark the acuteness and veracity of our prophetic poet; whatever may be his *latent* signification, and the *hidden mystery* of his verse, he saith he meaneth “the *mortal crown* of his own *scheming* head;” a crown which, nevertheless, he truly observeth, “inspireth dread.” And then he humanely forewarneth him not to seek any other *crown*, if he wisheth to continue the *Chief* another year. And herein is much meaning, which those who are considerate will understand, and from which the *Chief* himself may derive abundant profit.—He next speaketh in direct terms of Madame Bonaparte; foretelling that she shall receive more honours than were paid to the late Queen of France, who was descended from a long line of mighty emperors, was the consort of an illustrious monarch, and was moreover a paragon of beauty and an angel of benevolence; but who, nevertheless, was murdered; with the King her husband, the infant Dauphin her son, and the Princess Elizabeth her sister, by the madness and fury of the *people*; who, as is right truly observed by the most learned the Lord Verulam, “never value true worth,” but rather seek to honour meanness, and to exalt contempt, therein fancying they do compliment themselves.—Our author in this part prophesieth particularly: he speaketh of the identical honours which the Consuls shall receive; but he wisely concealeth how much she deserveth them, and how long they may remain with her.—Of the *people of France* he uttereth a marvellous wise prediction, saying that they shall be happy while the waters of *Lethe* wash the banks of their river, the *Seine*; by which it is clearly understood, that their happiness shall be complete while they *forget* what is past, and are ignorant of the future; of which indeed our learned author humanely keepeth those people in the dark.

Italy,

Italy, Spain, Holland, and Switzerland, he saith, shall be happy while they "kiss the rod." Herein our author speaketh ironically; a way in which some of the ancient prophets reproved the nations of old, when they were sunken in sloth and bondage, and forgetful of themselves. Of Germany he speaketh in the like manner, which hath been compelled to adopt the principle of Hesiod, that a part is greater than the whole. And he concludeth what he hath to say of foreign kingdoms, by an apt allusion to the present state of the *balance of power*, which it hath heretofore been the chief business of wise kings to maintain, and of their present substitute to destroy. Thus, says our author,

"Balance of power shall the world surprize,
While one scale kicks the clouds, and one in ocean lies."

A balance preposterous and ridiculous! And certainly, if the balance of power be any whit more than an imaginary scale, like the Scales in the skies, it ought not to remain in this strange state, seeing that millions of men and of money have been heretofore expended in the due maintenance thereof; and seeing also, that, under the same, the people of many nations were much happier than they now are. However this may be, we learn from our author, that this state shall remain during the present year, "*if the Chief seek not another crown.*" Herein observe, as a right witty man saith, "there is much virtue in *if*:" not but our author could have set forth, had he been so inclined, what the said *Chief* will, or will not do, in this present year; because he plainly hath power to foretell the *strange events* which shall take place, during the period thereof; and it is well known that the afore-mentioned *Chief* stirreth not without his movements producing some *strange event*, whether they be progressive or retrograde; nay, and he standeth not still in vain.

And now our author cometh to speak of this our island,

land, Great Britain, so called, not from the size thereof, for it be but small, but from the magnanimity of the Monarch, and the freedom of the people. And herein he foresheweth abundance of marvellous things, such as may well demand our exclusive and entire attention in a subsequent consideration of these *predictions*, so truly *original*, *wonderful*, and *infallible*!

SIDROPHEL.

IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

[From the Oracle.]

WHEN we announced *exclusively* the reappearance of Mrs. TAG and Miss TIVY in the fashionable world, we were not aware of the inconvenience our mention was about to create to those lovely ladies, in the too eager welcome of admiration of the *beau monde* in Hyde Park yesterday, and to the beautiful Misses TRIPPS, whom the mistaken curiosity of JOHN BULL considerably annoyed, while he ignorantly thought he was staring at the pretty widow and her sister.

Among the pedestrian fashionables, Mrs. PRINKS was the most distinguished for her majestic walk and *Muscovian* pelisse. To Captain HURLEY's long chain-spurs the beaux were indebted for an accidental display of her fine ankle. Major PRINKS was upon his piebald charger as usual, and rode with great animation in Rotten Row.

In the Ride we remarked the Duke of FOGRAM, whose eyes were universally declared to be more brilliant than TALLEYRAND's. Lady FRUMP seemed to feel the full effect of them.

Sir THOMAS TRIMMER, Sir ROBERT RAT, and Sir BARTHOLOMEW BATH, walked their horses in earnest conversation, which made the facetious Mr. BANTER

observe, that if they could get on faster, they might make more turns.

LORD WOOL, SIR JOHN SOUTHDOWN, MR. BANSTEAD, and the Honourable OXLEY BUTTOCK, formed a little agricultural committee, which was soon joined by Sir PETER CLOVER, Sir ANTHONY OILCAKE, and the Duke of SMITHFIELD.

The *favourite groupe-galante* consisted of the Duke of FOGRAM, as we have already mentioned, Lord OGLE, Lord FUDGE, Sir AILWORTH ASTHMA, and Sir THOMAS TYPHUS, who all looked in high health and spirits.

The *comme-il-faut* part of the company retired at five o'clock *precisely*, to dress for dinner, and for the refined amusements of the evening, of which the most elegant were cards and sacred music at Beau BISHOP'S.

Hymeneals and Divorces of Fashion.—Lady FROUST is certainly parted from Sir FUSTY.

Miss TINS, the rich city heiress, is on her road to Gretna Green, if Captain CRACK keep his word, and her guardian do not overtake them.

Invalids of Fashion.—We stop the press to inform the public, that an express has just reached our office, with the afflicting news of Miss LYDIA DRIPPING'S chilblain having broke: her lovely sister is assiduous in her attentions upon this melancholy occasion.

Dogs of Fashion.—Mrs. DASHFORD has lost her beautiful little fawn-coloured *pug*, for whom the mistaken gallantry of her numerous admirers advertised the large reward in the uninformed prints. We have authority to announce the death of this fashionable little creature.

Lady RAFF'S pretty little *Azor* was well enough to be at the carriage window in the Park for an airing, and looked charmingly.

Miss RIGG'S little favourite *Daphne* and her blind family

family are as well as can be expected; she has set Sir THOMAS TYPHUS down for a puppy.

TON CHIT-CHAT.

[From the True Briton.]

LORD AYLESBURY's great coat ought to be *water-proof*, as he exposes himself so much in all weathers.—His Lordship will never be a *turn-coat*.

It is supposed, that nothing would induce the Duke of GRAPTON to be a *round-head*. This venerable nobleman is disposed to shew his attachment to an *old-hat*.

Lady BUCKINGHAMSHIRE is a great admirer of the *dome* of St. Paul's, from *sympathy*.

Lord C—— speaks highly in favour of FRIBOURG's *snuff*. It is not likely that his Lordship will suffer any thing else to *take him by the nose*.

Earl STRATHMORE is about to sacrifice at the *hymeneal shrine* with a CARPENTER, who hits his Lordship's taste to a *shaving*, and is always likely to be within *rule*.

The Marquis and Marchioness of WINCHESTER have arrived at their house in *Baker Street*; but they are never likely to be *crusty*, and the lady must rank high as a fashionable *toast*.

Earl MOIRA is adverse to the continuance of the restriction on *the Bank*. We do not think, that on this subject his Lordship went on *swimmingly*.

The Earl of CAVAN is at present at DORANT's *hotel*, where the landlord, of course, *keeps open house*.

Mr. T. TYRWHITT, M. P. resides at present at Carlton House, where his reception, no doubt, is *princely*.

Fashionable Invalids.—The Duke of DEVONSHIRE is laid up with *the gout* at Devonshire House.

are sorry that his Grace's affairs are on such a *bad footing*.

LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH is confined with the same complaint, in *Saville Row*; and there it is not probable that, in his present condition, his Lordship will be likely to *kick up a row*.

The Dowager Countess of SPENCER is better; we therefore hope that this *Spencer* will for some years *wear well*.

The Countess of LONSDALE is able to take an airing in *the Park*. Her Ladyship need not be afraid of any *railing*.

The Dowager Dutchess of LEEDS is much amended in her health, but her Grace has still a touch of *Anguish*.

LORD HENNIKER is indisposed at *Thornham Hall* in Suffolk. We hope the *thorns* of disease will soon give way to the *rose* of health.

The Dutchess of CHANDOS is perfectly recovered, and therefore her Grace's Caledonian apothecary *Shan' dose* her any more.

General ANDROSSI's *punch-bowl* is at present a prevailing topic with *the fashionables*; but Mr. WINDHAM and the GRENVILLES will be glad to hear that the General is inclined to *punch off*.

MADAME BONAPARTE has ordered the manufacturers of Lyons to prepare *petticoats of honour*, which she means to assign to females who distinguished themselves during the revolution. Hence the French, after all, are likely to be under *petticoat government*.

MR. SMITH, the new Alderman of *Castle Baynard Ward*, is to be sworn into the 'Court of Aldermen to-morrow. We have no doubt that he will prove a good *guardian* to his *word*, and never be a *black-SMITH*.

The Marquis of HEADFORT last week gave an elegant dinner at his house in Stanhope Street, May Fair.

Fair. With respect to such an entertainment, we may fairly say his Lordship has a *head for't*.

We are surprised that Mrs. BILLINGTON should have a *cold* in her *chest*. The profits of her talents must at least have prevented her *chest* from being *empty*, and render her so *warm*, in the city idea of the term, that her powers, we should think, would never want *fire*.

It is not true that the Marquis of LORNE is going to lead a TAYLOR to the altar. We do not hear however that the Marquis was afraid of a matrimonial *cuff*, or that there was any want of *pocket-lining*.

The beautiful Mrs. M'LEOD, of Colbecks, has lately had several elegant parties at Brompton. The persons invited must indeed have been as dull as *coal* in the pit, if they could have resisted the *becks* of so much taste and hospitality.

BOODLE's *fete*, which took place *last June*, we can, from the authority of Mr. WAUD, confidently assure our readers, consisted of "*hot things, cold things, and a dessert*."

Earl TEMPLE is returned from Buckinghamshire. His Lordship's new house in Grosvenor Street is finished, but no part of it affords a *prospect of the Treasury*.

Mrs. GOSLING gave a grand dinner on Friday, at her house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We do not presume to suppose, that among the party there were any *geese*.

LOTHIAN's hotel at present boasts of Generals WEMYSS and FORBES, with Lord ROBERT and Lord MARK KERR. Major-general DON has left it. The landlord, however, though he has lost a *Don*, is in no want of *the Spanish*.

The Hon. FULKE GREVILLE UPTON has been elected a member of the Royal Society. There can

be no doubt that this gentleman, whatever he may do, will always be *up to ton*.

Sir CHARLES BAMFYLDE last Thursday *played* on the *violoncello* at an amateur concert in Wigmore Street. The Baronet is now too well acquainted with the world to *play the fool*.

Mr. MILNES, of Egremont House, who took possession of an estate of 8000*l.* per annum, and assumed the name of RICH, in obedience to the will and testament of Mrs. MILNES's sister, has, on account of the death of his Lady, been obliged to relinquish that property. He has therefore resumed his own name, though we hope he is still *Rich*.

Fashionable Invalid.—Mrs. LYNDE, of Stratford Place, is at present indisposed by a severe cold. At this time of the year every body should take care to be properly *lin'd*.

The Dowager Lady ESSEX had a select *card* party a night or two ago. Some of the papers *sland* her Ladyship so much as to say, that it was on *Sunday* last; but far from joining in the old adage, "the better day the better deed," if it really took place on that day, we should consider the visitors to ESSEX as senseless *calves*.

Lady ALMERIA CARPENTER had a large party of fashionables on Friday, at her house in Park Street. Such a *Carpenter* must always be in fashion, as it must be *plain* she will act upon *the square*.

Lady MOUNT-EDGECUMBE had a select *card* party on Saturday, at her house in John Street, Berkeley Square. The entertainment was so agreeable, that those visitors were happy indeed who were present from the beginning, and a great number were glad to *edge* in, and *combe* any way among the party.

Lord WESTMORLAND gave a dinner on Sunday last to Lord HOBART and a select party of friends; but though his Lordship by *his name* is confined to the *West*,

West, he seemed, by his assiduous hospitality to gratify his guests, inclined to *box the compass*.

LORD HOBART's dinner on Saturday last was graced by many *fashionables*; and so courteous was his Lordship to all his company, that none of the guests had reason to say, in allusion to the Clown in the farce, thou *Hob art*.

LORD WILLIAM BEAUCLERK is gone on a visit to Earl FITZWILLIAM at Milton Hall, Northamptonshire. No *parish* in England can boast of such another *Beau-Clerk*.

PRIMARY INTELLIGENCE.

[From the same.]

THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE *intends* to give a dinner shortly to the PRINCE of WALES, the Duke of NORFOLK, Mr. FOX, &c. Several Members of *Opposition*, who hope to be invited, are eager to have the *day fixed*.

The beautiful Viscountess DUNGANNON still continues at her Lord's romantic castle in Wales. In *ten days*, the fashionable prints assure us, the family return to town. *Ten to one* this is a mere random report.

The Marquis of BLANDFORD is the chief composer of the music performed at his own concerts. We trust, therefore, that it is in *harmony* with his Lordship's *feelings*.

Sir JOHN EAMER's *state-bed* cost such a good round sum upon the whole, that it can hardly be said the magnificently-minded Knight did not care a *tester* for the city.

MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq. had a fashionable party on Friday last at his house in Cleveland Row. The entertainment was conducted with too much decorum to hazard any danger of a *blow-up*.

The Hon. Mrs. ANSON has lately finished some beautiful

beautiful paintings in *oil*, which are highly admired by *connoisseurs* of the first *water*.

Mrs. THOMSON, of Hertford Street, Park Lane, gave a grand ball and supper on Thursday night. The floor was *chalked*, but not after the *Irish fashion*, and none of the company are likely to be included in the provisions of the *Chalking Act*. The fashionable prints say, that *upwards* of two hundred persons of distinction were present, and that covers were laid for one hundred and fifty. If so, the odd fifty and *upwards* must have received but "*lenten entertainment*."

A PLAN

TO SECURE TO "THE BRITISH PRESS" THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE DAILY TRANSACTIONS OF EVERY PART OF THE METROPOLIS, BY COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WHOLE BODY OF BOOKSELLERS.

[From the Pic Nic.]

BOND Street is to be submitted to the numerous booksellers who inhabit that predominant thoroughfare. *Mr. Robson* will attend to the old peers, to dignitaries of the church, and dowagers: while *Mr. Faulder* will look sharp after the fortune-hunters; and the rest of their brethren will take the miscellaneous passengers among them. The Cyprians, on crossing Oxford Street from Bond Street, on their return to Mary-le-bone, very naturally present themselves to the attention of *Mr. Bell*, who, being the publisher of *the Monk*, is admirably qualified to make the necessary observations. *Mr. Debrett* and *Mr. Hatchard* will take care of Piccadilly; *Mr. Stockdale* being better employed in collecting the profound opinions of the enlightened politicians who frequent his shop. *Mrs. Humphrys* will give the caricatures of St. James's Street; and *Bulmer*, the printer, will transmit an hot-pressed account

account of any interesting transactions in Cleveland Court, as well as of the guard on duty at the Palace. *George Nicol*, bookseller to his Majesty, is pre-eminently qualified to communicate the lively histories of King's Place; while it is impossible for a row to be kicked up at the Union Club, but *Old Becket* and *Young Evans* must be in the way to hear a good account of it: *Harding* may have his eye on Carlton House, and *Jeffreys* may collect some useful materials from Market Street and the back-door of the Opera. The men of genius who frequent *Mr. Ridgway's* repository in York Street, have promised occasional contributions, and some smart paragraphs have already been received respecting the conduct of the swans which inhabit the water in St. James's Square. To *Messrs. Egertons* will be consigned the pregnant and ever-varying scene of Charing Cross: they may also take an occasional peep into Durham Yard and the Horse Guards. *Mr. Payne*, of the Mews Gate, will look a little to Castle Street, and the numerous cranny alleys in his neighbourhood. *King*, the auctioneer, will furnish many a pleasant lot from the Covent Garden Piazzas and their vicinity: while *Leigh* and *Sotheby* may follow his example from Tavistock Street. *Mr. Ottridge* may enlarge on the upper part of the Strand, and borrow occasional scraps of natural history from the Menagerie of Exeter Change. The lower part of the Strand, with Catharine Street, will be undertaken by *Messrs. Cadell* and *Davies*, a branch of duty, which, as they have been lately married, they may undertake with perfect safety. *Old Gardner*, from his long and studious acquaintance with the parish of St. Clement Danes, is incomparably qualified to procure intelligence of the very interesting concerns of Drury Lane, Clare Market, the Crown and Anchor, and the convenient scenes of seclusion in his agreeable neighbourhood.

Mr. Kearsley will take the upper part of Fleet Street, and the two Temples, with the several buildings, courts, walks, lanes, and backways thereto belonging and appertaining. The law-book-sellers are retained to communicate much *special* and *original* matter from Chaucery Lane and Lincoln's Inn; and *Mr. White* will look to the history of Fleet Market, and the concerns of Bridewell. St. Paul's Churchyard, and all its varieties, are familiar subjects to *Messrs. Johnson* and *Rivington*; and *Mr. Phillips* will give select memoranda from the conversations of the Illuminati who frequent the Chapter coffee-house. The Court of Assistants of the Stationers' company have voluntarily engaged to procure accounts of the meetings, feastings, and other important business of the livery companies. A committee of the trade in Paternoster Row and Ave-maria Lane, will occasionally meet to receive and transmit accounts of the very affecting transactions of the Old Bailey and Newgate, and that well-known scene of humanity called Smithfield, with the pleasures of St. Martin's-le-grand, the hurry of Cheap-side, and the bustle of the Swan with two Necks. *Mr. Mawman* and *Messrs. Verner* and *Hood*, of the Poultry, have reserved themselves for the lively records of the Mansion House, the due detail of city state and civic honours, and a luminous display of aldermanic oratory and common-council eloquence. *Mr. Richardson*, under the Royal Exchange, and the print-sellers in the adjoining alleys, will be able, from their literary situation, to produce no small store of elegant communications. *Mr. Asperne* will offer strings of moral aphorisms relative to trade and commerce; and the book-sellers and stationers in Leadenhall Street are in the way to obtain poignant jests, affecting narratives, and fine strokes of satire, from the London Tavern, the East India House, and Leadenhall Market. *Mr. Steele*,

Steele, of Tower Hill, will derive no small fund of amusement from the humours of Wapping and Rag Fair; and a notary public, who understands nine languages, and must consequently be considered as a very literary man, has promised to enliven the British Press with a few brief memoirs of the leading fashionables of Bevis Marks, Duke's Place, and Houndsditch. *Messrs. Lackington* and *Allen* may be expected to procure variety of intelligence from Moorfields, Bedlam, and Grub Street, while Holborn and St. Giles's cannot be entrusted to better circumspection than that of *Mr. Cutbush* of Middle Row. *Mr. Dulau*, the French bookseller, will have an eye upon the company who visit Sir Joseph Banks, and frequent the white house on the opposite side of Soho Square. To the tribe of circulating libraries of St. Mary-le-bone is confided the various and varying history of that very interesting and prolific part of the metropolis.

To the account of this masterly plan of intelligence I have only to add my congratulations to the public, who are so soon to enjoy the advantages of it—you may, if you please, communicate it to the readers of your elegant publication, for

I am

A FRIEND TO THE PRESS.

P.S. I must beg leave to add, that *Mr. Isaac Reed* of Staple Inn, whose communicative disposition is well known to all who have applied to it, and whose knowledge of English literature exceeds that of any person now living, is expected to furnish the British Press with a correct list of all the booksellers who have lived in London, and the Universities, since the invention of printing. It is almost superfluous to add, that such a collection of names must be highly interesting, instructive, and amusing to every class of readers.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Suffex Chronicle.]

WANTED, by an association of town and country editors, a large quantity of *ready-made news*, for the ensuing summer, both foreign and domestic, in which improbability and want of common sense will be no objection.—Also an able *death-maker*, but who must have served his time in an *apology manufactory*.—Also a *strong band* in the *marvellous turnery way*, who can do all work, from a *Queen Anne's farthing* to a *court lady in a shark's belly*.—*French letters and changes in the ministry* are still bought as *old materials* at a fair price.—N.B. Poetry for all public characters who may die, marry, or hang, during the long vacation, is also still taken in by *weight*, upon as good terms as *mixed rags*.—An East and West India correspondent, residing wholly in London, may hear of constant employment.—Any garretteer, who may have absconded from having too freely panegyricized the French and their politics during the war, will find encouragement if he can abuse them outrageously now they are become our allies.

 VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF
 ARSBOROUGH, AND PREFIXED TO THE LAST EDITION
 OF HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S
 POEM, ENTITLED "THE PASSAGE OF ST. GO-
 THARD *."

By the Rev. J. SYMPSON.

WHILE, pleas'd with trifling gaudy toys, the fair
 On outward beauty lavish all their care;
 And strive, regardless of the spark divine,
 In Fashion's dim and transient beams to shine;
 Thou and accomplish'd *Devon* borrow rays
 From Learning's sun, and spread a lasting blaze;

Nor, while, encircled by the Arts, you sit,
 Patrons of taste and arbiters of wit,
 Betray contempt or swell with triumph vain,
 But all the softness of your sex retain !
 As the grave Muse awakes the warbling strings,
 The Graces round you dance in airy rings,
 And wedded Love on purple pinion flies,
 Extends his torch, and lights it at your eyes !

Deign to bestow a glance of kind regard
 On the fond efforts of a stranger bard,
 Who, charm'd with *Devon's* sweetly-varied strain,
 Has made her vocal on *Ausonia's* plain ;
 But fears that half her spirit in his lay,
 Too pure to be transfus'd, has ebb'd away ;
 For who can match the melting raptures, fire,
 And bold expression of her English lyre ?
 Whate'er her theme, pourtray'd in colours true
 Each glowing object bursts upon the view ;
 The silver torrent now regales the sight,
 " Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height."
 Now up the midway steep, with motion slow,
 We toil, o'ershadow'd by th' impending snow,
 And, as we trace the winding path, forbear
 To stir with faintest sound the tides of air,
 Lest the huge mass should start, and, downward hurl'd,
 Heap ruin on the vale, and shake the world !
 With transport now we hail the fane of *Tell*,
 Pierc'd by whose shaft a cruel tyrant fell ;
 And, as we gazing stand, implore the skies.
 That other *Tells*, when other tyrants rise,
 May spring to vengeance in a cause so just,
 Aim the sure blow, and *stretch them in the dust* !

But why to thee her talents thus rehearse ?—
 Why paint the magic beauties of her verse ?
 Full well thou know'st them, and, with taste refin'd,
 Enjoy'st the rich effusions of her mind.

Pride of the land, whate'er of good or fair
 Celestial Bounty gives, you largely share.
 Your frank demeanour smiles unform'd by Art,
 And polish'd graces ravish every heart ;

Your

134 THE LAMENTATIONS OF A SWISS PEASANT.

Your softness soothes, your lively spirit warms,
 And Science crowns the triumph of your charms !
 Not half so high St. Gothard lifts his crest
 Above the clouds that veil his rugged breast,
 As you ascend o'er all that darkens life,
 The mists of envy and the storms of strife ;
 Nor views the mountain from his awful height
 (Though wide the prospect) half so proud a sight
 As you, who, thron'd on Pindus 'mid the Nine,
 See Poets crowd to worship at your shrine ;
De Lille, the leader of the tuneful throng,
 Harmonious most when *Devon* prompts the song.

Long may you form the manners of the land,
 And long to genius ope the liberal hand ;
 The embryo bard from chilling tempests shroud,
 And foster, till he bursts the silken cloud,
 Waves unrestrain'd his light aurelian wings,
 And high in air with ardent vigour springs ;
 In praise of worth attunes his vocal pow'rs,
 And first extols the noblest merit—*yours*.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF A SWISS PEASANT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SINCE War's cruel ravage and Murder's fierce arm
 Have robb'd our dear vales of their pride,
 The sons of bold Freedom have fled the alarm,
 And our lambkins have bleated and died !

O'er the turf which we hallow'd at eve's silent hour
 The usurper's proud banners now wave,
 While his legions of robbers have bruise'd the wild flow'r.
 That bloom'd on our ancestors' grave !

No more when the moonbeams have silver'd the sky
 Will our dances enliven the swain ;
 Where we smil'd with Love's rapture we heave the deep
 sigh,
 And mourn o'er our desolate plain !

Oh !

Oh! where, when the vesper's sweet vigils are o'er,
 Will the lute's soothing harmony sound;
 Or the muleteer haste to the cottager's door
 Where the maid of his heart's to be found?
 No more on our mountains, where *Liberty* stray'd,
 Will *Peace*, the sweet cherub, appear;
 Nor the lake's silver waters induce the fond maid
 To enrich them with love's silent tear!
 Ah! where, when the keen winds of winter do blow,
 Ah! where shall her peasants apply;
 Since Switzerland now has nought to bestow
 But a tale of distress and a sigh?
 When ask'd for his birthright, ah! what shall we say
 To the youth who reluctantly yields?
 Shall we tell him our glory has faded away
 Like the flowret he pluck'd in our fields?
 For the hand of *Oppression* each valley has shorn,
 And plunder'd the fruits of our toil,
 While *Gallia's* marauders have wantonly torn
 The blossoms of peace from our soil!
 See, see in yon hamlet what sorrows arise!
 See yon *peasant* has sunk on the ground;
 'T is the victim of *Freedom* just closing his eyes,
 And his orphans stand weeping around!
 From the arms of meek virtue enfeebled with years
 See the son of his bosom depart,
 While the fire's bold resentment gives way to those fears
 Which the wife's tender sorrows impart.
 But, alas! the proud demons of War still conspire
 To assist this promoter of strife,
 While the frenzy of conquest still feeds his desire
 To consume the choice blessings of life!
 Then adieu, ye sweet vales, and each rock's mossy cave;
 I go—but 't is *Fate's* harsh decree;
 For I ne'er will resign the choice blessings ye gave,
 But die *independent and free!*

W. M.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE HISTORY OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION, DURING THE LATE STRUGGLE
FOR FREEDOM IN SWITZERLAND.

I HATE *mock* freedom's frantic noise,
Her canting, philanthropic voice,
Those crocodile effusions!
Practis'd upon the rights of man,
By every Gallic *charlatan*
With magical delusions.

Amid the necromatic glare,
Deceit conceals a hidden snare,
Envelop'd deep in gloom:
Proscriptions, dungeons, and the cord,
The axe, the dagger, and the sword,
A *royal martyr's* tomb!

While hearts shall beat and tears shall flow
For public wrong and private woe,
We weep those savage crimes:
Thy brood, atrocious France! alone,
Before unheard of, and unknown,
Reserv'd for modern times.

Cæsar's ambition, Nero's wrath,
Marius', Sylla's works of death,
Their blush of guilt turns pale,
Before the sanguinary blaze
That crimson's thy degenerate days,
And stains thy coat of mail.

Thousands in horrid caverns pine,
Or crush'd in pits their breath resign,
Or sink beneath the wave:
Blown from the cannon thousands fly—
Are these the fruits of liberty?
Or deeds that mark the brave:

When nations independent, free,
By arms subdu'd, must bend the knee,
Thy pride and power to swell;
Sure Heaven in wrath shall blast the deed,
And launch the freedom-feather'd reed.
That flew from *William Tell*.

Ye Powers! from your unerring hand,
 To that devoted, guilty land,
 Where Freedom bleeding lies,
 Direct the patriotic dart,
 And lodge it in the monster's heart,
 Who scorns her tears and sighs.
 Avenge a *murder'd* Monarch's cause,
 And Europe's *violated laws*,
 The world to peace restore:
Ambition, treachery, fraud, and spoil,
 May *Vengeance* grasp them in his toil,
 Their *reign of blood* be o'er!

T. L.

THE HELVETIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

OH! lovely Freedom, in these happy bow'rs
 Exulting oft I trac'd thy sportive flight,
 And saw thy fair hand strewing fragrant flow'rs
 Along the vale, and on my native height.
 Thy very shade is fled—no more I see
 The form that charm'd me, or the simile that fir'd:
 A fair but fatal spirit chases thee,
 By cruel thirst of blood and pow'r inspir'd.
 Adieu, sweet country, lov'd though lost to me!
 At thy success, how warm this heart has glow'd
 With gen'rous joy, when oft to succour thee
 My gallant children's precious blood has flow'd!
 Oh! friends enslav'd, but dear, I sigh farewell!
 An exile, seeking freedom o'er the wave;
 Beneath the Gallic scourge I will not dwell;
 But live with Liberty, or share her grave!

THE BOSOM FRIEND.

The little Ægis of the Breast of Snow.

ANON.

YE radiant forms, to make the fair more fair,
 For whom each mode *Parisian* hands prepare;
 The pure white lily, and the rose's bloom,
 And farthest India sends her soft perfume;

Ah!

Ah ! with your favour crown the bold design,
 And with your smiles inspirit every line ;
 Each line shall hold your matchless charms in view,
 No trivial subject what belongs to you.
 In Fame's bright page the *Bosom Friend* shall stand,
 The gift and labour of no mortal hand.

Soon as the gods in shouting peals beheld
 The gift of *Momus* cut th' ærial field,
 The chaste *Diana* (all in wonder gaze)
 A strip of ermine from her vest displays,
 The downy ermine by her dart laid low ;
 Square was the strip, and white as mountain snow ;
 White as the swan, whose glossy plumage beams
 A milky radiance on the silver Thames.

" O *Venus* ! 'gan the huntress of the grove,
 Still must each Virgin merit *Dian's* love.
 Secure in this the lovely maid shall live ;
 Safe in the present *Dian* deigns to give.
 When the hot ball and crowded rout shall end,
 Whilst midnight dews in baneful showers descend ;
 If this with genial warmth protect her breast,
 No storms shall scare her, and no gales molest :
 What though no *beau* with soft attentive air
 Proclaim her coach, or hand her to her chair,
 Through show'rs and dews undaunted she shall go ;
 Though none shall offer, she shall need no *beau*.
 From thy own hands then be the gift convey'd ;
 No common present to an earthly maid."

Herald.

SQU.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

By the Right Hon. RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

HERE let no symbols of destructive war,
 No blood-stain'd conqueror's triumphal car,
 No sculptur'd trophies, to the pensive mind
 Retrace the miseries of human kind ;
 Where happier emblems celebrate his worth
 Who liv'd, not to despoil, but bless the earth !
 With anxious care and deep research to scan
 The first of sciences—the good of man ;

To

To cherish Culture's progress through the land;
 Stretch forth to Industry a fostering hand;
 To feel, on principles severely just,
 In rank pre-eminent, a sacred trust;
 To prize in riches but their power to grant
 Reward to *merit* and relief to *want*;
 Praise of such high desert, say, who shall claim?
 And hark! a nation's voice re-echoes—*Russell's name*!
 How, through the annals of their country, shine
 The unfading honours of his patriot line!
 Disastrous days of civil strife they saw,
 When vaulting *power* o'erleap'd the bounds of law;
 Their temperate wisdom strove, alas! in vain,
 Those threatening flames of Discord to contain,
 Which soon blaz'd forth:—the fiend's infernal brand
 Spread devastation through the fated land;
 And peace, from Albion's mangled bosom driven,
 With virtuous Bedford, wing'd her way to heaven.
 Again, when *Power's* unquench'd and quenchless thirst
 The sacred boundaries of *Right* had burst,
 Another *Russell* Freedom's champion stood,
 Nor spar'd for her, nor wish'd to spare, his blood;
 But died, O victim of perverted laws!
 An unrepining martyr in her cause.

Far happier thou! thy more auspicious day
 Of lawful rulers own'd the chasten'd sway;
 Who, on the downfall of a tyrant's throne,
 Had fix'd the just foundation of their own.
 But, ah! too soon was veil'd in endless night
 The accomplish'd promise of a dawn so bright.
 All-ruling Powers! by whose mysterious doom
 Life's fleeting tenants sink into the tomb,
 With lavish Nature's richest gifts adorn'd,
 Still must a *Russell* be belov'd and mourn'd.

Cease, fond complaint! though man's precarious breath
 Yield, unresisting, to the shaft of Death,
 The lasting good a patriot's cares achieve,
 The sigh, which millions o'er his ashes heave,
 The bright example of that gen'rous mind,
 Whose godlike impulse was to serve mankind,
 Bequests to unborn ages shall remain,
 And mark—that *Virtue has not liv'd in vain*.

146 ON BEING LEFT ALONE AFTER DINNER.

ON GENERAL FITZPATRICK'S LINES FOR
THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S BUST.

THE "bright example," and the "lasting good,"
Time's scythe, and Envy's dart, have oft withstood ;
But how the *sigh*, although by millions breath'd,
Though by FITZPATRICK's generous Muse bequeath'd,
The fondest sigh, through ages *shall remain*,
Millions may live to grieve, but live in vain.

AGAIN.

AT Westminster often we heard, my dear Pat,
That *If's* a Conjunction, and *Si* a Black Cat ;
But your wonderful *Sigh*, which *through ages survives*,
Beats cats of all colours in number of lives.

ON BEING LEFT ALONE AFTER DINNER.

[From the Pic Nic.]

HOW shall I here employ my time ?
Alone, without or prose or rhyme,
Or pencil to amuse me :
Nor pen, nor paper, to be found,
Nor friend to push the bottle round,
Or for its stay abuse me.

The servants come and find me here,
And stare upon me like the deer
On Selkirk, in Fernandez ;
And quite as tame, they wipe the chairs,
And scrub—and hum their fav'rite airs,
And ask what my command is.

I wish one knew the way to change
Customs so barbarous and strange,
So savage and inhuman :
I wish the sex were kinder grown,
And when they find a man alone,
Would treat him like a woman.

Well—here 's to her who far away,
Cares not that I 'm or grave or gay ;
And then no more I 'll drink :

But

But fold my arms, and meditate,
And clap my feet upon the grate,
And on grave matters think.

'T is—let me see—full sixteen years
(And wondrous short the time appears)

Since with inquiry warm,
With beauty's novel pow'r amaz'd,
I follow'd 'mid the crowd that gaz'd
On ——'s beauteous form.

Up ——'s fatiguing streets I ran,
(Just half pretending to be man,
And fearful to intrude;)
Busied I look'd on some employ,
Or limp'd to seem some *other* boy,
Lest she should think me rude.

The sun was bright, and on her face,
As proud to shew this stranger grace,
Shone with its purest rays;
And through the folds that veil'd her form,
Motion display'd its happiest charm,
To catch th' admiring gaze.

The smiling lustre of her eyes,
That triumph'd in our wild surprise,
Well I remember still;
They spoke, it *joy* to *give* delight,
And seem'd to say, "If I'm the fight,
Good folks, pray take your fill."

And can it be, that 'neath this roof,
Whilst I sit patiently aloof,
This 'witching form can be?
Quick let me fly—avaunt my fears,
'T is but a door, and *sixteen years*
Divide this fair and me!

Alas! that beauty should grow old;
Alas! that passion should be cold;
Alas! that rhymes should fail:
And oh! while thus I sadly sing,
Alas! that not a bell should ring,
To close my mournful tale.

Ye youths debarr'd your fair-one's eye,
 Ye that for love to *mem'ry* fly,
 Attend this moral rhyme:
 Lift to the penfive lay it pours,
 "The devil take your doors and hours,
 Your carpenters and time!"

UNDE DERIVATUR PIC NIC?

PHILOSOPHERS in vain their brains do twist,
 To find the derivation of *Pic Nic*;
 And most of them, I think, the truth have mis'd,
 Because their brains were dull, or skulls were thick.
 The reason of the term is mighty plain;
 When some of them are dead, who now are quick,
 By fell disease, or feller *Bridgman*, slain,
 There will be pretty *pickings* for old *Nick*.

IMITATION OF GRAY.

EPITAPH ON PIC NIC, WRITTEN IN A NEWSMAN'S
 SHOP.

[From the Morning Post.]

HERE lie, enwrap't within a dirty sheet,
Pic Nics unfold—of course to fame unknown;
 Fair Fashion's patronage they did not meet,
 And *G—v—lle* still may claim them for his own.

Large were its pages, and its type most clear
 Its price t'ennoble did as largely tend;
 But *fourteen numbers* clos'd its bright career;
 It found thus soon (what all must find) an end.

No farther seek its merits to disclose,
 Or o'er its faults one briny-tear let drop;
 Here they alike on dusty shelf repose,
 To add fresh lumber to the Newsman's shop.

OMICRON.

THE COBLER.

IMITATED FROM FONTAINE.

A COBLER (call him Jobson if you please)

Married a wife, not rich but pretty :

The honest couple, who were ill at ease,

Went to a merchant of the city ;

Implor'd that he would be their friend,

And on a written bond would lend,

For a fixt time, a sum of money.

The merchant does so, and, the time gone by,

Presses the payment—God knows why :

Perhaps he might wish to taste the honey

Of her sweet lips, and get a kiss,

Which means, you know, a something more than this.

He says, " Dear Mrs. Jobson, I declare,

You need not draw your purse to pay :

Grant me but what you well can spare."

" I'll think," she cries, " on what you say."

Then she sought Jobson, and disclos'd

All that the merchant had propos'd :

Cries Jobson, " Faith, wife, if we can,

We must, to get the bond, devise some plan—

Suppose you go, and tell this man

That I am out, and he may come—

Whilst I in fact shall lie conceal'd at home ;

And, when he's warm'd and can't refuse, be sure

To get the bond, good wife, secure ;

Then cough—and do it loud and clear,

Lest by some chance I should not hear."

The scheme they tried as soon as plann'd,

And thus regain'd the note of hand.

The husband could not hold his boasting ;

All gave the poor gallant a roasting—

In ev'ry house, in ev'ry walk,

It soon became the public talk.

A wealthy citizen of scheming head,

Thinking of self, to Jobson's partner said,

" Better have cough'd, dame, when the sport was over—

Then all had gain'd,—the husband, wife, and lover ;

And,

And, if occasion should return some day,
Remember then to practise what I say."
She quick replied, "Can I, Sir, have those games,
Poor as I am, as well as high-bred dames?—
In such-like cases I could almost swear
(Note that the cit's own pretty wife was there)
Your plans to mine *that lady* would prefer—
But all, alas, are not *so wise as her!*"

R. G.

EPIGRAM.

A BREACH OF PROMISE THE STRONGEST PROOF OF—
BREEDING!

CLARINDA promises to visit soon;
Indeed she's only waiting for a moon!
Four following moons have since their progress run,
And now Clarinda's waiting for—a *son!*

THE HAPPY CHRISTENING.

THOMAS weds—and four months barely pass o'er his head,
When his spouse (Heav'n be thank'd!) of a boy's
brought to bed.

"Now what shall we call him, my dear?" said his wife.

"Let me think," answered Tom—"Call him *Courier*, my
life,

For he's travell'd a journey of nine months or more,
To my joy and delight, in the short space of *four!*"

MOTTOES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been affirmed, that "a motto often conveys
more light to the mind than a whole volume." If
the following should be found to answer that descrip-
tion, I have no doubt that I shall have the pleasure of
seeing them occupy a valuable corner of your paper.

CHARIS BAIOSIN OFEDEL.

THE

THE PRESENT MINISTERS.

—Tolluntur in altum,
 Ut lapsu graviore ruant! CLAUDIAN.
 —Dabit Deus his quoque finem. VIRG.

DUMOURIER, CUM MULT. AL.

Heu, quàm difficilis gloriæ custodia est! SYRUS.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

—Hic murus æneus esto. HOR.

SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY.

—Opum furiosa cupido. OVID.

THE PEACE.

Mars gravior sub pace latet. CLAUDIAN.

MR. ADDINGTON.

Respice quod non es; tollat sua munera cerdo,
 Tecum habita, et noris quàm sit tibi curta supelles.
 PERSIUS.

MR. ANGERSTEIN.

'O αὐθιγὸς εὐεργετὸς. ANTONINUS.

MR. W—L—F—CE AND MR. H—L—D.

Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.

ANON. apud AUL. GELL.

FASHION.

—Ridiculos homines facit. JUVENAL.

THE IRISH.

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuefcite bella:
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires. VIRG.

THE ALGERINES.

—Gentes roubadores. CAMOENS.

CITY K—BLE.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. PHÆDRUS.

FRANCE.

—Eripe turpi

Colla jugo, liber, liber sum, dic age. , HOR.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

—Vix ea nostra voco. OVID.

GARNERIN, BARRET, &C.

—Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ. HOR.

BOXERS, COCK-FIGHTERS, THE TURF.

Αμύτοι.

PLATO.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTOES.

ROBESPIERRE AND BONAPARTE.

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

JUVENAL.

MRS. JORDAN.

Parvula, pumilio, *χαίρων μία*, tota merum sal.

LUCRETIVS.

THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

Quicquid exēssit modum

Pendēt instabili loco.

SENECA.

OUR TROOPS IN EGYPT.

Numerados

Sereis entre os heroes esclarecidos.

CAMOENS.

DUKE OF M—RLE—H.

Magni nominis umbra.

LUCAN.

MR. PITT.

Gaudetque viam fecisse ruinā.

LUCAN.

Egli non è de tacerfi un gran

Fregio di questo valente uomo, ed

E, che visse, e morì *vergine*. APOSTOLO ZENO.

If I may be allowed to mingle my domestic concerns
with those of the public, permit me, Mr. Editor, to
finish with

MY WIFE MARY.

MARE malorum.

PLAUTUS.

TRANSLATION OF THE MOTTOES.

THE PRESENT MINISTERS.

TO fall with greater force these men are rais'd,

And, but to meet severer censure, prais'd:—

Some God, our country's timely friend,

Will soon their puny efforts end.

DUMOURIER, WITH MANY OTHERS.

Glory, fickle fleeting thing—

Ous moment here, the next upon the wing!

THE BRITISH NAVY.

Let hardy Britons, when their country calls,

Launch the dread thunder from her wooden walls!

SIR WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Take independence, honour, health;

Take all besides—but grant me wealth!

THE

THE PEACE.

Awhile our mad dissensions cease;
But war more horrid lurks beneath the peace.

MR. ADDINGTON.

Pray, what hast thou with state affairs to do?—
Let Parsons preach and Coblers mend the shoe.

MR. ANGERSTEIN.

True charity shuns pomp and show,
And does the deed which only God can know.

MR. W—LB—F—CE AND MR. H—LH—D.

Religion is the source of ev'ry real good;
But superstition deals in *nonsense*, or in blood.

FASHION.

Fickle fashion, ever new,
Makes fools of men, and women too.

THE IRISH.

Strive to promote your country's good,
And do not wet her with her children's blood.

THE ALGERINES.

To all the world a pest—
By all the world carest!

CITY K—BLE.

What is all this mighty fuss about?
The mountain groans, and lo—a mouse creeps out!

FRANCE.

Assert your rights, lethargic France, and claim
Substantial freedom—not its EMPTY NAME.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

Well-furnish'd boards and tranquil hours—
I scarce can think that these are ours.

GARNIERIN, BARNET, & C.

Our ancestors by virtue fought the skies,
Balloons and court intrigues we use to rise.

ROBERSPIERRE AND BONAPARTE.

Oh, Fate, capricious is thy smile and frown!
One villain dies, another gains a crown!

MRS. JORDAN.

Thou little graceful, witty thing,
I envy C—K—on, not the K—K—

EPIGRAMS, FROM MARTIAL.

THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

Great men, whilst at the feast they sit,
Are oft swept off by apoplectic fit!

OUR TROOPS IN EGYPT.

Th' historic page they too will grace,
And 'mongst our heroes claim a place.

DUKE OF M—RLE—H.

Not much to praise, not much to blame,
And dubb'd a hero—how? In name.

BOXERS, COCK-FIGHTERS, THE TURF.

These cruel triflers of the turf and pit
Are outlaw'd now by reason, sense, and wit.

MR. PITT.

The villain spider drench'd with gore
Still marks his prey, and longs for more.
The statesman oft goes drunk to bed—
But ne'er has lost his maidenhead.

MY WIFE MARY.

Oh, MARY—restless, stormy MARY,
Well could thy batter'd husband spare thee!

R. G.

EPIGRAMS, FROM MARTIAL.

HESTERNO festere mero, qui credit Acerram,
Fallitur:—in lucem semper Acerra bibit!

SON MR. PITT.

He errs who thinks PITT smells of wine last night,
Since BILLY always drinks until it's light!

Siccus, sobrius est Aper; quid ad me?
Servum sic ego laudo, non amicum.

PITT ON WILBERFORCE.

WILL's always sober, which me much offends:—
I like such servants, but I hate such friends.

Dentibus atque comis, nec te pudet ueris eritis.
Quid facies oculo, LÆTIA?—Non exaurit!

ON AN OLD MADE-UP, SQUINTING BOWAGER.

False hair, false teeth, my fair one thumpeth, buys:
What pity 't is she cannot purchase eyes!

Tam

ODE BY THE PARROT OF CONTENTION. 149.

Tam sæpe nostrum decipi FABELLUM, quid
Miraris, AULE?—Semper bonus homo tiro est.

ON * * * * *

That he's so hoax'd can be no wonder sure:—
He ne'er suspects deceit whose heart is pure.

Has vobis epulas habere lauti :
Nos offendimur ambulante cœna.

ON A SANDWICH HANDED ROUND, OR A PIC NIC SUPPER.

Such feasts may suit a Pic Nic's purse ;
But *walking suppers* please not us.

Ancillariolum tua te vocat uxor, et ipsa:
Lecticariola est :—estis, Alauda, pares.

ON AN IMAGINARY PAIR.

She says you gambol with the maids :—What then ?
'Tis true.—But don't she wanton with the men ?

Cur non mitto meos tibi, PONTILIANE, libellos ?
Ne mihi, tu mitas, PONTILLIANE, tuos.

TO CHARLES SMALL PYBUS.

Why send I not my works to you, you'd learn :—
Left you should send me YOURS, CHARLES, in return!

CHARIS BAIOSIN OPEDEL.

ORIGINAL AND MOST BEAUTIFUL ODE,

WRITTEN BY THE PARROT OF CONTENTION*.

[From the Oracle.]

YES, I can talk, "good Gods, how I can talk!"

And I can keep a secret too:

The people mock me as they idly walk,

And

* At the Police Office, in Great Marlborough Street, a curious examination took place respecting a Parrot, which was brought to the Office in a cage. When the woman who carried it, was called to bring it in, Poll cried out, "No! no!" which caused a great deal of laughter. However, on being brought before the Magistrate, notwithstanding her being very talkative, she behaved with great decorum, not uttering a single syllable during the time she remained there. From the statements that were made, it appeared that on the 11th of August last, a Parrot was stolen, with its cage, from the front area of Lady Harriet Gill's house, in Wigmore Street. The following day

150 ODE BY THE PARROT OF CONTENTION.

And think me witty,
And call me pretty :
But, when before a magistrate,
I cease to prate—
And only say, *Boo ! boo !*

Sure never *Parrot* was so plagu'd before !

Hastily taken from the area door,

My long-lov'd station,

Where I duly follow'd my vocation,

Talking to the passers-by,

Turning up my eye,

it was advertised, and posting-bills were issued, offering a reward for it. No tidings of Poll were obtained till one of the Earl of Wigtoun's servants passing through Henrietta Street, observed a Parrot in a cage hanging in an area, which he knew to be Lady Harriet Gill's, and which had been presented to her Ladyship by Lord Wigtoun. The bird was now in the possession of the Countess of Granard, whose cook brought it to the Office. All the servants of the Earl of Wigtoun were ready to swear both to the bird and the cage. His Lordship himself attended. He asked the Magistrate whether he might be permitted to put his hand into the cage, and tickle the bird's side, because, his Lordship observed, if it were that which had been his, it would bite at him, and make a croaking noise. His Lordship did so, and the effect was produced. But the Countess of Granard's cook said, "Excuse me, my Lord; any Parrot will do that, when you hurt it so." His Lordship then requested that he might tickle it under the breast, and it would exclaim "*Boo ! boo !*" His Lordship accordingly did so, and the bird, most assuredly, in the true northern accent, articulated those sounds. Many of the Countess's servants also attended, who were ready to swear that it was her Ladyship's Parrot, and had been presented to her by Lord Berkeley ten years ago. On her Ladyship's going to France, four months ago, she left this bird in the care of her cook. Such, and so positive, were the statements on each side. The Earl of Wigtoun requested he might have Poll till the matter was cleared up; but to this Lady Granard's cook objected, as she said the Countess would not take fifty pounds for Poll; and, on the other side, it was declared that Lady Harriet Gill would not part with her for double that sum, though it was stated that Poll, notwithstanding her present taciturnity, was remarkably talkative, and frequently bestowed on her Ladyship a great deal of abuse, and many vulgar appellations. There were so many witnesses on each side, and all so extremely certain of the fact they respectively advanced, that the matter was not decided; and it was settled that the Earl of Wigtoun should call on the Earl of Granard, in order to investigate, and, if possible, to clear up this business.

Calling

ODE BY THE PARROT OF CONTENTION. 131

Calling loungers, knaves! and every woman w——!
 For in my cage I deem'd myself quite free:
 To talk of this and that—and he and she—
 So wonder'd what the devil they could want with me!

However, when to *Marlbro' Street* we came,

And I saw what was passing there,

I felt some little fear,

Still hoping soon to find an end on't;

But soon my bosom 'gan to swell,

Though, for my life, I could not tell

Whether I was plaintiff or defendant!

So when before his Worship call'd to go,

Was it not nat'ral I should cry, "No! no!"

At first, I thought some titled dame

Accus'd me of a libel on her name,

Attacking with a *single word* her fame,

As if I dealt in *scandalum magnatum*,

And falsehoods gross, when, 'pon my life, I hate 'em!

Though lies one should prefer as far less evil,

Which, though originating with the Devil,

As you may see it stated in the Bible,

Less dang'rous are than stubborn facts,

For, say reports of legal acts,

The greater the truth, the greater the libel.

But vain were all my fears,

For soon my listening ears

Heard my own praises sung by ladies and by peers!

And the great question—greater could not be—

Who had the honour to belong to me!

Indeed, the learned put it in another way,

As, To whom belongs the *Parrot*—*he, she, or they?*

The noble Earl of *Wigfoun* now appear'd,

Alleging I had been his bird:

"I'll tickle *Poll*," said he, "and when I do,

She'll cry, "*Boo! boo!*"

I mark'd his words, with looks so arch and sly!

"I'll tickle *Poll*," said he: "*Boo! boo!*" said I.

"There!" cried his Lordship, "now 't is plain

This is the bird—and I assert it still—

Given by me to Lady HARRIET GILL,

And sure her Ladyship must have 't again!"

ODE BY THE PARROT OF CONTENTION.

But now a cook,
 Belonging to the Countess of *Granard*,
 Said, she would take her oath upon a book,
Poll was her lady's—and she thought it hard
 The matter to decide between the two,
 On the slender evidence of "*Boo! boo! boo!*"
 The noble Earl of *Berkeley*, she averr'd,
 (The keenest judge in England of a bird,
 As every *poacher* tremblingly has heard,)
 Unto her Lady Countess long since gave me,
 And that her lady would let no one have me—
 No, not for fifty pounds!

"Why, zounds!"
 Cried Lady *Harriet's* servant,
 In his asseveration very fervent,
 "Not twice that sum could purchase *Polly*
 From Lady *Harriet*, half melancholy
 With her loss: though we must confess
 That *Poll* would curse, instead of bless,
 Her dearest friend and patroness,
 And give her every shocking name,
 Till all the house cry'd, *Fy, for shame!*"
 'Tis true, I'd been in *kitchens* much too long,
 Not to be perfect in the vulgar tongue!

And now a precious din arose
 Among the *eyes* and *noes*,
 And the numbers being far more even
 Than those which usually divide *St. Stephen*,
Justice herself could not discover
 To whom I should be legally made over.
 Meantime, it is rare fun for me
 To see how puzzled all the wise ones be:
 To whom I *do* belong I know full well,
 But may the *Tom-cat* eat me if I sell!

THE EAGLE AND THE DEAN:

A FABLE.

[From the True Briton.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE following was given me by a great admirer of Dean Swift as a faithful production of his satirical genius.—Whether it really is or is not the effusion of his imagination, I think the verses are tolerably well written.—They are supposed to have had their origin from a circumstance which occurred in Dublin, of one of the members of the cathedral there, selling a gift of very ancient date; which event my communicator affirms to have taken place, however unlikely it may appear; and, therefore, I think it by no means a bad subject for satire and reproof—I trust it may have the tendency I wish, namely, that of preventing our divines from doing the like..

ONCE on a time, (if fame says right,)
 A brazen Eagle, large and bright,
 In a cathedral church was plac'd;
 And which in truth the building grac'd—
 Upon this Eagle's tail were wrote
 Some Latin words, meant to denote
 The giver; and which was a place on
 Which the parson read the lesson—
 This Eagle's fame through all the town;
 By ev'ry little boy was known;
 (And ev'ry little boy will say,
 What pity 't was to take 't away.)
 There happen'd in that town to be
 A Dean—as many deans there be;
 But yet a common man they say,
 Such as we meet with ev'ry day—
 Though to be sure he look'd as big,
 As any bishop with his wig—
 And then his cassock, all so gay,
 Was worn in common ev'ry day.
 It happen'd that this bird, I ween,
 Had never somehow pleas'd the Dean—

H. 5,

Who

Who thought with safety that he might
 Remove it somewhere from his sight;
 Thinking it not (as first 't was meant)
 Unto the church an ornament.

Long time this bird had not been seen—

No one supposing that the Dean

Had sold the consecrated creature—No—

'T was quite impossible it should be so.

What! sell an Eagle that was given

By some good man of God! Why Heaven

Itself revolts at such a thought!!

But be 't as 't will, the bird was bought

By a right honest prazier, as we're told,

And by the very reverend Dean was sold!

But when at night the Dean lay down

To sleep—his dreams were not his own—

Sometimes the Eagle hover'd round him;

And to his bed with talons bound him;

His eyes were fire—his tail was gold—

His legs, most dreadful to behold!

Were both clumppfooted! and with piercing shrieks,

'T was thus he plagu'd the Dean for many weeks.

For many weeks the Dean look'd bad,

His eyes were sunk, his visage sad—

But lo! some pitying clergy eas'd his pain,

And plac'd the Eagle in the church again.

MEDALLION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

HIS manner is dignified and majestic—his eloquence flows with such an impressive grandeur as commands attention and secures admiration; it is never sullied by arrogance or ill temper; nor is it ever degraded by levity, by spleen, or by rancorous personality. It was this lofty strain of attractive, but unoffending eloquence, most beautifully blended with manly diffidence, that procured him, in the early period of his parliamentary career, the esteem of all parties.

An

An accomplished scholar regularly bred to the bar, deeply versed in the law and constitution of his country, a strenuous supporter of that glorious and matchless fabric—he was chosen by the great body of the Commons to the very arduous, but highly honourable situation of presiding in the chair as Speaker. He was elevated too, to that distinguished pre-eminence at a most interesting period; and he so ably filled the chair for nearly eleven years, that when he was commanded by his Sovereign to relinquish it for an office of greater trust, though not of greater dignity, he descended from it with the warm regard, but the deep regret, of the whole House. His knowledge, his assiduity, his temper, his conciliation, his impartiality, his politeness, and the dignified mode in which he conducted himself while in that chair, never were excelled, and perhaps never equalled. In this high office, by the admirable manner in which he fulfilled all his duties, he gained the peculiar favour of his Sovereign; and he is by no means the ephemeral favourite of a day—his talents, his probity, his equanimity, and his virtues, have endeared him for many years to his Majesty, who reveres him as a gentleman that would confer honour on the greatest post that he had power to bestow. His worth and his merits having been the more distinguishedly ascertained, the more that maturity unfolded them to the representatives of the people, no wonder that the sagacious monarch should seize the first great opportunity of elevating their chosen and tried pilot to steer, with equal skill, the grand and imperial vessel of the state. He who so successfully guided the Commons House of Parliament throughout the impending hurricane of anarchy and ruin—he whose conciliatory tongue tended so sweetly to sooth the asperity of party—he whose vivid and impartial eye beamed with equal warmth on each side of the House, to animate its eloquence, and to give the

most unbounded scope to all the embellishments of classic reasoning: this is the man that is now summoned by his Sovereign to exert all his energies in a new sphere of action, that he may promote the glory of his prince, and the happiness of his people. In the splendid and solid resources of his own mind, he is blessed with every requisite to qualify him for such a task; and when to these is added the experience he has acquired in that House over which he has so long and so greatly presided, all must acknowledge that he is amply stored with talents to afford as much satisfaction on the Treasury Bench as he formerly did in the Speaker's Chair.

POLITICAL ICHNOGRAPHY.

[From the Times.]

It is really very hard to understand the ichnography of the present House of Commons. Formerly, the friends of Government were ranged on the right hand of the SPEAKER, and found their adversaries ranged manfully before them upon his left. A Minister was then never spoken ill of behind his back, and "the Honourable Gentleman opposite," or my "Honourable Friend on this side the House," sufficed for every description.

At this time we find the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER exposed to unprecedented difficulties and dangers: and a bill seems absolutely necessary to defend the rear of his Majesty's Ministers. The Premier has been very violently attacked by an Honourable Friend *near him*, and calumniated for an hour together by a Right Honourable Gentleman *behind him*. These arguments *à latere et à posteriori*, we submit to be very unparliamentary; and we think that every First Minister of this country has a prescriptive right to be abused *to his face*. It is certainly more easy, according to the present position, for Mr. ADDINGTON's op-

ponents

ponents *behind him* to receive the kind of answer they deserve, and which CROMWELL (who never *punned* but once) gave to the Council, when they pleaded *Magna Charta*. But this figure of oratory Mr. ABBOT would properly consider as disorderly: and Ministers have the disadvantage of being forced to see some of their *friends* before them upon the Opposition seats, while they are unable to discern half the malignity of their friends behind them on the Treasury Bench.
 ***** A remedy is urgently wanted for these strange innovations, as it is positively asserted that some leading Members only delay coming to London, from the doubts they entertain on which side of the House to take their place in the present circumstances.

SEBASTIAN'S SECOND REPORT,

BY ANTICIPATION.

[From the Morning Post].

AS it is possible Colonel SEBASTIAN will be sent on a *commercial tour* round the British Isles, similar to that he has just finished to Egypt and the Levant, we present the following sketch, by anticipation, of the report he may make to the CHIEF CONSUL, if he chooses.

July 3, 1803. Sailed from Calais, and landed at Dover. No good place for landing a French army in this neighbourhood, except at Dover itself. Visited the castle; foreigners are refused admission. Said, "I was the CHIEF CONSUL'S Envoy." Every one bowed to me. The works are not well constructed, and the place might be easily taken.

4th. Went to Deal; a fine beach for running an army ashore in open boats. No fortifications. If we could send the ships of war in the Downs with our troops to St. Domingo, there would be nothing to oppose a landing. Went on to Pegwell Bay; a fine situation.

situation also for running an army on shore, and still less protected than Deal. Travelled to Canterbury; a rich country all the way, and would produce plenty of provisions for troops. Shall certainly station a Commercial Agent on this coast. At Canterbury, and at Rochester, was introduced to ——. They adore the CHIEF CONSUL, and assure me, most of the inhabitants look on him as the Envoy of God. I told them what an interest he takes in their welfare. Chatham Dockyard has many articles of naval stores which we want at Brest. Told the sailors how much the CHIEF CONSUL admires their courage, and how happy he would be to have such brave men in his service. The hills command Chatham and Rochester. At Canterbury there are many Jews, and much silver plate.

5th. Set out for London: many good military stations. Shooter's Hill and Blackheath are well adapted for a camp. Greenwich Hill commands the Thames. Once here, London must fall. Arrived in Leicester Fields.

6th. Was visited by ——. "This man is full of capacity, and has even some notions of European politics. He has been in France, and preserves for our country a predominant sentiment of affection."

7th. I waited on Mr. ADDINGTON, and stated to him my commercial mission. He is a man of mediocre talents; but he may be rendered useful.

8th. Went into the City. The Tower is a place of no strength. Immense quantities of shipping, enormous warehouses, and great wealth, the division of which might enable each French General to live in splendour and luxury, purchasing chairs at a hundred louis each, and allowing his mistress as much every day. Saw a body of Stock-brokers, and assured them of the sacred respect the French Government pays to property; shewed that if France and England were united in fraternal bonds, there would be no more wars,
the

the national debt would no longer increase, and of course the funds would rise. The Stock-brokers declared their ardent affection for the FIRST CONSUL, who, said they, holds in his hands the threads of our destiny. Viewed the Change, and explained to the Merchants how their trade would flourish if there were no longer a possibility of war taking place with France. The Merchants muttered something in rather a discontented tone.

9th. Dined with Mr. —, and a number of his friends. Shewed them the CHIEF CONSUL'S picture; they were each already possessed of it, and shewed it to me with expressions of the tenderest regard. I lamented that such friends of peace and good order were not at the head of Government, as they would preserve harmony between the two nations. With such men the CHIEF CONSUL would grant his mediation to England, as he has granted it to Switzerland. He would undertake the task of giving England a new constitution, and of redressing all the grievances of her people.

10th. Went to Portsmouth. Wonderful naval arsenals, and charming ships of war. This town and the arrondissement are manifestly within the *natural limits* of France, for with Portsmouth France would be the mistress of the world, which she is by *nature* destined to be. The sailors murmured when they saw me taking a plan of the fortifications. I complained to the commandant, and had them flogged. The fortifications, of which a plan is subjoined, may be carried in the way my plan points out. An army might land to the eastward, &c. Must place a French commercial agent at Portsmouth.

12th, 13th, 15th, and 16th. Travelled along the coast westward. Many convenient bays for landing an army; mounted them all down, the soundings, the hills, the military posts. Plenty of corn, and cattle, which cannot be carried away. — N. B.
The

The K— might be carried away from hence at the moment an army landed elsewhere. This would strike a great panic. Proclamations might be issued in his name, ordering the people to submit to the GRAND CONSUL, who, in return, might appoint him one of the Maritime Prefects.

17. Arrived at Plymouth; fine harbours, roads, &c.; noble ships of war, and inexhaustible maritime resources. This place, as well as Portsmouth, is unquestionably within the *natural limits* of France.— Indeed, there cannot be a doubt that Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, the Bank of England, and the river Thames, are within the natural boundaries of the French Republic. Lombard Street is within the natural limits of the Italian Republic, as its name denotes. As the British Parliament moved Malta into Europe, a decree by the GRAND CONSUL would soon move all these places into France. The natural limits of Britain should be confined to the Welch mountains;—thither all the Britons should retire, and leave what is called England to the French, whose territory it is, by right of the sword of WILLIAM the Conqueror.

After taking plans of the fortifications of Plymouth, and making my remarks on the military stations of the country, I proceeded to Bristol, Bath, and Birmingham, in all of which I found the CHIEF CONSUL had admirers. At Nottingham, I was introduced to the heads of the city. I told them the CHIEF CONSUL wore no stockings but what were the manufacture of their renowned city.—At Sheffield I found throngs of adorers of the Envoy of GOD. I represented to them the interest the CHIEF CONSUL took in their manufactures of knives and forks, and they professed respect he entertained for their cutlers. They each presented me with some sharp instrument in token of their respect. We have many friends in Nottingham and Sheffield, and must find commercial agents at them!

22d. Arrived in Dublin, and offered my good offices to the LORD LIEUTENANT to restore peace between the Government and the insurgents. He said he could not treat with rebels. He was very polite to me, and assured me how much he respected the CHIEF CONSUL.—Went to Tipperary and Limeric; told the insurgents the Government would not make terms with them, and with a sigh assured them of the deep interest the CHIEF CONSUL took in their fate, the grief he felt at their oppressions, and his desire to spread among them an enlightened philosophy. They all declared, to a man, they were ready to put themselves under his paternal care. Ten thousand French troops would conquer Ireland.—Visited all the bays and coasts favourable for landing an army.—We must have many commercial agents in Ireland, especially in the mountains of Wicklow and the Bogs of Kildare.

Feb. 9.

CHARACTER OF A BEAU.

[From the Literary Journal.]

THE character of a beau we shall transcribe from a scarce work, published in 1697; the author of which we have not been able to discover; but as the copy before us is the third edition, it was probably at that time a work of some fame and authority. Our readers will soon perceive that this extract is very necessary to throw historical light on the origin of our modern Puppy.

“The beau,” says this author, “is one that has more learning in his heels than in his head, which is better covered than filled. His tailor and his barber are his cabinet council, to whom he is more beholden for what he is than to his Maker. He is one that has travelled to see fashions, and brought over with him the newest cut suit, and the prettiest fancied ribands for sword-

sword-knots. His best acquaintance at Paris was his dancing-master, whom he calls the Marquis, and his chief visits, to the opera. He has seen the French King once, and knows the name of his chief minister, and is by this sufficiently convinced, that there are no politicians in any other part of the world. His improvements are a nice skill in the mode, and a high contempt of his own country, and of sense. All the knowledge he has of the country, or manners; of it, is in the keeping of the valet that followed him thither; and all that he retains of the language is a few modish words to lard his discourse with, and shew his breeding, and the names of his garnitures. He should be a philosopher, for he studies nothing but himself, yet every one knows him better than thinks him not worth knowing. His looks and gestures are his constant lesson, and his glass is the oracle that resolves all his mighty doubts and scruples; he examines and refreshes his complexion by it, and is more dejected at a pimple than if it were a cancer. When his eyes are set to a languishing air, his motions all prepared according to art, his wig and coat abundantly powdered; his gloves essenced, and his handkerchief perfumed; and all the rest of his bravery right adjusted, the greater part of the day, as well as the business of it at home, is over: it is time to launch, and down he comes, scented like a perfumer's shop, and looks like a vessel with all her rigging under sail without ballast. A chair is brought within the door, for he apprehends every breath of air as much as if it were a hurricane. His first visit is to the chocolate-house, and after a quarter of an hour's compliment to himself in a great glass, he faces about and salutes the company, and puts in practice his morning's meditations: when he has made his cringes round, and played over all his tricks, out comes the fine snuff (*sauff*) box, and his nose is regaled a while. After this he begins to open, and starts some learned argument

ment about the newest fashion, and hence takes occasion to commend the next man's fancy in his clothes; this ushers in a discourse of the appearance last birth night, or ball at court, and so a critique upon this Lord or that Lady's masquing habit. From hence he adjourns to a playhouse, where he is to be met again in the side box, from whence he makes his court to all the ladies in general with his eyes, and is particular only with the orange-wench. After a while he engages some neighbouring vizor (*mask*), and together they run over all the boxes, take to pieces every face, examine every feature, pass their censure upon every one, and so on to their dress; here he very judiciously gives his opinion upon every particular, and determines whose colours are well chosen, whose fancy is neatest, and whose clothes fit with most air, but in conclusion sees nobody complete but himself, in the whole house. After this he looks down with contempt upon the pit, and rallies all the slovenly fellows and awkward beaus (as he calls them) of t'other end of the town, is mightily offended at their ill-scented snuff, and in spite of all his pulvilio and essences, is overcome with the stink of their Cordovan gloves,

“His next stage is Locket's, where his vanity, not his stomach, is to be gratified with something little and dear. Quails and ortolans are the main part of his diet, and a spoonful of green peas at Court has are worth to him more than the inheritance of the field where they grow in summer. Every thing falls in his esteem as it falls in price, and he would not so much as taste the wine, if the hard name and the high price did not give it a relish. After a glass or two (for a point is his stint) he begins to talk of his intrigues, boasts much of the favours he has received, shews counterfeit tokens, and in conclusion flanders some lady or other, of unquestioned virtue, with a particular fondness for him. His amours are all profound secrets, yet he makes a confidence

dence of them to every man he meets with. He pretends a great reverence for the ladies, and a mighty tenderness of their reputations; yet, he is like a *flesh-fly*, whatever he blows on is tainted. He talks of nothing under quality, though he never obtained a favour which his man might not have had for half-a-crown. He and his footman in this case are like the English and Dutch at an ordinary in Holland--the fare is the same, but the price is vastly different. Thus the show goes forward, till he is beaten for trespasses he was never guilty of, and shall be damned for sins he never committed. At last, with his credit as low as his fortune, he retires sullenly to his cloister, the King's Bench, or Fleet, and passes the rest of his days in privacy and contemplation."

MISS JIGGITT ON COUNTRY CONCERTS AND BALLS.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

YOU are to be sure a charming news-maker, but your paper has done much mischief in this, and all the neighbouring towns and villages, by giving us in No. 5 the most delicious and enticing description of your concerts, balls, and other Chichester amusements; to which our awakened imaginations have added red coats! blue jackets! sashes! plumies! gorgets! whole boots! half boots! no boots! buff gloves! white hands! tapering queues! melting speeches! graceful bows! and a thousand delightful other moving things!—Now on behalf of myself, three sisters; seven cousins;—the vicar's four daughters;—the attorney's six nieces;—and the doctor's fat maiden aunt;—I do beseech you never more thus to disturb poor farm-house and village-caged damsels by such attractive and irresistible subjects, unless you go further, and make

make timely announcement of *the days of such recreations*, to permit us to employ all our female machinations of entreaties, prayers, messages, letters, contrivances, and all other lawful arts, to become partakers of the scenes which set us all madding!

Do not publish my request, as my aunt Deborah Fidget always scolds me for glancing a look at a stray regimental in our church, as she hates the army from a disappointment she met with by an officer forsaking her upon the cooling of his passion, during the hard frost in the year 1739: but things are, I know, now on a far different footing, and the gentlemen of the army would scorn to disappoint any lively girl in our days!—Hoping that you will gratify us as above, I remain,

For self and sisterhood,

Your expecting correspondent,

— Village,
Suffex, Feb. 13.

FLIRTILLA JIGGITT.

MOSES IN THE GALLERY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM sorry to find by the papers that a contest took place a few nights ago*, which threatened to pass from the light gaiety of dramatic criticism to the serious and essential differences between the Jew and the Christian; and I am more sorry to see that this petty dispute has tended to the revival of prejudices which I hoped had long ago been buried by mutual consent. But what are the hopes of man?

Even an enemy to reflections on sects, on parties, or on whole bodies of men. Individuals may depart from their characteristics—but a peaceable body, tolerated and protected by the laws, is entitled to respect. I

* The first night of "Family Quarrels" being performed.

am not, however, from these premises about to take the part either of the Jews or Christians in the present contest. They have met on a ground which precludes any consideration of their respective principles. The Christians do not go to the theatre to worship; and the Jews will not look to the stage for a Messiah. But yet I do think that, in the present instance, much may be said in behalf of those "who have Abraham for their father." They may not appear quite so much at home in the gallery as in the synagogue; and it may be more in their way to higgie and bargain than to clap and hiss; yet it is an acknowledged concession, that whoever pays for his *entertainment* may grumble at his *disb*—great lawyers have done this at the assizes; and I humbly apprehend that a man cannot be the worse or the better critic from the trifling distinction of being circumcised or uncircumcised.

In the present times, however, I think I can without partiality prove that the venders of slippers and sealing-wax, and the appraisers of old spencers and breeches, may have a legitimate right to exercise the privileges of criticism; and, what is more, that they may be qualified for it by those professional habits which the Christian critics know nothing about, and for want of which so much trash has been lately obtruded on our stages.

In truth, Mr. Editor, when I look at those mansions where the Muses once held their court, I am disposed to say to the one, "Be thou Monmouth Street," and to the other, "Thou art Rag Fair." Such piecing and patching, such mending and botching, such sewing and seaming of old stuff, such shreds and remnants, such holes and slits, such ripping and tearing, such tatters and rags, in the name of left-off operas, second-hand farces, and sloop-sellers' comedies; that I appeal to any profound critic, whether the most fit person he could select to give an opinion would not be the man who was passing his door in a morning, crying "Old clothes," and

and beseeching him for the refusal of his "hare skins and rabbit skins!"

And yet, Sir, we have newspaper writers who will object to such judges of what is proper and right in their own business, as if a man who is esteemed a very acute critic in old breeches, should not, by a parity of reasoning, be able to fix a price upon an old joke; or, as if a man who is extremely correct in appraising the value of bad shillings should not be able to calculate how many wretched puns go to a witticism.

Really, Sir, it is too much that men sitting in their newspaper offices will in a cool and deliberate manner object to one of the first principles of philosophy, the association of ideas, and affect to see no connexion between the shabby dramas of the present day, and the threadbare productions of Duke's Place and Houndsditch. And surely, Sir, when we listen to a comedy or an opera which has a tendency to set us asleep, may we not by that easy jump which is called the converse of a proposition, think of a great coat that has not for years had a nap? And, when we find a dramatic author present a comedy to a manager, which the manager brings out merely that his bills may have something new, are we not very naturally led to think of the razors which are made—not to *shave*, but to *sell*?

Upon all these accounts, therefore, I take the liberty to suggest, in the face of the newspaper critics, not excepting yourself, Sir, that the twelve tribes have been dealt with on this occasion very harshly. This is the first time, I believe, that they have ever attempted to regulate the drama; and I do say, that when the drama becomes so cheap as it has lately been made, they have as good a right to *bargain* as any other description of men, especially when by its nature it is become an article of the ragged kind in which they deal.

And

And now, Mr. Editor, I flatter myself that I have answered the objections of such gentlemen of the quill as suppose that our modern comedies and operas can be criticised by none but true Christians. And one motive I have for my endeavours, is, that I may be instrumental in putting an immediate stop to the formation of parties in our theatres. If this be not the consequence, we shall have high-churchmen objecting to the figure Cardinal Wolsey cuts, we shall have Dissenters hissing Mr. Stephen Kemble upon the *Corporation Act*, and Quakers insisting that Simon Pure shall speak the language of common sense. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A JEW-DICIOUS CRITIC.

PARODY OF A SPEECH IN DOUGLAS.

[From the Times.]

MY name's *Tom Dibdin*; far o'er Ludgate Hill
 My master * kept his shop, a frugal Cit,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only 'prentice, me, at home:
 For I had heard of acting, and I long'd
 To mimic, on the stage, some warlike lord.
 But Fortune granted me what trade denied.
 Yon moon, which rose one night across Moorfields,
 Had scarcely fill'd her horns, when by her light
 A band of merry madcaps from the town
 Rush'd like a torrent to the water's edge,
 Seeking the *Margate* boy—with them I fled
 For liberty and acting. Thus alone,
 With walking sticks, and bundle thin of linen,
 Hover'd about the *Kentish* coast, and mark
 What trade I took—I hasten'd to *East Bourne*,
 Where *Richland* † and a troop of actor-folks
 I met advancing. Merry lives we led,

* Mr. *Dibdin* was apprenticed to Sir *William Rowlin*, Knt. late sheriff of London, who then kept a broker's shop in Moorfields.

† The manager of a strolling company.

Till we had eas'd the cash-encumber'd clowns.
 I wrote and acted—ere long time had flown,
 A scribble from my quill produc'd a farce,
 Which bore that day the name that now it bears.
 Elated thence, with triumph I disdain'd
 A country actor's life, and having heard
 That Mister *Harris* wanted some bold bard
 To lead his actors to old Nilus' † side,
 I left my manager, and took with me
 A chosen fair-one to console my steps,
 Yon merry female who delights her master.
 Journeying to town from Kent, I pass'd the Tow'r,
 And, chance-directed, came this day to write
 An opera § that 's wormwood to the Jews.

POLITICAL THEATRICALS.

[From the Oracle.]

THE *Whitehall Theatre* will open immediately after the Easter holidays; when *His Majesty's Servants* will perform the comedy of "*Who is the Dupe?*" with the after-piece of the "*Englishman in Paris.*" The internal decorations are completed, and the entrance will be finished in a few days. Preparatory to the opening of this theatre, the following pieces have been frequently rehearsed—" *Delays and Blunders*"—" *She Stoops to Conquer*; or, *The Mistakes of a Night*"—" *A New Way to pay to pay Old Debts*"—" *The Doctor and Apothecary*"—" *The Cozeners.*"

The acting manager, Mr. *Addington*, appeared formerly on the commercial theatre; he made his *debut* in "*Cymbeline*;" and the natural and impressive manner in which he delivered the speech in that character to the Roman general, his vanquished enemy, offering to him not *only peace* but *tribute*, drew bursts of ap-

† *A Trip to the Nile* was Mr. Dibdin's first production on Covent Garden boards.

§ *Family Quarrels.* [See the preceding article.]

plause from his audience. He was before Christmas equally well received in "*The Comedy of Errors*;" but, in consequence of the inaccuracy of his performance in the after-piece of the "*Jew and the Doctor*," he was hissed off the stage, and it is not probable he will again be favourably received on that theatre.

Several plays, beside those already mentioned, are expected to be brought out at the Whitehall Theatre in the course of the spring—" *Much ado about Nothing*"—" *All's Well that ends Well*"—" *The Follies of a Day*"—" *The Road to Ruin*"—and a Monodram, written by the eccentric Mr. M. G. L. which opens with the ascent of Peace from the infernal regions, and concludes with a shower of fire. An actor of the name of *Hawkesbully*, who once attempted a flying leap in the character of Harlequin, in the "*Picture of Paris*," now belongs to the Whitehall Theatre; he is assisting to get up the Monodram, in which he takes a principal part.

The Prompter, who formerly acted with a company of very popular performers at Whitehall, proposed the revival of some of their stock pieces—" *The Indian Queen*"—" *The Indian Princess*"—" *The Island Princess*"—" *Measure for Measure*"—" *The Minister*," &c.; but the strength of the present company is unequal to getting them up. The performer who formerly filled the principal parts in those pieces, is acting the *Farmer* at a Dilettanti theatre in the country, for his own amusement; and, while he treads the stage, no other actor of merit can be prevailed on to appear in the parts in which he has gained so high a fame.

It was reported early in the winter, that Ben Jonson's comedy of "*The Fox*" was in rehearsal at the Whitehall Theatre; and it is possible it may be brought out before the season closes. The farce of "*The Critic*" has several times been rehearsed in private.

During

PETITION FROM THE BENCHES IN THE PARK. 171

During the late alarm of war Mr. Addington proposed to open his theatrical campaign with "*Cbro-nobotonibologos*," in which Mr. *Warshore* was to have sung "Rule Britannia," in the character of a sailor; but since there is still *some chance* that the relations of peace and amity between this country and a neighbouring nation may be re-established on their former footing, he has changed his intention, the piece breathing too warlike a spirit. Mr. *Warshore* appeared some time ago in the Telegraph Theatre, in the character of *Marplot*, but succeeded little to the satisfaction of the Manager, though he afforded much amusement to the audience. He has never since been permitted to act any character on that stage, with the exception of *Doodle*, a courtier in place, in "*Tom Thumb*." At the Telegraph Theatre, tragedies, comedies, and farces, have been performed for some time by a few actors, and the whole arrangement is on a contracted scale. The principal pieces represented have been, "*Every Man in his Humour*"—"The Revenge"—"*The Tempest*"—"The Taming of the Shrew"—and "*Crofs Purposes*."

April 9.

PETITION FROM THE BENCHES IN THE PARK.

To the Right Hon. the RANGER of St. JAMES's PARK.

MY LORD,

OLD, weather-beaten, decayed, tattered, tottering, broken, mouldering, falling, perishing, without arms, without backs, without legs, shunned by beauty, deserted by fashion, avoided by age, cursed by the tired, mocked by the witty, the disappointment of loungers, walkers, and wanderers—the shame of loyalty, the pride of disaffection, the scorn of foreigners,

reigners, degraded and degrading, we most humbly appeal to your Lordship's generosity.

THE BENCHES OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.

TO THE SAME.

CITIZEN MY LORD,

PROUD, vain, conceited, gaudy, decorated, and crowded with beauty, fashion, and ambition—the consolation of the courtiers, the hope of the beaux, the speculation of the belles, the cabinet of the intriguer, the *passe-tems* of the idle, the delight of the gay, the admiration of strangers, we strongly recommend to your notice, our fellow-benches, the *Poor Benches* of St. James's Park.

Health and respect.

THE BENCHES OF THE THUILLERIES GARDEN.

APPREHENSIONS OF GALVANISM.

[From the British Press.]

SIR,

WITH a most "perturbed spirit," and a mind almost racked to distraction with apprehension, I sit down to address to you a few words respecting the late (to me alarming) effects publicly produced by the power of galvanism. I may say with Terence, "*Ætium est siquidem hæc vera.*" It is all over with me, if those things are true which you asserted in the *Press* of Wednesday the 6th instant, about the experiments made with such success in the galvanic lectures. "*Nulla salus!*" cries Cicero; and so may I, if indeed there be *no safety* with a *dead horse*: but, in fact, this terrific professor, by the mere application of a piece of galvanic metal to his head and tail, connecting them together by means of wire, can set a dead horse kicking, so that two men cannot hold him! What is to become

become of the old proverb, "*Dead men tell no tales*?" Why, if this discovery is suffered to proceed, dead men will shortly be seen to rise, pursue, and apprehend their own assassins, and entirely supersede every necessity of that hitherto useful body of men called Bow Street runners.

This, it is true, is not much to be deprecated, nor is the evil of a dead horse's kicking so dreadful; indeed, some good may be derived from it. What do you think of a pair of spurs made of the galvanic metal, and applied to a *living* nag? But what, alas! are these disadvantages and advantages to me, when I contemplate the consequences I have to fear from the science? Briefly, Mr. Editor, it was my fate, for my sins, to be visited by Heaven ("all matches are made in heaven") with a wife; her name was Mary; she is now dead—"Whatever is, is right!"

Being myself a dabbler in chemistry, it was my dear Mary's anxious wish, *before she died*, that I should promise to preserve her body. Upon such a critical occasion as this, I did not hesitate a moment to expedite her happy transit to a better world, by a speedy and solemn promise to perform her desire; and I now have my *MARE mortuum* in a vase, as fresh as when I first courted her, and called her my *MOLLE atque facetum*.

My fears are then apparent—What if this professor, or any of his disciples, should come into our quarter, and, touching her with his metal, once more make her my *MARE malorum*, and overwhelm me again in a *sea of troubles*? This is no trifling apprehension—from experience I speak. And, however great the utility likely to spring from galvanism to mankind, I can never rejoice in it, until I rest assured, that its vivifying powers will not be extended to my dead stock.

Sir, my wife has not less feeling than a dead horse! Suppose he should set her a-kicking again? Think of that! and, if you are yourself a husband, you have

a soul to pity me, and will, if possible, endeavour to tranquillize my terrors and alarms.

Brentford, April 7.

O. N.

THE AUCTION:

A DREAM.

[From the Calcutta Chronicle.]

SIR,

BEING somewhat pinched in my circumstances, and having a numerous family to support, I have, of late, much frequented auctions, with the view of purchasing the articles I stood in need of, at as cheap a rate as possible. With what success I have practised this economical scheme, is a matter not connected with the immediate design of this letter, and, therefore, not to be touched upon in this place: though, as the subject is not altogether uninteresting, I shall probably be tempted to handle it at some future period. At present I shall confine myself to the relation of a curious Dream which I had last night; and which I conceive to have been occasioned by the impression left on my mind, by the objects which had chiefly occupied its attention, during the preceding day.

I thought I was standing in an auction-room, surrounded by a numerous company of both sexes; the female part of which consisted solely of our fair countrywomen; while the male part was composed of persons of various nations, as well as professions. In the visage of the auctioneer I recognised the features of a very dear and intimate friend of my own, whom I was not a little surprised to see in such a character.—But the astonishment excited in me by this metamorphosis, soon gave way to the reflections which arose in my mind, during the progress of this extraordinary sale.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said my friend, casting a look round the room, expressive of his satisfaction at so
full

full an attendance ; “ to-day is to be sold a collection of most rare and valuable sundries, the particulars of which are set forth in the catalogues you hold in your hands. The lots, you will observe, have been divided into two parts ; the first consisting of such commodities as are only, or at least chiefly, in request among the fairer sex ; and the second, of those articles which, generally speaking, are most in demand with the gentlemen.—I shall begin with the sale of the former, through respect for the ladies, whom it would ill become me to detain longer than was necessary.”

This address being received with a hum of applause, my gallant auctioneer commenced the business of the day in the following manner :

“ Bring lot the first :—hold it well up to view :—this, ladies, is a beautiful head of Hair, that was some time since the property of Mrs. *Graveairs*, and the only beautiful thing belonging to her.—Feel it, ladies ; it is soft as silk ; and though it flows in the most bewitching ringlets, yet it almost touches the ground.—Then, observe its delightful colour !—This, ladies, is your true, your genuine auburn ; the colour, gentlemen, which *you* so greatly and so justly admire ; and which has been celebrated some thousands of years, by some thousands of poets.—’Pon honour, ladies, this lot is invaluable.—Were Mrs. *Fastwear* here, ’t would fetch a thousand rupees.—Five hundred is bid for it, behind me.—Five hundred rupees, once : five hundred rupees, twice :—a-going for five hundred rupees.”

The ladies, in general, appeared so well pleased with the hair they were already *equipped* in (and I must own with reason), that I began to think it would really *go* to the person behind my friend.—It was knocked down, however, for six hundred, to *Amanda*, a young maiden who assuredly did not stand in need of this article, to render her exceedingly agreeable ; although the acqui-

sition of it as certainly improved her appearance, and made her more captivating than ever.

The second lot put up was a pair of fine blue Eyes, which the Auctioneer gave us to understand had once belonged to the charming *Belinda*, who was deprived of them by a disorder that she contracted in reading novels when she ought to have been asleep. He was as diffuse in his praise of this lot, as he had been of the former; and though it must be confessed that they deserved all he said of them, yet I could not help thinking that *Amanda* (the same lady who had purchased the hair) was in that very moment shooting around the room the most bewitching glances, from a pair of eyes in no one respect inferior to those which were now the object of my friend's commendation. After assuring the company, in a very solemn manner (which made me laugh heartily), that there was not a star in the firmament which could compare with them in point of brightness, and that the lustre of the diamond was eclipsed in their presence, he affirmed that they had done astonishing execution in their time; and were still as capable of conquest as ever. It happened, however, in regard to this lot as with the last. Most of the ladies present thought as highly of the eyes which nature had bestowed on them, as of those which my friend applauded in so rapturous a strain; and the few who seemed desirous of purchasing the latter, were restrained by a fear of exposing their wants, as if the other sex could not discover their defects till they appeared conscious of them themselves. This truly valuable lot was put up at first at 2000 rupees; and afterwards fell to 200; at which price, there being no bidders, it was bought in (as the phrase is) by the Auctioneer.

The next lot consisted of what was called in the catalogue "a pair of charming dimpled Cheeks, tipped with the finest English bloom of sixteen;" touching
which

which article, our voluble Auctioneer gave us the following information; though, to say the truth, he might have spared a great deal of it, since this exquisite lot spoke more for itself (to the feelings of all the gentlemen present, at least) than could be expressed by the most florid flourishes of any rhetorician upon earth. "These unparalleled cheeks, ladies," said my friend, "were lately the envied property, and the just boast, of the fascinating *Clarissa*, who, you all know, has graced our society little more than a twelvemonth.—You may perceive that they are as fresh and as blooming as they were the first day of their appearance among us.—Gods! with what delicacy does the rose here suffuse itself over this carnation ground; its tints gradually decreasing from deep to light as they recede from the centre, equally unlike the injudicious and inelegant plash of artificial red, and the coarse indistinct ruddiness which spreads the broad circumference of a dairy-maid's cheek.—The former lovely proprietor of this inestimable lot being reduced to the cruel alternative of relinquishing, either this incomparable bloom, or the course of nocturnal dissipation—I mean, ladies, late hours and amusements—which she happened to be passionately fond of, made an eager sacrifice of her beauty to her pleasure: the issue of which has been, that the once enchanting *Clarissa*—she who had a few months since was the favourite toast of the men, and the envy of the women—is now become an object of indifference to the one, and of pity to the other; and, to crown her misfortune, has discovered that those parties are no longer made for her, in the intemperate pursuit of which she has lost her health, her charms, and, of consequence, her spirits."—Mr. Auctioneer perceiving certain symptoms of weariness in his fair auditors, at this part of his address, thought proper to drop the sermonizing strain he had so impertinently assumed, and to proceed to the sale of the lovely indiscreet's

checks,

cheeks, which brought a tolerable good price, the rich Mrs. *Pallid* carrying them off from a variety of bidders (young and old, single and married) for four thousand rupees. This lady immediately secured her purchase by putting it on; when she appeared to me to be one of the most attractive creatures I had ever seen.

The lot next in order of sale was a pair of Lips, "which," said our eloquent vendu-master, "look as if they had just sprung from the mouth of *Hebe* herself. But why do I talk of looks, ladies?" continued he;—"the true value of a pair of Lips can only be ascertained by pressure: and these, I swear by the Lips of Venus (which alone can compare with them), have the most delicious flavour imaginable"—upon which the impudent rogue kissed them with a fervour that almost made my chops water.—"This prize," added my gentleman, "this rich prize, ladies, for such it will be to her who shall have the spirit to purchase it—it was not long ago in the possession of the once desirable *Dorinda*; but this damsel being seized sometime since with an apprehension of becoming corpulent, and taking, in consequence, to a course of acids, speedily exchanged those ruby Lips for her present livid ones; all she got by the bargain being a meagre figure, which, whatever *she* may think of it, will draw fewer admirers than were heretofore attracted by a person inclining to the *en bon point*, aided by lips

• Which Gods, to taste, do wish that they were men,

as the poet says, ladies."

My friend's harangue was interrupted by the lively *Flirtilla's* bidding a single rupee for *Dorinda's* lips. "Oh fie, Madam," quickly returned the Auctioneer, who seemed somewhat nettled at the young lady's pertness—"what an insult do you offer to the most precious *morceau* that was ever compounded of flesh and blood! A rupee for such a pair of lips!—why

surely, Madam, your own must stand you in that sum, at least, every month." Whatever it was, that provoked this sarcasm from my friend, *Flirtilla* seemed to take it very unkindly, since she very soon after quitted the room with evident signs of disgust.

"Come, ladies," cried the Auctioneer, "we will put up this lot at a thousand rupees.—You, no doubt, are all persuaded by this time, that it is well worth ten thousand. Consider, my dear ladies, how fatal this villanous climate is to the complexion; and that, however it may detract from a woman's reputation, to say, that her hair is of a bad colour, or that her eyes want expression, none need be ashamed to have it known, that in such a country as this, the roses of her cheeks have faded, or that the ruby hue of her lips is vanished."—This reflection of my friend's served to explain to me the cause of the unreservedness with which the ladies had bid for the former lot, and which had somewhat puzzled me; while it seemed, likewise, to produce the full effect he proposed from it, since none of them betrayed the least shyness at appearing desirous of better lips than they had *at present* themselves; each fair-one contenting herself with remarking, in the words of the Auctioneer, "that it was, to be sure, a villanous climate for the complexion."—Hence a smart and rather tedious contest ensued, which was at length decided in favour of my own sister-in-law, Madam *Myrtilla*, to whom this valuable lot was knocked down for five thousand rupees. I could not help considering this purchase, however, as one among the daily proofs we meet with, of the abuse of wealth. The Lips which had rendered their original owner an object of adoration to our sex; and which had so lately excited such raptures in their vender: those very lips being now transferred to the mouth of Madam *Myrtilla*, ceased immediately, in spite of their accustomed bloom, to delight their beholders, the hundred thousand Cupids
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that seemed before to play about them, appearing no longer.

The lot which succeeded *Dorinda's Lips* consisted of a set of the finest Teeth I had ever beheld. They richly merited all the praise that my friend bestowed on them; and I must do him the justice to say that he described their several excellencies in a most able manner. Their beautiful enamel (which absolutely eclipsed the pearls of Mrs. *Opulent*, who was seated close to the box)—their closeness—their regularity—their evenness—their size—were each discussed with the discriminating taste of a connoisseur.—After informing us that they had once belonged to that nonpareil of Asiatic beauties, the celebrated *Nerissa* (who unhappily lost them in consequence of a certain violent remedy that she indiscreetly applied to an inconsiderable eruption on her skin), this extraordinary Auctioneer put them up at two thousand rupees, observing at the same time, that he had a commission from a certain young gentleman of the *Ton* to go as far as three thousand for them.—“But Venus forbid,” said he passionately, “that either her endowments should be so unsuitably dispensed, or that such a rare set of teeth should sell at a price so unworthy of them.”—Maugre my friend’s eloquence, however, this exquisite lot was very near going to the beau he had alluded to—Mr. *Nicely*, indeed, who happened to be attending his wife, would fain have had her bid for it; but she seemed to take his desire, in this respect, so very ill, that I verily believe, if she had had any teeth in her head, she would have made him feel them. At length this precious article was knocked down for three thousand five hundred rupees, to the elegant and accomplished *Olivia*, who wanted nothing else to render her the most bewitching woman in the settlement, and, of course, the rightful successor to the fame of *Nerissa*.

The only lot now remaining to be sold, of those articles peculiarly useful to ladies, was a *Tongue*, and so

ill provided with this commodity did all those present think themselves, that I believe there was not one of them who did not bid for it; although, might I have judged from the clamour which now prevailed among them, I should have concluded that there was not one of them who stood in the least need of it. The Auctioneer, as usual, gave us the history of this ever active member of the female frame.—“It belonged originally,” said he, “to the late widow *Rattle*; but that lady has, to her great mortification, been obliged to lay it aside, having entered imprudently a second time into the conjugal state, with a man who has turned out a very *Petruchio*, and has even rendered it doubtful, whether or not she has now any tongue remaining.—It is not necessary for me, ladies,” continued my friend, “to lay any stress on the wit for which this lot was once celebrated, since I well know, that there is not one among you the least deficient in that article.—But it may be allowed me to touch upon its voluble powers, because it is abundantly evident,” said my waggish Auctioneer, with a countenance as serious as a dying man’s, “that numerous, my dear ladies, as your valuable and amiable qualities confessedly are, you are deplorably wanting in that most essential of all other female requisites, a loud and rapid tongue.—This being the case,” (here there was not a married man in the room who did not shake his head)—“fortunate will the fair-one be who carries off the tongue I now hold in my hand, the incessant movement of which conveys a juster idea of the perpetual motion so much sought after by philosophers, than any machine hitherto contrived for that purpose, by the skill of man.—A thousand rupees, for this lot,—twelve hundred rupees,—fifteen hundred rupees,—two thousand rupees”—and thus he went on, till, in the end, the heavy purse of Mrs. *Opulent* silenced all opposition (as heavy purses frequently do in other places); and Mrs. *Rattle*’s tongue

was

was knocked down to her for three thousand rupees. In vain did her husband attempt to dissuade her from buying at so high a price a commodity of which she had already a superfluous quantity at home. Half his remonstrances were lost in their way to her ear, owing to the prodigious noise that now prevailed; and the other half that reached her, seemed to have infinitely less weight with her than the eloquence of my friend.

The first part of the sale being over, and Mrs. *Opulent* beginning to try her new purchase, my dream suffered a momentary interruption: but happily I soon recovered it.

THE DREAM RESUMED.

IN pursuance of my promise, I sit down to communicate to you the sequel of the singular Dream which made the subject of my late letter to you. I cannot, however, do this, without previously complaining of the unfair conduct of those people, who have been at such great pains, ever since my last, to make the town believe what they themselves have been pleased to fancy; namely, that by *Flirtilla* I meant Miss ***, by Mrs. *Graveairs*, Mrs. ***, &c. &c. I am not ignorant, Sir, in what quarter these invidious suggestions have originated; being very well acquainted with the active part which my wife's sister, Madam *Myrtilla*, has taken on this occasion. Sharp-scented, however, as these *allusion-hunters* suppose themselves to be, I can assure them that they have, in the present chase, been miserably *at fault*; as I may, perhaps, at a proper season, be induced to prove to the entire satisfaction of your readers. In the mean time I will trust to the good sense of the latter, for their not giving themselves the fruitless trouble of making applications of fictitious names and imaginary characters, which
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it is physically impossible should, in any one instance, be right.

The first part of the sale being over, I expected to see the ladies withdraw ; they all, however, to a woman, continued in their places ; which I attributed to the curiosity natural to the sex, since it did not appear that there was any thing remaining to be sold that could be of the least use to them. They had hitherto attended, in order to supply their own personal wants ; and they now seemed determined to stay the sale out, in order, as I imagined, to gratify their intellectual taste merely.

“ Ladies and gentlemen,” pursued my friend, “ we are now to proceed to the second class of commodities arranged for disposal to-day ; and although there are not comprehended in this division, any articles of which the fair sex can, with strict propriety, be said to stand in need, yet it is not impossible but some ladies may now have the opportunity (that, no doubt, they have long wished for) of procuring for their husbands, or lovers, such necessaries as the gentlemen themselves are either prevented by absence from bidding for, or might be somewhat shy of purchasing, were they present.”

After this brief introduction (which led me to suspect that it was not *entirely* to their curiosity that we were indebted for the pleasure we continued to enjoy in the company of the ladies), our sagacious Auctioneer proceeded in the following strain :

“ This lot, ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “ consists of as choice an assortment of *Brains*, or, to express myself in more polite terms, of *Wits*, as was ever imported into this country. The collection belonged originally to *Arrogant Aimatall*, Esq. whom you all must recollect. It is likewise, I fancy, pretty generally known, that that unfortunate gentleman forfeited his property in the present lot, in consequence
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of his having rashly engaged, with certain other *beaux esprits*, in an attempt to prove, on the authority of Virgil, Horace, Plutarch, Pliny, and a long string of ancient poets and philosophers, that all the taste, learning, and knowledge, existing in this settlement, were exclusively possessed by himself and his associates. We will pass over, however, the particulars of the melancholy fate of this extraordinary genius, because I perceive that the bare allusion to it has already excited painful emotions in some of my auditors. It behoves me, nevertheless, to point out a few of the purposes to which this lot may be applied by the purchaser of it. I say a few, ladies and gentlemen, because, were I to undertake to detail all its valuable uses, the task would occupy more both of your time and my own, than it might be proper to dedicate to it. I must content myself, therefore, with observing, that the possession of it will, in a variety of situations, enable its owner to pass with the generality of people for a person of great natural endowments, as well as extensive acquirements. For, being compounded of a considerable *quantum* of memory, and of *undry* ideas imbibed in the course of a long acquaintance (not to say intimacy) with the most voluminous (if not the best) writers both of ancient and modern times, it must be evident, that nothing can be more easy than for the proprietor of it to obtain credit for being a wit, a poet, an historian, a politician, and a philosopher, as often as he pleases. Truth, however, obliges me to acknowledge, that in order to derive from the acquisition of this precious lot all the eminent advantages which I have set forth, it is absolutely necessary that the purchaser of it should be liberally gifted with that sort of intrepidity, which no exposure of ignorance, detection of error, or proof of plagiarism, however clear or undeniable, can put to the blush, or throw into the smallest confusion. With the aid of this
single

single qualification, which is of itself, indeed, according to some moral arithmeticians,

- ‘ A virtue of that precious use,
- ‘ That he, whom bounteous Heaven endues
- ‘ But with a moderate share of it,
- ‘ Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,’

the possessor of the inestimable article now selling, if a lover, can never be at a loss for verses which will be sure to captivate his mistress: if a member of any of the Calcutta Symposians, he can interlard his discourse at pleasure with Greek and Latin quotations, which will not fail to procure him a reputation for profound erudition: if a soldier, he must needs transcend in *talking war* (if not in *making it*), even those illustrious tacticians *Nesander* and *Major O'Regan* themselves: if a lawyer, how easy will it be for him to dumbfound those simple barristers (should there be any such) who sometimes condescend to employ common sense in their pleadings; and if the conductor of any periodical publication, with what success will he not figure alternately as a moralist, a critic, an historian, a novelist, and a statesman! In a word, ladies and gentlemen,” continued our Auctioneer, “ as the possession of this lot must infallibly make the fortune of any person qualified to put it to a proper use, it can hardly be purchased at too dear a rate. I shall therefore, without further ceremony, set it up at two thousand rupees, though I shall be greatly disappointed if it does not bring twice that sum at least.”

My friend's harangue being finished, I looked for its instantly producing a violent competition among the company, many of whom, I knew, bore the reputation of being but indifferently stocked with the commodity which he had taken such extraordinary pains to recommend. All the gentlemen present, however, seemed as backward at purchasing *wit*, as the ladies had been at bidding for *Belinda's eyes*; and though

though I had been in some degree prepared, by the hint of our Auctioneer, for the shyness manifested on this occasion by my own sex, yet I had not reckoned upon discovering so much reserve on the part of certain ladies, who I thought would have eagerly embraced the opportunity that now offered for supplying the wants of their absent friends. I had conceived that the celebrated *Stella*, who is a young lady justly admired for her own wit, would, in particular, have been forward to procure for her favoured *inamorato* (the elegant *Florimel*), an article of which he so notoriously stood in need. I also confess, that the deficiency of my own brother-in-law, Mr. *Numskull*, in this quality, being a point universally admitted, I did expect that Madam *Myrtilla*, his wife, would have appeared among the foremost to bid for Mr. *Aimatall*'s brains. But whether it arose from an opinion, that they themselves possessed as much wit as was necessary in any one family; or from a sort of political apprehension of the consequences that might result to their several governments, from their *subjects* becoming furnished with so dangerous a weapon; or from a partial persuasion that they were already abundantly armed with it; or lastly, from a generous disinclination to acknowledge, in the face of the world, the defects of their respective lovers and husbands; certain it is, that not only the two I have named, but all the rest of my fair countrywomen, appeared as little affected as the gentlemen, by the elaborate encomiums that my friend had lavished on the lot which he held in his hands. I could plainly enough perceive that Mr. Auctioneer was somewhat disconcerted by the silence that now reigned among his auditors. Presently recovering, however, from this embarrassment, occasioned by so unexpected a circumstance, he insinuated, with a happy presence of mind, that the same reflection which had formerly presented itself to him with respect to the complexion of

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of the lovelier sex, was equally applicable to the *wits* of European gentlemen residing in this country.—“We live under a climate,” said my sagacious friend, “that commits as fatal depredations on the mind as on the body, and is not less adverse to the successful exertions of genius than to the triumphs of beauty. A relaxation of the *brains* is as common among us, being produced by the same cause, as a flaccidity of any other part of the human frame; and if the latter appears in corporal debility, or other ravages on the person, the former is manifested by intellectual weakness. Neither, however, being an original or natural defect, but proceeding, the one from various distempers, and the other from the indolence induced by the intemperate heats of an unkindly region, it is no more to be wondered at, under such circumstances, that a gentleman’s wits should sometimes fail him, than that a fair lady’s cheek should be occasionally deserted by its native bloom. I am ready enough to admit, that at the present season of the year the mental powers of every man in this room are as vigorous as those of his body, and that, therefore, none here can just now be said to stand in the least need of this lot: but its use during those months when a restless languor and *ennui* take entire possession of us, cannot be too much insisted on; nor must it be forgotten, that the proprietor of it will be enabled to let his own brains lie fallow as long and as often as he pleases; an advantage of the utmost importance in a country, where nothing is more injurious to the faculties of the mind, as well as destructive of the health, than that constant tension of the vessels surrounding the seat of the understanding, which is necessarily occasioned by unremitted study.”

This second harangue of my friend had a much happier effect than his former one, being immediately followed by Mrs. *Dulman*’s bidding two thousand five hundred

hundred rupees for the lot, "which might possibly," she observed, "be of use to her husband some time or other, as she was obliged to confess that he was very subject to fits of laziness." Most of the company remarked, as they did in the early part of the sale, though on a different occasion, "That it was, to be sure, a villanous climate for the *wits*." There were two or three of your fraternity present, Mr. Editor, whom I overheard whispering to one another, "that they would give the world *to be able* to purchase so useful an article." At length, after a short contest between Mr. *Middlestate* and Mr. *Dunderhead*, this valuable lot was knocked down for four thousand rupees to the latter, who instantly quitted the room with his prize, sputtering as he went forth such a jargon of incongruous phrases from Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English authors, as was utterly unintelligible to all who heard him, excepting to my learned friend Mr. *Monoculus*, who seriously assured me, that Mr. *Dunderhead* appeared to him to be "*intimately acquainted with the knowledge*" of every writer, ancient and modern; and to "*enjoy such corruscations of mind as Homer and Milton did before.*" So saying, he followed this newly-created *Magnus Apollo*; and was himself followed by the editors whom I before mentioned, the whole of them seeming to vie with each other in their attentions to the purchaser of Mr. *Aimattall's* prolific brains.

The next lot put up consisted of a *Tongue*, which had once, it seemed, belonged to a gentleman eminent in the profession of the law. Being about to retire from the bar, he had generously determined to part with an article which could be no longer of any use to him. Mr. Auctioneer was, according to custom, very diffuse in his commendations of Mr. *Winall's* tongue; of which, among other fine things, he observed, in the words of Milton, that it

" Dropt

" Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."

" But this, ladies and gentlemen," continued my friend, " is not, perhaps, the most valuable purpose to which this lot may be applied. It might be found equally serviceable in various other situations of life : for example ; it will furnish the lover with abundance of scandalous anecdotes, tea-table chit-chat, or words,

' More slow than Hybla drops, and far more sweet,'

according as circumstances and the taste of his mistress may require ; the projector, with irresistible arguments ; the needy spendthrift, with persuasive and purse-opening accents ; and the courtier, with assurances of the most satisfactory and yet unbinding nature. But I perceive that I need insist no farther on its rare properties ; I perceive that you are all sufficiently impressed with a just sense of its value : I shall, therefore, put it up at three thousand rupees, and, poor as I am, it is my determination to buy it myself, rather than let it go below that sum."

I really could not help smiling at the effrontery of this declaration, which was only to be excused, by supposing that my friend's own organ of speech had been worn out in the business of the day. Its sincerity, however, was not, on the present occasion, put to the proof, since there were numerous bidders for Mr. *Winall's* tongue, the successful one being the charming *Serena*, who purchased it for her lover, *Timothy Taciturn*, Esq. of whom it is notorious, that the only words he has pronounced in the presence of his mistress, during a six months courtship, have been, How do you do, Ma'am ? Good morning, or, Good night to you, Ma'am ; Yes and no, Ma'am ; and a few others of equal importance.

The

The two lots next disposed of consisted of two *Hearts*, of different sizes, and, to appearance, formed of very different materials. Neither of the original owners of these articles was named; nor was our Auctioneer so prolix as usual in the description of them. Of the larger one (which I observed yielded to the slightest pressure of the finger) he satisfied himself with saying, that it had justly procured its proprietor the character of being a man of the finest feelings and greatest humanity in the world—Of the other (which was remarkably small, indeed, and to the touch as hard as marble) he only informed his auditors, that it had raised its late possessor to a very eminent rank in the church. As my friend appeared desirous of avoiding particulars that might hurt the sale of these articles, and was, on this account, impatient to get rid of them, they were soon knocked down; the former to a broken merchant, who said he designed his purchase for a present to his creditors; and the latter to a well-known Bengal usurer, who affirmed (to the great entertainment of the company) that he had been a considerable sufferer of late, owing to his having been too apt to melt at others' woes.

The lot which followed next was two pair of *Hands*. One of these were widely expanded, and remarkable for their cleanness. The others were quite the reverse, being very much soiled, and shut so close that I in vain attempted to open them. My friend seemed as shy of dwelling on the properties of these articles as he had been in the case of the *Hearts*; observing no more, than that their former owners had been very considerable persons; one of them having acquired a high reputation for generosity and probity; while the other, in the course of a few years, had, by means of the peculiar qualities of his hands, raised himself from a state of beggary and dependance to one of opulence and power. The first of these lots was bought
in,

in, no one choosing to purchase it, because the fingers could not be contracted at pleasure: the other was knocked down at a moderate price to a person who (if his own word might be taken for it) had been reduced to very indigent circumstances by being too nice in his principles, and too free of his purse; and was therefore willing to try, for some time, what a different line of conduct would produce.

Mr. Auctioneer now declaring the sale to be over, I made up to him, in order to pay him my compliments on the adroit manner in which he had acquitted himself in his new office: when taking me by the hand, and giving it a very hearty squeeze and shake, in his usual cordial way, the violence of the action awoke me, and terminated my dream.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

OLIVER OUTCRY.

A HYMN TO FORTUNE;

OR, A GREAT MAN'S SOLILOQUY ON THE ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS ASSUMING IMPERIAL SWAY.

Faithfully translated from the Original in French.

By BARDD CLOFF.

[From the Morning Post.]

I SEEK not, like those simple hards,
Whose fancies hunt for airy game,
A niggard muse, that ne'er rewards
Her faithful slaves with wealth or fame.
No!—Thy substantial favours I invoke,
Fortune! who made me by one lucky stroke
Lord of that land that fought and bled so free;
But ne'er knew what 't was for—TILL SHE HAD ME.

Hail to the day's return
That made me thus so great,
That saw me boldly spurn
The proud Triumvirate!

O Fortune!

O Fortune! thou hast plann'd the grand design;
 This is the noblest of thy playful pranks!
 The whole of the mysterious work is thine;
 To thee I owe this elevation,
 Owe the grand sov'reignty of the grand nation!
 Goddess! receive my grateful thanks!
 Whatever faith to other gods I swore,
 'T was but to *coax them to be civil*,
 (Like those who "hold a candle to the devil;"")
 Exalted Fortune, thee—*thee only* I adore!

When I my conq'ring bands,
 By ruthless Fate's commands,
 To Egypt led, so daring,
 The riches of the East in hopes of sharing!
 Whilst those *rough tars* pursu'd so eager;
 'T is true, I felt the pangs fly Reynard feels,
 When the gruff hounds are yelping at his heels,
 And look'd, perhaps, a little meagre:
 Yet, when to thee, O Fortune, lovely fair,
 O'erwhelm'd with terror, I address'd my pray'r,
 Thine hand miraculously bore
 Thy vot'ry to th' Egyptian shore
 Safe,—and for fresh adventures ripe!—
 Free from the bull-dog *Nelson's* dreaded gripe!
 'T is true, the same propitious aid
 Thou didst not to our hapless fleet extend;
 What then?—I did not meanly condescend
 To supplicate for them,—*'t was for myself I pray'd*.
 What are ten thousand paltry lives,
 Thus sacrific'd at proud Ambition's shrine,
 E'en if they leave as many weeping wives,
 Compar'd to mine?
 Mine—which is worth ten thousand hosts!—
 —*Awaunt, ye horrid grisly ghosts* *!—

Why

* We may presume from *this passage* (for an elucidation of which we must refer to Sir R. Wilson's History of the War in Egypt), as well as some others in this *divine hymn*, that the great man did not intend it for *public inspection*, but merely for his private devotion: and it is probable that he amused himself in composing it, the last anniversary, instead of displaying the pomp and parade of the preceding year, when

Why haunt me in the garbs ye wore

On Jaffa's plain,

With blood besprinkled o'er?—

Did ye not die, t' avoid more ling'ring pain?

Blame that officious English Knight,

The *Tigre's* whelp, whose deadly spite,

At Acre, check'd my proud career of glory,

Yea mine,—for future times a pretty story!—

Vile recollection, rack not thus my brain!—

They're gone—O Fortune!—I'm myself again.

What, if thou didst for once forsake me,

And, 'gainst my inclinations, make me

Re-cross the waves, with tarnish'd fame;

'T was *but to make me play a nobler game*.

E'en in that flight, when thus debas'd,

Confus'd, dejected, and dismay'd,

By British cruisers closely chas'd,

Did I experience thy peculiar aid:

Didst thou not take the muffle from thine eyes,

To blindfold those who fought me for a prize?

Since then, what favours hast thou shewn me?

This memorable day will prove

How vast towards me is thy love:

Both kings and people now their sov'reign own me!

By thee invested now, with regal rites

I shine,—and kingdoms are my satellites!

Whose stubborn spirits I have broke,

And taught their necks to bear my yoke.

Have I not curb'd those uncouth mountaineers,

Th' Helvetian patriots, in their wild careers;

Who thought they had a right to live without me,

Who dar'd to dream of being free,

And independent, *without leave from me*;

Fools!—I'll have none but pliant folks about me!

he attempted to lay claim to that celebrated day (9th Nov.), in opposition to the Lord Mayor of London; but was, *for once*, repulsed, and obliged to yield to superior merit, as I attempted to shew in a poem, called "Lord Mayor's Show; or, Rival Knights. †"

BARRD CLOFF.

† See Vol. vi. p. 113.

Those who will humbly cringe and dance attendance,
 No prying neighbours claiming independence !
 No !—such must suffer, or my power fails :—
 Sooner than those vain Swiss should balk me so,
 Their heated blood should melt their mountain snow,
 To flow in crimson streams, and fructify their vales !
 O Fortune ! in whose goodness I confide,
 Wouldst thou but grant another single pray'r,
 No rival should with me thy favours share,—
One thorn there yet remains to prick my side.
 Oh ! let me have dominion o'er yon isle,
 Or move her farther from my sight,
 Else I'm a stranger to delight,
 Though all the world beside should on me smile !
 Curse on divided sway—let *me alone*
 Enjoy thy favours on the world's high throne !
 The nations then should tremble at my nod,
 Be thou their Goddess, and myself their —.
Alas ! methinks I see thee frown,
Thy foot's uplifted for a kick—
 Pardon I crave !—here let me stick :
 Rather than tumble headlong down !
 So high the precipice—if once I tumble,
 Yon dreadful gulf below will make *my tone more humble.*

PROOFS OF POLITICAL WISDOM.

How very wise we WERE, ARE, and SHALL BE !!!

[From the Oracle.]

I.

HOW very wise *we WERE* to make *peace* with BONAPARTE, because his tone and temper were so friendly * !—But

How very wise *we ARE* to go to *war* with him again, because his tone and temper have always been so hostile † !

* Vide Lord Hawkebury's Speech on the Preliminaries.

† Lord Auckland's Speech on the King's Message, March 9.

II. How very wise *we* WERE to let *France* get *Louisiana*, because her having it can be of no consequence to *America* or us for ages to come* :—But

How very wise *we* ARE to do our best to keep her out of it, because her having it will immediately be of the utmost consequence both to *America* and us†!

III. How very wise *we* WERE to leave *Germany, Italy, and Switzerland* to *France*, because the affairs of the *Continent* are nothing to us‡ :—But

How very wise *we* ARE to grumble at it now, because we never can see with indifference the affairs of the *Continent* §!

IV. How very wise *we* WERE to let *France* send to the *West Indies* a fleet and army superior to our own, because we were then at war with her || :—But

How very wise *we* ARE to oppose the same thing now, because *we* ARE in a state of profound peace ¶!!!

V. How very wise *we* WERE to reduce all our establishments in *November*, because no hostile discussion remained between us and *France*** :—But

How very wise *we* ARE to arm again in *March*, because hostile discussions of great importance still remain between us and *France*†!

VI. How very wise *we* WERE to vote only 50,000 seamen then, because expeditions were at this very time preparing in *Holland* and *France* :—But

How very wise *we* ARE to begin augmenting them

* Master of the Rolls' Speech on the Definitive Treaty.

† Jefferson's Message to Congress.

‡ Lord H.'s Speech on the Definitive Treaty; Mr. Fox's and Mr. Wilberforce's Speeches on the Definitive Treaty.

§ King's Speech at the opening of the session.

|| Lord Castlereagh's Speech on the St Domingo Expedition.

¶ Mr. Addington's Speech on moving the Prince of Wales's additional allowance.

** Mr. Addington's Speech on the Army Establishment.

† King's Message, March 8.

to 60,000 now, because those expeditions are *now ready to sail!!!*

VII. How very wise *we* WERE to give up *Martinique, Minorca, the Cape,* and the rest of our conquests, because they could be of no use to us*:—But

How very wise *we* SHALL BE *now* to conquer them back again—(if *we can*)—because we cannot possibly do without them!

And lastly, How very wise *we* ARE to take all those very wise steps now, without any information or inquiry†, because our existence depends upon their wisdom:—But

How very wise *we* SHALL BE to set about inquiring whether they were wise or not, as soon as ever BONAPARTE lands‡, because we shall then have little else to do!

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MR. ADDINGTON AND BONAPARTE, PREVIOUSLY TO THE DEFINITIVE TREATY OF AMIENS.

[From the Oracle.]

Mr. A.

WITH a friendship most hearty,
To you, great BONAPARTE,
I offer my pitiful case;
If by peace you don't aid me,
By Him who has made me,
I shan't keep a moment my place.

BONA. And wherefore thus sad in tone,
Is good Mr. ADDINGTON?

I wish you to govern your nation;
I'll do all that I can
To preserve such a man
As yourself in that high situation.

* Government Speeches on the Peace, *passim*.

† Mr. Addington's Speech on the Message, March 9.

‡ Ditto ditto.

THE DOCTOR: AN ODE.

105

Only give me my share,
What you'll very well spare,
All *Italy, Holland, and Spain,*
With *Switzerland* too;
'Tis a trifle to you,
While you keep the *rule of the Main.*

Mr. A. Lord, for this, my dear Chief,
I should hang like a thief;
Oh grant me an island or two;
A free port, that with ease
You may steal when you please,
And something for JENKY to stew.

BONA. Well, I'll give you *Ceylon*;
'Tis an hundred to one,
That this may prove dust for your rabble:
Trinidad may impose,
So don't turn up your nose,
I well know that you don't dare to squabble;
Did not HAWKESBURY state,
(Many thanks to his prate!)
How all nations refus'd you their aid?
Then to war if you're led,
PITT jumps o'er your head,
And a fine piece of work you'll have made.
But beware of this trick,
PITT expects us to break,
And that he'll have to manage the war:
As your best way to fit him,
Take *my peace*, and then quit him;
Be your *place*, not your *peace*, your first care.

April 1.

THE DOCTOR—AN ODE.

SCENE—TREASURY CHAMBERS.

—“ I do remember an apothecary,
And here about he dwells.” —ROMEO.

DOCTOR! Doctor! What doses! narcotic, emetic,
Diuretic, cathartic, or diaphoretic—
What injections, or lotions,
Plasters, powders, or potions;

What decoctions, what blisters, what glysters, what pills,
 What bark, rhubarb, or senna, salts, manna, or squills,
 Can retrieve your poor country's deplorable case,
 Her destruction avert, or repair her disgrace?

When with gait consequential, and *dignified* pace,
 You were strutting *behind* little C——'s mace;

When you mov'd to the chair,

With so solemn an air—

When your *looks* were so pompous, important, and dull,—

When your *gown* was so ample, your *wig* was so full—

With what rapture we own'd, as the farce we survey'd,

That the *chair* and the *Speaker* of one block were made.

But, dear Doctor! this case is quite out of your line!

Though with HOB—'s or HAWKEY's, your wisdom you
 join;

Though you prate and debate,

About matters of state,

With V——r and H——vy, and H——y and B——ge,

You've surrender'd our conquests, dishonour'd our *flag*—

You've disbanded our *army*, dismanted our *fleet*,

And in vain su'd for peace at the *Corfican's* feet!

Yet, as adverse ingredients in *nostrums* are found,

These *low deeds* with *high words* you still love to compound,

Where so mingled appear

Both your pride and your fear,

That no mortal can guess what the *truth* of the *fact* is,

Oh! quit then your *patient*, or alter your *practice*;

Little *peace* can she hope for, small *respite* or *ease*,

While she takes your *prescriptions*, and you take her *fees*.

S. D.

POLITICAL WEATHER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM happy to find, that after almost all the infinite
 labours of conjecture have been exhausted, we shall
 at length be able to form some opinion of the disputes
 betwixt France and this country, merely by looking at
 the *weather*. It appears that the *Great Man* chooses
 to converse in metaphor, and, by way of concealing
 from

from the public the intentions of the higher powers, discusses every point in dispute according to the points of the compass, and determines on war and peace under the similitude of tempest and sunshine.

This will, no doubt, in time become familiar to my Lord WHITWORTH, although when he went from this country, not having instructions for that purpose, he may think it odd that the whole of his diplomatic talents are to be suspended, and that his only care is to watch the motions of a *weather-cock*.

Our Ministers, I understand, are making arrangements to perfect this new system of intercourse between the rival nations, and have not only engaged the observatory at Greenwich for the meetings of the Cabinet, but are to recommend, that Maskelyne and Dr. Herschel be sworn of the Most Honourable Privy Council. I am told likewise, that some of our most eminent dealers in the funds have built little *gazebos* on the tops of their country mansions at Hackney, Camberwell, &c. from which they may have a *notion of things* before they set out for Bartholomew Lane. Of the heavenly signs they will of course be most particularly attentive to *Taurus*.

Yet, Mr. Editor, while I admire this new plan as equally simple and intelligible, I am afraid that in adopting it pursuant to the wishes of the Chief Consul, our Ministers have afforded another proof of a temper somewhat too compliant, and regardless of future consequences. Indeed I see, or think I see, a great display of cunning on the part of that sovereign; he wishes to be thought the pacificator of all Europe; he knows that his popularity in France depends on the permanence of peace; and, under these circumstances, what does he propose? Why, forsooth, that peace or war shall be guided by the weather, which he knows is infinitely more steady in France than in this country. The climate of France is mild, warm, and,

compared to ours, fixed and regularly immutable; the sun predominates the greater part of the year, while with us it is notorious, that we cannot depend on a week; nay, that often in the same day we have the vicissitudes of three or four seasons crowded together.

The consequence is obvious—BONAPARTE will point to the skies, and appeal to his subjects for his pacific intentions. We shall be increasing the navy and reducing the stocks every cloud that appears; and whenever we stand in need of great coats and umbrellas, we shall be calling for bounties and pressgangs, or dreaming of flat-bottom boats and invasions. Nothing surely can be more mischievously calculated to humour our variable dispositions than this scheme, and our great rival knows this, and will avail himself of it. Thousands and tens of thousands of Christian souls will thus be kept in continual alarm, besides women and Jews. And—a word in your ear—I should not be surprised if there were French agents now in this country, conspiring together to *poison* all our *thermometers*, knowing that it is all over with John Bull when the *mercury* is low.

I am yours, &c.

April 2.

THE 'CHANGE GRASSHOPPER,

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

FIRST OF APRIL.

MR. H. A.'S BIRTHDAY; AND ANNIVERSARY OF THE
ARRIVAL OF THE TREATY OF AMIENS.

[From the Oracle.]

THE attendance of Friday did credit to the nation.

The company began to assemble at an early hour; the friends of *the family* in great numbers, and in high spirits. The preparations were splendid in the extreme, and would have been amply sufficient for the whole

whole number of guests, had not the READING *long coach* suddenly driven up to the door just as the company were sitting down to dinner, with a reinforcement, not the less welcome for being unexpected. The passengers consisted of persons who had distinguished themselves at the READING BALL, on the *first of October* in last year, and who came in the expectation of hearing another *speech on peace*, similar to the one which was addressed to them on that occasion, just two days previous to the remonstrance against the subjugation of Switzerland.

As soon as the arrangements of politeness between the London guests and their rural invaders were satisfactorily adjusted, the company sat down to dinner.

The decorations of the table were in a style highly creditable to the taste of the officer of the hall, entrusted with the care of that department.

The centre ornaments consisted of models of *ships of the line*, in pastry-work, to the exact number of *fifty*, each bearing on its flag the date of its preparation for sea, all of them within the space of *one lunar month*; in allusion to Mr. ADDINGTON's famous pledge in the House of Commons.

As soon as the cloth was removed; and after the usual preliminary toasts, the Chairman gave—

“The Peace of Amiens: the conciliation which governed, and the firmness which maintains it:”

which was drunk with rapturous applause. This was followed by the well-known favourite song of “*The Pilot that navig'd us in Peace*,” composed in praise of the Elder Mr. ADDINGTON, as it is supposed by the *Younger*. The following stanza in this justly popular and well-timed ballad—

O! take then, for honour with *spit it maintain'd*,

For counsels by judgment and prudence matur'd;

O! take for the *peace* which thy *wisdom* has gain'd,

The thanks of an empire whose rights are secur'd—

was received with a thunder of applause and exultation, and loudly and repeatedly encored. Its happy application to existing circumstances, seemed to make a forcible impression on the feelings of all who were present.

The next toast was very appropriate, being suggested in great part by the ornaments on the table already described :

" The Premier's *three promises*—Profound peace, fifty fall of the line in a month, and a million surplus at the end of the year."

We must leave to the sensibility of our readers to imagine the delirium of pleasure which this toast occasioned.

Then followed—

" The French Commercial Commissioners at the different ports of Great Britain and Ireland."—Three times three.

" The First Consul of France! Peace and good understanding with him; and may we never displace an administration which he protects, to make room for a faction which he fears!"—Nine times nine.

" The Family."

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this toast was received. It gave place only to the more tender emotions which were excited by the following beautiful *Anacreontic*, with which the company were favoured by three capital voices, said to be composed for the occasion by the young gentlemen of Reading school.

ANACREONTIC.

HOW blest, how firm the statesman stands,
 (Him no low intrigue shall move,)
 Circled by faithful *kindred* bands,
 And propp'd by fond *fraternal* love!
 When his speeches hobble vilely,
 What "*Hear him's!*" burst from Brother HILEY;
 When his faltering periods lag,
 Hark to the cheers of Brother BRAG!

When the faltering periods lag,
 Or his yawning audience flag;
 When his speeches hobble vilely,
 Or the House receives them drily;
 Cheer, O! cheer him, Brother BRAG!
 Cheer, O! cheer him, Brother HILEY!

Each a gentleman at large,
 Lodg'd and fed at public charge;
 Paying, (with a grace to charm ye,)
 This the fleet, and that the army.

Brother BRAG and Brother HILEY,
 Cheer him, when he speaks so vilely;
 Cheer him, when his audience flag,
 Brother HILEY, Brother BRAG!

Nothing could exceed the effect of this exquisite little piece of poetry.

The toast which succeeded, and which concluded the festivity of the day, was adapted to the particular day and occasion of meeting; and was in some sort a question put for the decision of the company:

“ May the Peace of Amiens be annually commemorated on the first of April !”

If we may judge from the reception which it met with, this sentiment was congenial to the wishes and feelings of all those to whom it was addressed, and we have little doubt that for years to come (should it please BONAPARTE to continue to us the present advantageous peace, and to countenance the present “*respectable*” Administration, so long), we shall have to announce to our readers that this *first* of treaties, concluded under the auspices of the *first* of Ministers, has been appropriately celebrated on the *first* of the month in which we are now writing; and we are persuaded that long after the treaty of Amiens shall have been not only annulled, but utterly disbelieved, and the name of ADDINGTON irretrievably forgotten, there will remain attached to the first of April a certain peculiar character

of simple sacredness and holiday gaiety, for which future ages will, perhaps, be at a loss to account, but which will in fact have originated from the double celebration of Friday.

April 4.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING.

To the Editor of the Oracle.

SIR,

Reading, April 6, 1803.

IN your account of the festivity of Apothecaries' Hall on the *First of April* (Mr. HILEY's BIRTHDAY and anniversary of the *Amiens Treaty*), I am sorry to observe an omission, which this letter is intended to supply. I allude to the enclosed song, composed by a gentleman of this town, a great admirer of Mr. ADDINGTON Senior. He rehearsed it to the passengers in the *long coach* (of which I was one) on our journey to town; and afterwards sung it with infinite applause towards the end of the evening, when the company were got a little merry, though there was evidently a party in the room (I mention no names) against it. The insertion will oblige the whole of the *rural party* (as you are pleased to call us), and among them, Sir, your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY GOSLING.

MODERATE MEN AND MODERATE MEASURES.

A SONG, SUNG AT APOTHECARIES' HALL, APRIL 1, 1803,
AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF

THE DEFINITIVE TREATY.

PRAISE to placeless, proud ability,
Let the prudent muse disclaim;
And sing the Statesman—all civility—
Whom *moderate talents* raise to fame.

He,

He, no random projects urging,
 Makes us wild alarms to feel;
 With moderate measures gently purging,
 Ills that prey on Britain's weal.

CHORUS.

Gently purging,
 Gently purging,
 Gently purging Britain's weal *.

ADDINGTON, with measur'd motion,
 Keep the tenour of thy way;
 To glory yield no rash devotion,
 Led by luring lights astray;
 Splendid talents are deceiving,
 Tend to councils much too bold;
 Moderate men we prize, believing
 All that *glisters* is not gold.

GRAND CHORUS.

All that *glisters*,
 All that *glisters*,
 All that *glisters* is not gold †.

THE BLOCKS!

[From the same.]

"We are happy to assure our readers, that the BLOCKS intended to guard
 the Thames are nearly ready."

True Briton; and most of the other ministerial Papers,
 April 1, and following days.

THIS assurance has been received in all parts of the
 country with the most lively satisfaction.—That
 within so short a space of time as three weeks, or a
 month, after the Minister had announced imminent
 danger of invasion, *any part* of our system of defence
 should be *nearly ready*, is certainly a most charming
 consideration, and reflects the highest honour on the
 spirit and alacrity of the Government.

* "Ere human statute *purg'd* the general *weal*," SHAKESPEARE.

† "Nor all that *glisters* gold."

Gray's Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat.

The only thing wanting to complete the public contentment, is, to be distinctly informed, *what* or *who* these famous BLOCKS are, whose forward state of readiness is so loudly vaunted.

Several inquiries have reached us from correspondents in distant parts of the kingdom on this subject : and as we are really at a loss ourselves for a satisfactory explanation, we subjoin the communications that have come to us just as we have received them.—They have for the most part taken the turn of *epigrams*.—The following is the first that set us really thinking upon the subject.

EPIGRAMS.

No. I.

IF BLOCKS can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French;
The *first* is the mouth of a river;
The *second* the *Treasury Bench*.

No. II. appears in the form of a *charade*, of which we shall be obliged to any of our readers for a solution.—It is dated from University College, Oxford.

My first protects Thames' sacred stream;
My second, ancient authors deem
Is much improv'd by brains;
But when my first and second join'd,
Are in one ministry combin'd,
Alas! what hope remains!

No. III.

While some, impatient, call for PITT;
And some, in terror, would submit
E'en to be sav'd by FOX—
Sage ADDINGTON, with candid smile,
And pure intention free from guile,
Still bids us trust in BLOCKS.

No.

No. IV.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

I ask'd, t'other day, of a friend, the occasion

Of so sudden a fall in the Stocks?

Says I, I suppose 't is the dread of invasion;

Says *he*—'T is distrust of *the* BLOCKS.

No. V. is transmitted by a foreign nobleman of distinction, who has been lately taking a tour of pleasure and instruction through the kingdom, particularly the several manufacturing districts, and has made many curious and interesting observations; among the rest those which follow—His Excellency is, as will be observed, a very correct master of *English*.

“ON HEARING THAT THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAS TO BE PROTECTED BY BLOCKS.”

BLOCKS I have seen, all sorts and sizes,

At *Leith, Hull, Bristol, Bath, Devizes,*

BLOCKS that your sailors use for rigging;

BLOCKS that your barbers use for wiggling;

Stone BLOCKS that sculptors carve their hints on;

Wood BLOCKS, for cutting wooden prints on;

But BLOCKS, I never heard till now,

Could *save a state*—and *can't guess how!*

No. VI. we select as the best answer to the *charade* (No. II.) that has yet reached us. It came to us in a letter by the post, with the post-mark of the town mentioned in the second line.

Two years' BLOCKADING made fair *Malta* ours:A noble struggle!—yet 't is thought (*at Reading*)That *Britain's* island shews superior pow'rs,To bear, and to survive, *two years* BLOCKHEADING!

No. VII. is dated from LITTLE WIGGLESTHORPE, near CONDYFORD, SALOP, and purports to be written by the sexton of the parish, at the request of the parishioners. It may be considered as the sense of a parochial

parochial meeting. The subject, indeed, affects the best interests of every division and subdivision of the kingdom.

This parish feels a strong desire
That I, their sexton, should require
Some certain explanation
As to the nature of that BLOCK,
Which, to sustain invasion's shock,
Our rulers mean to station.

A BLOCK, that wont a wig to wear,
(Might we advise,) they'd station there,
Just on the river's border;
Which, when th' invading Frenchmen come,
As loud and hollow as a drum,
Might call out "Order, order!"

No. VIII.

FIFTY SHIPS of the LINE, fit to carry our thunder,
He swore should be ready to come at his call;
But remember, *dear Doctor*, for fear of more blunder,
A BLOCK's not a *ship*, nor a BOLUS a *ball*.

J. D.

No. IX.

Fifty ships in a month, fit to rule on the ocean,
He vow'd should be ready these Frenchmen to meet!
The DOCTOR may know how to *make up* a POTION,
But "Fiat Mixtura," won't *make up* a FLEET.

P. D.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR.

THE Treasury Newspapers complain,
That every paper, act, and word,
Shews that the Corsican's insane,
And grows more mad and more absurd.
Genius of England! save this land
From BONAPARTE's ambition,
By sending him our councils, and
The DOCTOR for Physician.

S. D.

BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA TO THE DOCTOR.

I NDEED, my good Doctor, you know not my case:
I must give up the ghost, or you give up your place.

GALLIA TO THE DOCTOR.

W HATE'ER other folks in your conduct may see,
I declare, gentle Sir, you're the Doctor for me.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

H E vibrates, doubts, and hesitates so long,
Now keen for war, and now resolv'd to fight;
That, fearing always lest he should do wrong,
The wav'ring Doctor never once does right.

(ANOTHER.)

T H E Doctor is still in so doubtful a mood,
That, not to do evil, he never does good.

O. N.

APOLLO AND THE DOCTOR!

A PARALLEL.

O UR Doctor has heard how APOLLO
Was a Prophet as well as a Quack;
Both trades *he* proposes to follow,
And at both has a marvellous knack.
If at Delphi, the God, with his fictions,
Bamboozled the Statesmen of Greece;
What were they to the Doctor's predictions?
To his *Surplus*, his *Fleet*, and his *Peace*?
If the *God*, in the camp before Troy,
Kill'd dogs, mules, and soldiers, by dozens,
O UR Doctor whole realms can destroy,
To provide for his *Brothers* and *Cousins*.

GRÆCULUS.

AMBUBAIARUM.

AMBUBAIARUM COLLEGIA, PHARMACOPOLÆ.

[From the Oracle]

HOR. SAT. 2. LIB. I.

IF the health and the strength, and the pure vital breath,
 Of Old England, at last, must be *doctor'd to death*,
 Oh! why must we die of *one* Doctor alone?
 And why must that Doctor be just such a one
 As Doctor HENRY ADDINGTON?

Oh! where is the great Doctor DOMINICETI,
 With his stews, and his flues, and his vapours to sweat ye?
 Oh! where is that Prince of all mountebank fame,
 With his baths of hot earth, and his beds of hot name—
 Oh! where is Doctor GRAHAM?

Where are Somnambule MESMER's convulsions magnetic?
 Where is MEYRESBACH, renown'd for his skill diuretic?
 Where is PERKINS, with tractors of magical skill?
 Where's the anodyne necklace of BASIL BURCHELL?
 Oh! where is great VAN BUTCHELL?

While SAM. SOLOMON's lotion the public absterges,
 * He gives them his gold, as well as his purges;
 But our frugal *Doctor*, this practice to shun,
 Gives his *Pills* to the PUBLIC, the *Pells* to his Son!
 Oh! fie! ~~fix~~! Doctor ADDINGTON!
 Oh! where is Doctor SOLOMON?

Where *are* all the Doctors? No longer we want
 This farrago of cowardice, courage, and cant;
 These braggarts! that one moment know not what fear is,
 And the next moment, trembling, no longer know where is
Lord HAWKESBURY's march to Paris!

Then for HOBART, and SULLIVAN, HAWKEY, and HAR-
 VEY—

For WALLACE and CASTLEREAGH, YORKE and GLEN-
 BERVIE—

For SERJEANT, VANSITTART, and MARKHAM and SHEE—
 Give us VELNOS and ANDERSON, LEAKE, SPILSBURY—
 Doctor BALL, Doctors BRODUM and BREE.

* Vide in daily papers, Doctor SOLOMON's charitable subscriptions
 and Abstergent Lotions.

So shall GOLDING and BOND, the Doctor's tall yeomen,
DAME HILEY, DAME BRAGGE, and the other old women,
For new mountebanks chang'd, their old tricks bid farewell to,
And the fam'd Doctor BEEKE his arithmetic sell to

That wonderful wonder, the great KATTERFELTO !

So shall England, escap'd from her *safe* politicians,
Such an army array of her quacks and physicians—
Such lotions and potions, pills, lancets, and leeches,
That MASSENA shall tremble, our coast when he reaches,
And the CONSUL himself p— his breeches.

THE DOCTOR'S PRACTICE JUSTIFIED BY PRECEDENT.

[From the Oracle.]

THE Doctor's blunders sore we rue,
And nauseate all his speeches;
Yet deem we not his practices new,
Like tricks of modern leeches.

No other cause SANGRADO knew,
Long fam'd for patients' slaughter;
He from their veins their *life-blood* drew,
Then drinch'd them with *warm water*.

Doctors of yore, with looks profound,
Red roquelaure, trailing to the ground,
And sag: full-bottom'd tie,
Call'd to a case, first took their fee,
Then bled and purg'd their man, till he
Died from debility.

Our Doctor's practice is the same,
To *Park* and *Lodge* he makes his claim,
In Richmond's Palace dwells;
Gives Navy-purse to brother BRAGGE,
HILEY secures the Army-bag,
Young *Bolus* bolts the *Pells*.

The patient next, so high in blood,
Cupp'd, bled, and purg'd, as he thinks good,
He lowers to such condition,

That

That while he swears she's sweetly doz'd,
And safe, in peace serene, compos'd,
She dies of her Physician.

S. D.

MORE OF THE DOCTOR.

OLD Rome in times of danger sought
Dictators from the plough,
And prosper'd: *we* in *England* take
A different practice now;
For when compell'd with *modern France*
And BONAPARTE to wrestle,
We borrow our *Dictator* from
The mortar and the pestle.

S. D.

THE DOCTOR VERSUS COCKER.

[From the Oracle.]:

DOCTOR LOQUITUR.

"I *lisp'd* in *Numbers*."—POPE.

WHEN ARITHMETIC first I begun,
At school I was taught NUMERATION;
So, I soon learn'd to count *number one*,
The principal care of the nation.

Never sure was so hopeful a lad!
And, in spite of all peevish detraction,
One and *one* to make *three* I can ADD!
And can put a new case in *subtraction*.

If *thirteen* from *nine* you SUBTRACT,
A surplus of *one* will remain;
Should the Stock-holders doubt of the fact,
Lord AUCKLAND shall swear it is plain!

When to MULTIPLY next I attain'd,
I met with some doleful disgraces;
But the best end of numbers was gain'd,
When I learn'd how to MULTIPLY places.

Thus

A SIMILE.

213

Thus to MULTIPLY, ADD, and SUBTRACT,
ROSE and TIERNEY may hold in derision;
But when in the *House* I'm attack'd,
They shall see how I shine in DIVISION.
In REDUCTION my skill you may know,
Though my PRACTICE is basely traduc'd;
Army, navy, and ordnance can shew
They were never before so REDUC'D.
The next rule my wits did confound,
That *Golden* and *Grand* RULE OF THREE;
But *Golden* the rule soon I found,
That found *Gold* for BRAGGE, HILEY, and ME.
Thus skill'd in the grounds of Finance,
What care I for parts, wisdom, or wit?
I can still, if supported by France,
Blunder on in defiance of Pitt.

INSCRIPTION

FOR MR. GILPIN'S PRINT OF BRITANNIA IN HER
CRADLE.

AS sick in her cradle poor BRITAIN was laid,
Between two silly nurses that rock'd her,
Oh! PITT, she exclaim'd, pry 'thee haste to my aid;
Or, you see, I shall die of THE DOCTOR.

SAVILLE.

A SIMILE,

ADDRESSED TO THE PEACE-MAKER.

YE bards, attune your halcyon lays,
To A———n address your praise,
Who bade war's horrors cease;
Without the aid of wit, or parts,
And not a grain of Statesman's arts;
This PREMIER gave us peace.
So have I seen a chimney blaze,
And dart around terrific rays;
But soon the sparks expire,

If

If 'midst the flames the bird of kings *,
 A goose, is dropp'd;—with frighted wings
 She flaps down smoke and fire †.

GOOD INTENTIONS!

A POEM.

[From the Oracle]

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Happy that nation's lot, I ween,
 (As Britain's sons can tell,) *very little mean,*
 Whose rulers *mean* that little *well*.

CONTENTS.

Folly of the System of Politics pursued in this Country since the Revolution, up to the End of the last Administration—Character of KING WILLIAM; Dutch Prejudices; Hook Nose; fond of Standing Armies and Continental Politics; Liberties of Europe a mere Pretext to shed the Blood and spend the Money of his Subjects—Censure on Lord SOMERS and Duke of MARLBOROUGH—Campaigns of the latter “extended, bloody, and expensive”—*Peace of Utrecht* commended, *except* for the idle Provisions to prevent the Cession of *Louisiana* to *France*—*That* Provision happily abolished by the *Treaty of Amiens*—Apostrophe to that Treaty—Episode on the separate Convention signed the same Day between France and Holland—Indecency of the Dutch Minister, in laughing out so loud in the Corner of the

* Pindar calls the eagle the bird of Jove. Why should not his terrestrial deities have likewise their emblematic bird?

† A common custom in Ireland. This was mentioned by the late Lord Clare, at a Cabinet Council, and obviated all objections to Mr. ▲—n's appointment.

Room while this Transaction was going on—Conso-
lations attendant on being laughed at exemplified
in the Situation of the present Ministry—*Insular*
System of Politics recommended—*Great Britain* an
Island, and why—*Ireland* ditto—Two Islands do
not make one Continent; wherefore Continental
Connexions to be avoided—Protection of *France* to
be ensured, particularly to the *Family*—Character
of the present Minister contrasted with the noisy
and turbulent Merits of his Predecessor—Mr. A.
guileless and candid, with *excellent Intentions*—Mr. A.
na Conjurator; not capable of *setting the Thames on*
fire; not likely to have *invented Gunpowder*, if that
destructive Invention had remained undiscovered to
his Time—Mr. A. Guardian of British *Capital*,
&c.—Compared with the Goose of the *Capitol* at
Rome—Preference decidedly given to Mr. A.

We shall for the present confine our extracts to the
latter part of the Canto, beginning with the beautiful
Tirade against Continental Connexions, from verse 319.

Oh! hapless age! when fierce discussions
With turban'd Turks, or fur-clad Russians, 320
Sprung from connexions continental,
(To Britain highly detrimental—
So deem'd by some wise heads in Yorkshire,
And lads who clean our knives and forks here,)
And leading off to wounds and slaughter, 325
Still kept this island in hot water.

NOTES.

Verse 323. See Address to Yorkshire Freeholders, July 1802.

V. 324. "The *lowest* classes of the people are generally averse to
engagements with continental powers; nor is that wonderful, being
uninformed (as they necessarily are) of their *bearing* upon the safety and
greatness of their own country. Else such is the patriotism pervading
all ranks of the people of England, that they would gladly unite with
whatever nation to repel the aggressions of an enemy, and specially of
France."—SMELLON'S *Analysis of Public Sentiment*.

—In

—In water hot!—when, had she known
 To trust no waters but her own,
 (The ocean *then*, as *now*, surrounding
 Her rocky coasts, and all sides bounding,) 330
 Britain, thrice blest! had seen, perhaps,
 No world beyond her—but in niaps!

- Hail, happier age! hail just cosmography!
- Hail doctrines of a sound geography,
 Which teach, when seas encircle dry land, 335
 That all within them forms *an island*.

Safe in this truth, (which doubt we dare not,)

Let Europe sink or swim, we care not.

Reckless alike of friends and foes,

We taste (blest nation!) sweet repose— 340

Save when the guardians of our rest,

From time to time, in fear or jest,

Rouse us, as with a watchman's rattle,

With cries of fire, or shouts of battle;

And when we start, and ask the matter. 345

That breaks our sleep with such a clatter,

Bid us, with simpering smile, turn round;

And sleep again in *peace profound*.

But chief to thy narcotic aid,

O sage! from WOODLEY's classic shade! 350

Thy strength and sweetness, "happy mixture,"

We owe this *peace*, (not yet a fixture!)

V. 336. *Terram, quæ mari undequaque circumdatur, insulam vocamus.*—CELLARIUS.

V. 348. See Mr. ADDINGTON's Speech on the PRINCE OF WALES's Additional Annuity Bill, in which he assured the House, that we were in a state of "*profound peace*," not ten days before the King's Message!—*words ever to be remembered.*

V. 350. Woodley, lately the residence of Mr. ADDINGTON, situated in the neighbourhood of *Reading*, where the great ball, in honour of the peace, was given on the 1st of October 1802, at which Mr. A. assisted, and made a speech on the *durability of the peace*, just one week before he sent a remonstrance to Paris, which *might* have produced war, and not one month before he sent the order to retain the Cape, which (in its consequences) *must* produce it!—*circumstances never to be forgotten!*

V. 351. "By a *happy mixture* of firmness and conciliation we have made the peace, and hope to preserve it."—*Ministerial Speeches, passim.*

These

These wholesome slumbers, short but pleasing;
 The brisk alarms those slumbers teasing;
 This changeful course of noise and quiet, 355
 Which keeps our pulse from running riot;
 These armaments at *spring and fall*,
 O sage! to thee we owe them all.
 But, more than all, we love to dwell
 On thy best talent, *meaning well!* 360
 Whether thou flatter, or alarm us,
 Th' *intention* never fails to charm us;
 Whether, of peace-retrenchments saving,
 Thou promise *forty millions'* saving:
 Or (if a smaller sum content ye) 365
 Reduce the boast to *five and twenty*;
 Or, in bold phrases no way thrifty,
 Of ships fit out a *monthly fifty*;
 Though every mortal man alive,
 For *fifty* knows he *should* read *five*, 370
 Yet this small error no man mentions,
 Still, still, we laud thy *good intentions!*
 " 'T were best, no doubt, the truth to tell,
 But still, good soul, he *means so well!*"
 Others, with *necromantic* skill, 375
 May bend men's passions to their will,

V. 357. It is good to begin this course of discipline at the *spring and fall of the year*, those being the seasons when the humours are most in circulation.—SYDENHAM, vol. i. c. 3. p. 215.

V. 364, 5, 6. See Mr. ADDINGTON's various and varying statements of the savings to be made by the peace. At one time, in the session of 1802, he boldly stated the amount at forty millions. Before Christmas, on being asked the difference between a contracted war and an extended peace establishment (such as was then voted), he answered, 25,000,000*l.* Considerable odds are taken, that at the next budget (if he should ever see one) the diminution will be found still more considerable.

V. 368. "I engage upon an *emergency* to have *fifty ships of the line ready for sea in a month.*"—Mr. ADDINGTON's *Speech on Naval Estimates*, Dec. 1802.

Ready for sea in the week beginning April 4th, or one month after the Message, according to some accounts six, according to others four ships of the line. Quere, If the Message proved an "*emergency*!"

V. 375 to 384. Mr. ADDINGTON no conjurer.

Raise with dark *spells* the tardy loan,
 To shake the vaunting *Consul's* throne;—
 In thee no *magic arts* surprise,
 No *tricks* to cheat our wondering eyes; 380
 On thee shall no suspicion fall,
 Of *slight of hand*, or *cup and ball*;
 E'en foes must own thy spotless fame,
 Unbranded with a *conjuror's* name!
 Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire 385
 To wrap majestic *Thames* in fire!
 And if that black and nitrous grain,
 Which strews the fields with thousands slain,
 Slept undiscover'd yet in earth—
 Thou ne'er hadst caus'd the monstrous birth, 390
 Nor aided (such thy pure intention)
 That diabolical invention!
 Hail then—on whom our state is leaning!
 O Minister of mildest meaning!
 Blest with such virtues to talk big on, 395
 With such a head (to hang a wig on)—
 Head of wisdom—soul of candour—
 Happy Britain's Guardian Gander,
 To rescue from th' invading *Gaul*
 Her "commerce, credit, capital!"— 400
 While Rome's great *Goose* could save alone
 One Capitol—of senseless stone.

V. 385, 6. Mr. A. incapable of *setting the Thames on fire*.

V. 387. to 392. Mr. ADDINGTON not likely to have *invented gunpowder*, had that dreadful invention lain hid till his time.

V. 398. "Gander," the male or worthier of the goose species. *Argentine anser*, always hitherto translated "goose" erroneously.

V. 400. "We have three C's to rely upon in peace," *Commerce, Credit, and Capital*, just as our treaty turns upon three T's, the Time, the Tone, and the Terms.—*Ministerial Speeches, passim*.

PARALLEL BETWEEN BONAPARTE AND MR. ADDINGTON.

[From the Oracle.]

"There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth, and there is salmon in both."—*Fluellen—Shakespeare's Henry V.*

IT is not often that Providence permits two men of great talents, of corresponding fortunes, and similar endowments, to appear upon the great stage of the world at the same period of time; its gifts are usually distributed with a more sparing hand; and in common times a BONAPARTE or an ADDINGTON would singly have been sufficient to have raised the wonder and admiration of mankind. When, however, it pleases Providence that two *constellations*, like the *First Consul of France*, and the *Prime Minister of Great Britain*, shall shine in the same sphere at the same instant, and run their course together, to dazzle the eyes of men with the united force of their rays, it behoves the faithful historian carefully to compare their actions, their characters, and their conduct, that posterity may have the means of judging on whose brow *should* be placed the wreath of superior fame, or whom to dignify with the preference of its applause.

Considering then these two great men in the splendid parts which they are playing upon the vast theatre of the universe, we cannot but remark, with astonishment proportioned to our admiration, how exactly these ornaments of their age are cast in the same mould, born to act at the same time, to govern the world in concert upon the same mighty plan, with the same leading features of character, and a singular similarity in the most marked events of their public life.

BONAPARTE owed his elevation and his dignity to his patron, who raised him from the dust, who put him forward, and who recommended him to notice. On

the shoulders of that patron *he put his foot, and rose*. When he had gotten to the height he wished, and had secured himself in his elevated post, he *kicked* from under him the means of his ascent, and, with true greatness of mind, deserted his first and firmest friend.

ADDINGTON equally owed *his* rise to the great and powerful friend who first introduced him to public notice, and *placed* him in the path of honour and of fame. In *his friend's place he put himself*; on his friend's shoulders he raised himself; and then laudably pursued the pure and meritorious example set forth for him by his Corsican prototype.

The first step which BONAPARTE took when he had attained the power he *coveted*, was to consult his own private objects, to gratify his own personal wishes, and to enlarge the circle of his enjoyments. He soon found that the lowly roof of Malmaison was too confined for his aspiring ambition, too small for his expanded mind. The princely palace of St. Cloud presented itself as the fit and proper receptacle for the valuable casket in which the soul was deposited which was to enslave the world.

ADDINGTON, treading close in the footsteps of his great model, actuated by the same splendid ideas, and grasping at the same magnificent objects, soon deserted the humble shades of *Woodley*, for the royal and *glittering* groves of Richmond: the occasional residence of his Sovereign, and the object of the *repeatedly but vainly* expressed wishes of the Princes of the Blood of England, was the only habitation *he* thought became the presence of an ADDINGTON.

When BONAPARTE had firmly seated himself on the throne of the BOURBONS, and had indulged in every whim his luxurious fancy could point out as necessary to his own personal gratification, he turned his eyes towards his *family*. On a sudden all France saw and acknowledged the splendid talents of the kindred

BONAPARTES;

BONAPARTES; talents, which had lain torpid, and in secret, to be raised into new life and action by the plastic ray emanating from the illustrious NAPOLEONE.

Here it is that we see a bright instance of the coincidence in the characters of these two great men; and while we admire the amiable and affecting tenderness which induced the *First Consul* to trust the most important offices of his state to *brother Joseph* and *brother Lucien*, we cannot withhold our equal admiration and applause from the fraternal love which made ADDINGTON repose a *similar* confidence in *brother Bragge* and *brother Hiley*.

When we read, too, in the *Moniteur*, of the wonderful and able exploits of the youthful JEROME, who, in the situation of lieutenant of a man of war, shewed so conspicuously to Europe and the world his courage and his naval talents, exerted against the smugglers, we cannot but feel a conscious pride, when we reflect that we have at least as *bright* and as *youthful* an example; and that we can hold up on our side, as a set-off against the military ardour of JEROME, the hereditary disposition for office, the firmness and the integrity of that "tender juvenal," the *Clerk of the Pells*!

When all these points were settled, his own and his family's private objects provided for, BONAPARTE had leisure to turn his mind to the public and the world—*be pacified Europe*.

In the same way did the illustrious and imitative ADDINGTON, when he had seated himself safe in power, when the family were provided for, were lodged, were fed, and were *boarded* at the public charge, deign to cast an eye upon the people entrusted to his care. He *pacified England*.

The virtuous endeavours of both these statesmen were equally crowned with success, and have equally answered the expectations which had been formed from them. *Pacified Europe* is writhing and twisting in

its chains, and *pacified England* is on the eve of a war with the pacificator of Europe !

To the worthy let the praise which is due be given. **BONAPARTE** accepted with conscious pride, at Lyons, the title his grateful subjects conferred upon him, of the Peace-maker of the World.

ADDINGTON gravely assured the astonished fiddlers and the admiring misses at the ball at Reading, that "the peace which he had been the means, under Providence, of giving to his country, was entirely owing to the wisdom of his Majesty's Ministers !"

All the world has heard of the "five promises" which **BONAPARTE** made, and all the world knows how he has broken them.

ADDINGTON has yet made but *three* ;—he promised his country continued peace, a million surplus at the end of the year, and *fifty* sail to be ready within one month in case of emergency. To do our Minister justice, he has not deviated from his great example ; for though he has fallen short in the number of his promises, it must be confessed he has broken those he has made with all the religion of **BONAPARTE**.

Thus far we have followed these two great men from the first moment of their power even to the present day, from the early dawn of their political day to the zenith of their meridian splendour. In their fall (for the sun must set, and the fame of great men must decay) we shall continue to watch them. Step by step have we followed them, with admiration of their great talents, only exceeded by our astonishment at the perfect similarity which exists between their actions. We have traced them from their rise to power, throughout the progress they have made, and have found, as we have endeavoured to shew, in every leading point, the strongest and most astonishing resemblance. In their decline we have no doubt they will still go hand in hand

—"They

—"They were lovely in their lives—in their deaths they will not be divided."

BONAPARTE nobly referred to posterity the task of celebrating his name, and erecting statues to his memory. MR. ADDINGTON must be, doubtless, equally anxious that his actions may form the subject of applause, when his modesty will not be forced to witness the praises which will be lavished on them. By a great man's fall is his character to be determined; and the world will be impatient till the opportunity be given of finally passing its judgment on the comparative merits of the Corsican BONAPARTE, and the English ADDINGTON.

In one point, and in one only, we have not been able to compare them; the exploits of Mr. A. in the field of battle have not *as yet* been sufficiently known and conspicuous to enable us to determine between the comparative military prowess of him and BONAPARTE. As a captain of volunteers, *we know* our *Premier* had opened his martial career with every prospect of being able to engage in that rivalry with the same success he has had in those points which have been the subjects of this essay: his country, however, called for his talents in another line, and he sheathed his glittering sword to take up the pen. Such, however, is our opinion of the universality of his powers, that we have not the least doubt, but that if, whenever he withdraws from the situation he now holds, he shall prefer the commanding his country's armies to the directing her councils, his military career will prove as glorious and honourable to Great Britain, as his political one has been beneficial and meritorious!

STATE OF PARTIES.

[From the Times.]

WHAT? will the Muse no patriot verse prepare
 To lash the slaves that bid for Place with War?
 Does that curst faction all her aid engross
 For C-NN-NG's wire-drawn wit, and CORBETT's prose?
 No—Taste and Wit the crude conceits disown,
 And England spurns *Columbia's* exil'd son.
 Smit with the sacred love of Power and Pay,
 Discordant squadrons league in close array.
 W-NDH-M, superior far in mind and fame,
 Sheds o'er the crew some lustre from his name;
 But, loath to dull experience e'er to yield,
 Turns on each proof his dialectic shield—
 With syllogism still to fact replies,
 In theories rich, and bold in prophecies.
 War all his aim, his first and last resource,
 Not gasping Commerce could impede his course;
 Nor seas of blood his bold career could turn:
 War light the pile, and let his country burn.
 The GR-NV-LLES next, a big and bloated race,
 Too keen for prudence, bawl aloud for Place!
 Examples urge the youthful Earl to soil
 His unflinch'd fingers in a nation's spoil;
 And they, the seniors, full and sick of late
 With the best morsels of a wealthy State,
 Now feel digested what they gorg'd before,
 With appetite renew'd, and craving more.
 Then, link'd alike by blood and genius, goes,
 Haunting the Treasury stairs, the double R-se;
 The blossom, ruffled by the touch of time,
 Sees in the bud, itself again in prime:
 Sees the same soul so sly, the front so bold,
 The itching palm, the *bulimus* * for gold.
 Crown'd with fresh bays, from Jacobins display'd,
 Young C-NN-NG yet supports the scribbling trade:

* *Bulimus* à *Bulimian*—fame ingenti et intolerabili premor.

HED. LEXIC.

But

But Truth and Justice now no more inspire
 His various fancy with poetic fire;
 And vapid puns and worn-out jokes succeed
 The lash that tickled, and the scourge that stay'd.
 Oh! (for thy wit was once with taste refin'd,
 And genius warm'd, and learning stor'd thy mind,)
 Degrade not now thy bays so justly earn'd,
 But dread some satire on thyself return'd:
 Ape not in all thou dost, thy master, P-T-T:
 His manly gestures no light topics fit;
 For *leave of absence* when thou mov'st the chair,
 Raise not thy tone, nor beat so much the air;
 Each theme appropriate action should create,
 If trifling calm, and dignified if great.

Of country squires, a fierce wrong-headed band,
 Cry, "*All is lost, if ADD-NGT-N command.*"
 Woe to their foes, if nick-names could impeach!
 But all their heads scarce furnish one poor speech.

Of "*confidence unmerited*" they prate,
 And urge the Premier "*to communicate.*"—
 Ill-judging squires! the sun's meridian ray
 Pours on the blind in vain the blaze of day:
 And should his candour grant what ye demand—
 Squires! ye might hear—but could not understand.

Such is this host: her horn Alecto sounds
 In C—B—T's shape, to Albion's utmost bounds:
 C—B—T! a wretch of low-bred railing vein,
 Drest in the tags and shreds of scouted PAINÉ;
 The self-made martyr of a people's rage,
 Bent on decorum endless war to wage:
 C—B—T! a wretch, who from his venom'd jaws
 Roars high-church texts, but spurns Religion's laws;
 Rails at the social ties that sooth mankind,
 Nurse virtue's germ, and humanize the mind:
 A wretch who storms if ADD-NGT-N can bend
 To with the welfare of a child or friend,
 And deal the bounties from his country's store
 As Nature bids, and KENYON dealt before—
 KENYON!—that name the spacious world reveres—
 But KENYON sleeps—and C—B—T still has ears;
 Still with *Scan. Mag.* attracts the public eye,
 And frames, augments, or spreads the weekly lie.

What'er the *Oracle* (which ekes out one
 From two dull prints, too weak to stand alone)
 Gives in five days, of Ballad, Pun, or Skit,
 He sweeps the sixth, and calls it C—B—T's wit;
 Like him who, fuming at the midnight hour,
 Collects the ordure of the week before.

Oh! sweet alike to him th' abuse that aims
 An open blow, or underhand defames:
 The coarse, rough sarcasm, like a dull-edg'd knife,
 That hacks the virtues of domestic life;
 And the quaint turn, to little wits address,
 That wakes a nickname long consign'd to rest.

Shame to this time! shall arts like these engage
 The gaping wonder of a sottish age?
 A wretch like this shall wayward C——G aid,
 Who lies, rails, hectors, *in the way of trade*;
 Who courts the pill'ry that his work may sell,
 (For more would buy from Newgate than Pall Mall;)
 Who longs insulted justice to arouse—

Justice! that scorns on him to bend her brows—
 Who pleas'd an outlaw's doom with PAINÉ would bear,
 Could still his pen the party's bounty share,
 And any land but this his malice bear!

Ye, who superior wing your eagle flight,
 Nor heed the hootings of this bird of night,
 Think not the Muse reproves your silent scorn
 That stoops not e'en to crush this dunghill-born:
 Be *his* the meed that baffled hopes afford,
 And warehouses with unfold libels stor'd;
 And, shunn'd by all whom now he toils to raise,
 (Like a worn pimp when Cypria weds or prays,)
 Late may he feel, (when W1——M needs no more
 A foul-mouth'd hireling low abuse to pour;
 When T—MP—E's rage for Place begins to cool,)
 "None earns more hatred than the party tool."
 Be *yours*, with cloudless eye and temper'd zeal,
 To watch assiduous o'er the nation's weal;
 Content a floating bulwark to prepare,
 Nor seek the trophies of offensive war;
 The bounding sea, with matchless fleets to scour,
 And hem within his shores the purple power;

Till wearied with the sword he vainly yields,
And shut from ev'ry gift that ocean yields,
(Whose arms, by commerce taught, abundant reach
To all the social realms the wealth of each,)
At length, though late, he quit th' expected prize,
And in unwilling slumber close his eyes.

Oh! forc'd to war, from *Conquest* still abstain!
Be *Peace* the only meed your battles gain!
Still your own wisdom, your own caution use,
And mock the frantic Patriot's idle views:—
Shrink not, though C——'s spout, though W——'s rave,
Though L——'s coughs, and groans, and exits brave;
Though *Fabius* * P——'s slow to learn by rote
The Speech, like Pan, by all the Party got
On his vain mind, what time at W——'s board,
High as each bumper they their flatteries pour'd)
At last, for new delay, find no pretence,
And, charg'd, let off his six weeks' eloquence.—
True to your country, drive to distance far
The fiends that howl "*Interminable War*:"—
Scar'd by their shouts, again fair *Peace* invite
To smooth her plumes, already spread for flight;
In all your thunders let her voice be heard,
Still with your flag her bloodless ensign rear'd;
Rais'd by your care, let sick'ning Commerce bloom,
Nor find in W——'s *Quixote* plans her tomb;
Yet let our vital pow'rs, our wealth increase,
And nations bless the Ministers of Peace.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Times.]

"TO arms, to arms!" the manly W——'s cries—
"In arms our safety with our honour lies:
Away with Ministries that temporize!"
"Not quite so fast," says T——'s, "nor so far:
Places we want, but get no place if war—"

* *Fabius* is the patron saint of delayers and putters-off—*Unus qui nobis cunctando resistit rem.* See p. 229.

On wittier plots *Papa* and *Nuncy* reckon'd,
 When all your motions I was bade to second.
 War with our *flake in hedge*! No, no—our party
 Wage war with ADDINGTON, not BONAPARTE;
 And attack *places, armis non, sed arte.*" }

THE FAMILY MOTTO,

"TEMPLA quam dilecta!"

TRANSLATED BY THE MARQUIS OF B——.

DELIGHTFULLY our *Temples* gape

As JANUS' doors of old,
 As we the stuff together scrape,
 To line them well with *gold*.

Let others boast their *peaceful* trade,

On dull and squeamish grounds,

Who by a WAR have never made

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!

Nim.

A FABLE:

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO MR. W—D—M.

[From the Times.]

A THIRSTY Fox (as authors tell)

Came trotting by a deep draw-well:

Upon the roller hung a bucket;

For a sure sign of drink he took it;

And jumping eager on the brim,

Down went the heavy pail with him:

But as the light one upwards glided,

His wit how this fell out decided.

A Wolf pass'd by: says he, "How now!

Good friend, what make you there below?"

"Hail neighbour mine," quoth Fox, "no matter—

The deeper hole, the fatter—

Mullets! three pounders! I have caught 'em—

You'd do so, were you at the bottom.

As I've got down, I'll have enough—"

"What!" says the Wolf, "stay there and stuff,

And ask no friend to share the game?"

"Faith," says the Fox, "you'd do the same

If

If you were here :—But as you 're come,
 'T were rudeness to refuse you some :
 Take but the bucket that hangs yonder—"
 The Wolf took little time to ponder,
 But soon was in the bucket seated,
 Enjoying how he should be treated.
 The rope uncoil'd, and drew the Wolf
 Downwards into the murky gulf,
 But rais'd the pail at t' other end on 't,
 And soon Sir Fox was in th' ascendant.—
 "Hev-day!" quoth Lupo, as he ey'd him
 Pass fair and softly up beside him,
 "Where bound? Stay, stay—and let us fish—"
 "Friend," quoth the Fox, "take nought amiss—
 This world's a balance, ups and downs—
 'Tis clear on which, of us fate frowns,
 And which is favour'd—you, or I—
 I'm up—you're down—and so good by."

X.

A COMPLIMENTARY ODE

TO P-T-R P-TT-N, ESQ.*

[From the Times.]

I.

PETER! if that familiar style
 In thy gall-bladder stir the bile;
 Oh, Mr. WINDHAM's Col'nel!
 Canst thou do nothing but *postpone*?
 Say, wilt thou never yet have done
 With *puttings-off* eternal?

II.

May thy quick wit to this new question
 Adapt its babe of six weeks gestion
 By rare superfœtation;
 Turn every borrow'd point and phrase,
 The sum of two-and-forty days
 Assiduous preparation;)

* The gentleman alluded to had given notice of a motion for an inquiry into the conduct of Ministers; but had many times postponed it.

III.

Till what was meant to feed and bark
At HAWKSBURY'S keeping close and dark
What he with France was doing,
Serve just as fitly to complain
That Britain's pride is in the wane,
And he has wrought her ruin.

IV.

Oh! when that awful hour arrives,
That on the floor thy figure gives
This *great speech* to deliver—
Oh! be not then thy fauces dry;
To rally all thy courage try,
Nor deign to quake and quiver.

V.

That speech—of texture all so strange,
Combining in its motley range
The styles of all thy *crammers*—
To spout with emphasis prepare;
Nor Opposition's olio mar
With hems, and haws, and stammers.

VI.

Bethink thee, how the scullion jade
Of butter good makes fish-sauce bad
By ignorance and oiling;
How many a pudding, rich and nice,
Well stor'd with brandy, marrow, spice,
Is ruin'd in the boiling!

VII.

Here then, when CANNING gives the *flower*,
When *reasons* come from GRENVILLE'S store,
And Nantz from Mr. WINDHAM;
Take heed you make not such a pother,
Jumbling their good things with each other,
They know not where to find 'em.

VIII.

But, rising orator, again
If palpitations cloud thy brain,

And more *delays* attend thee—
Put off thy speech for good and all;
 And when to name the day they call,
 Name thou the Greek *Kalendæ*.

X.

IN LAUDEM VIRI EGREGII P. PATTEN.

[From the same.]

MUSE of eve and Muse of matin,
 Tune the lyre to PETER PATTEN;
 Sweet is sugar, soft is satin,
 Soft and sweet is PETER PATTEN.
 Ye orators, both Greek and Latin,
 Ye're nincompoops to PETER PATTEN.
 Let WHITBREAD boast what steams his vat in,
 More potent wort brews PETER PATTEN.
 Their tropes let others put their hat in,
 Pure from his head draws PETER PATTEN.
 Opposition some grow fat in,
 Though DENT be thin, yet plump is PATTEN.
 Ye Statesmen wife, ye Patriots rattling,
 Take for your guide great PETER PATTEN;
 Ye jovial wights, ye drunkards catting,
 Quit your bowl and vote with PATTEN.
 Then talk no more of FLOOD or GRATTAN,
 We boast imperial PETER PATTEN!

NOVELTIES IN POLITICO-NATURAL HISTORY.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLACEHUNTI LOCUST AND GRUM-
 FLERILIA CANKER-WORM, LATELY DISCOVERED IN
 LONDON AND SEVERAL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Read before the RISIBLE SOCIETY, by the learned Dr. Stripmaski
 Flaggilanti, April 7th, 1803.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

IT is not pretended, that any new *species* of vermin
 has been here discovered; but it is presumed that
 the varieties of both sorts, in genus, spots, instinct,
 policy, and several other points, will render the follow-
 ing

ing sketch acceptable to the porte-feuilles of the curious in such animals.

The *PLACEHUNTI* is the larger insect of the two ; it is not always visible to the naked eye, but is easily discoverable by adepts in the closest recesses : it assumes many disguises and shapes, but its commonest form is that of the Locust *Patriotica*, when you may hear at a great distance its miniature *bellow* resembling that of a *Bull*, from which tones it holds so much mastery over the understanding, or rather over the *ears* of *John Bull* !—They sometimes herd together in great and sometimes smaller numbers—the vicinity of the Thames at Westminster is known to breed them particularly ; and in an old building, formerly a chapel dedicated to *St. Stephen*, they are to be found in swarms.—A large mansion in *Downing Street*, although undergoing frequent cleansing and repairs by changing tenants, is always infested by this species : another building at Whitehall, with *two ships* on the entrance porticos, has been of late particularly assailed by the teeth of the *Placehunti* ; but the erudite and learned *Dr. Vincent*, who inhabits the building, has found an effectual way of brushing them off in a moment, by the peculiar properties of an *old Spanish Flag* ; which being turned to their *eyes*, they all drop off and are swept away directly. There is a method of taming them for a time by pampering their insatiable appetites with shining *counters*, and bits of *thin paper* ; parchment with *large seals* affixed, is a particular object of their fancy, as well as *blue, green, and red* broad *Ribands*, after which they are always *nibbling* ; but they are most ungrateful vermin, even to their feeders, and no longer abstain from mischief than whilst their ungracious maws are kept *crammed* with the above strange articles of sustenance. There is a breed called the *Buckingham Devourer*, which it is totally impossible to tame for any length of time, not even a *Royal Feeder* being sufficient

sufficient to furnish food for their insatiable appetites—they have large wings, and the moment they take offence they fly off with a great noise, making a kind of enticing and promising fostering *cluck* to the *smaller vermin* to follow them.

The GRUMBLERILIA Canker-worm has been long known in this country, but has of late become almost alarmingly multiplied; indeed all Europe has felt the same increase, which it has hitherto puzzled naturalists to account for—it is so varied an animal, that no general description can reach it. It is found in all places, sometimes *burrowing* in the most costly modern buildings, as well as in roof-room cottages, and it is sometimes to be heard (for it always makes a noise) even in the *sounding* board of a pulpit. These animals differ in *venom* exceedingly: there is a species called after a very celebrated breeder, the *Painanian*, the poison of which is almost incurable, as well from its subtlety as its contagion: the true *British* species is very harmless, and is reckoned an excellent *stomachic* when applied to moderately, after too much repletion of beef and strong ale. There was a flight of these animals, which in the year 1797, lighted upon our men of war at the Nore, and which might have proved fatal to the *main-timber* but for the great skill and science of one *Doctor Howe*, who radically effected the cure with a very small preparation of *wrought hemp*. They are not known to *propagate* in our camps or barracks, although some wicked persons have more than once carried thither the eggs of the insects.—It is a vermin which infests the rich as well as the poor, but breeds particularly in the *habits* of spendthrifts, profligates, and bad livers. Soberness and religious punctuality are sovereign antidotes against the contagion. The Grumblerilia, like every part of creation, has also its appropriate and wise use, as the *noise* of this animal is supposed to be an infallible and long-tried specific against

against the *Morbus Aristocratia*, which dangerous and putrid disease is often frightened away by the *sound* of the Grumblerilia, and is always greatly kept under by it.—It sorely infests farm-houses, after good and plentiful harvests, and has lately shewn itself in malt-houses and breweries.—There is a description of people however, who even thrive by its *bite*, and become plump about the *pocket-joints*—these are a particular set of Editors and News-mongers in London, who keep factories of these insects, *Spinning* continually, and find customers for the noxious and poisonous webs, at sixpence per *Paper full*, notwithstanding the dreadful consequences which ensue to the silly buyers, as the *inflammation* enters at the *eyes*, and soon spreads to every part of the frame, giving restless nights and uneasy days, often driving the patient to a state of insanity, and ending by death, under various symptoms; sometimes the *gibber-convulsion* closes the paroxysm, and not unusually the *razor hemorrhage* or the *pistol lock jaw*!

NAVAL GAZE-AT EXTRAORDINARY.

(See Parliamentary Debates, May 4.)

[From the Portsmouth Telegraph.]

DISPATCHES were last week received by Captain *Serjeant*, of the *Alarms* bomb-ketch, from Rear-admiral *Report*, dated *St. Stephen's Bay*, Wednesday, May 4, containing the following account of the action fought that evening in the *Naval-abuse* Passage, by Admiral *Constitution* against some roving cruizers and corsairs of the Republics of *Wranglia* and *Placebunt*:

At about five P. M. the headmost of the enemy's ships was perceived from the mast-head of the *Treasury*, a first-rate, to bear down upon us, with a *Debate* pendant flying: we therefore prepared for action, and made signal to lie to, and receive them in order of battle. As they approached we made out that they consisted

consisted of *slight built vessels*, very poorly *manned*, besides being short of *ammunition*:—the *Mildmay* first bore down, and fired her broadside at the *St. Vincent*, whose commander was *above* coming into action with such a foe; the balls (which were *accusation* five pounders only) passed through the rigging and just brushed the "*Patent Blocks*." The *Markham*, a fine stout frigate, of the Admiral's supporting squadron, instantly came along-side of the *Mildmay*, and then poured a strong and steady fire of *reason chain shot* and *demonstration swivels*—shewing at one blow the "*effective force*" of British naval tactics.—The *Pole* next came up, and firing one well-directed broadside at the *Mildmay*, passed on; she was immediately followed by the *Addington*, a fine new ship of the line, the chief-d'œuvre of the *Exchequer ships*, who directly boarded the *Mildmay*, with a great number of "*prime seamen*." At this period of the action, the enemy's ship the *Canning* crowded all her sail to the assistance of the *Mildmay*; the *Canning* is a showy 5th rate, formerly belonging to us, but parted from the grand fleet in the gale, when the *Treasury*, Admiral *Pitt*, broke from her moorings and lost her anchor; she afterwards kept hovering in sight, but in the engagement off the rocks of *Amiens*, she was towed away finally by the enemy's fire-ship the *Buckingham*—The *Canning* is but a slight vessel, being built by an Irish Merchant at the *Eton* yard (at the time the *Pitt* was on the stocks) expressly for the service of Government; she was lately employed to repeat signals, but making some unlucky mistakes, her new *Nation* talks of laying her up in ordinary; although she makes a good appearance when her *palaver flags* are flying—it is observed that her metal does but little execution, her *upper ports* being chiefly filled with painted wind-guns! Upon the present occasion, her *quibble carronades* from the *main-top*, after popping some "*Royal Message*" shot, were soon silenced

silenced by the bearing down of the *Rhetoric*, Admiral *Fox*. It is needless to bestow commendation on this veteran officer, whose prowess when engaged is well known—he has not served much of late in the *Rhetoric*, having hoisted his flag on board the *Armstead*. His ship is a prime sailer, except when she goes before the wind, with a press of *liberty sail*—she sometimes then becomes rather ungovernable. As the *Mildmay* had struck her colours, and the *Canning*, having the wind, had sheered off, the Constitution *Fleet* returned into port. The vanquished ship, it is thought, cannot be employed in any service but as a *bulk*, although the master of her strongly urges her fitness to be a RECEIVING SHIP.

In this slight engagement the enemy could make no stand, and diminished their reputation, whilst our fleet maintained their well-earned character.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R————

POLITICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

[From the True Briton.]

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE sagacious Politicians of the *Stock-Exchange*, according to report, built their *speculations*, in a great measure, upon *the countenance* of the French Ambassador, and are said to have kept a number of *Scouts* constantly in pay to watch his looks. These *Scouts* must, of course, be profoundly skilled in the doctrines of LAVATER, and able to tell the result of every dispatch from Paris; nay, their penetration may perhaps extend so far as to discover every particular which the dispatches may contain.

All the *features* of the Ambassador have, no doubt, incurred a severe scrutiny, and may still be expected to contribute towards a solution of the grand question,

Peace

Peace or War. The *nose* must probably be considered as an essential index in judging of the state of the negotiation; and from *the turn* it takes with General ANDROSSI, the adept may discover whether his Excellency is in hopes that the CHIEF CONSUL will lead the British Minister, or the British Minister lead the CHIEF CONSUL, *by the nose*. If *the nose* should appear with its end *somewhat raised*, pride, contempt, indignation, or defiance, may reasonably be apprehended. If it should *fall* in the same proportion, it may be supposed to shew that the British Cabinet is firm, and can neither be awed by threats, nor wheedled by intrigue. The *eyes*, I should conceive, must also powerfully assist, in directing the judgment of the *Alley-Speculator*. When they are *broad open*, every thing may be supposed to go on smoothly; but if they seem *to lurk under the lids*, we may infer some *Secret Expedition*.—The *eyebrows* may be considered as the *submissive Allies* of the *eyes* themselves, and, of course, will move in *confederacy* with the chief organs.—What use the *Speculators* may make of *the cheeks* in point of form, I cannot well conceive; but I presume the *Stock-jobbing* followers of the great Swiss Physiognomist know their *full value*. Much indeed may depend on *the colour of the cheeks*. If they are *red*, it may certainly be concluded that *hostilities* are likely to be *renewed*. To suppose that they will ever be *pale* in a French General, after all the tremendous triumphs of the French arms, would be too rash a conjecture.—As to the *chin*, that is so vague a feature, that I do not see how it can be a *clue* to the Politicians, except on the unfavourable side, for *misfortune* we know is depicted by a *long chin*; but in what way can it be *shortened* so as to imply *prosperity*?—The *forehead* affords no guide in *State affairs*. In private life it may indicate that *minor heroism* which is degraded by the appellation of *impudence*; but it is nothing of itself, and can only be considered as a general *synod of features*.

238 ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1803.

Now, as to the *skin*, I should like to know if the *decyphers* of *faces* can decide by its *roughness* or *smoothness*; for much then may depend upon the grand question alluded to with respect to the French Ambassador, whose *face*, unluckily for his Excellency, came into the world long before the important discovery of *Vaccination*.

But, Mr. Editor, I am afraid these *interpreters* of the *face* do not give the French Ambassador due credit, in concluding that he is so ignorant of the *management of the features*, as to let them ransack his mind as they please. They forget that he is a *Politician* as well as themselves, and a *General* too, and may, therefore, be able to *keep his looks* under due *discipline*. I would therefore advise the Gentlemen who are disposed to venture in the Alley upon the *face* of affairs, as they are indicated by the *aspect* of the Ambassador, to wait till the British Minister thinks it necessary to make his promised communication to Parliament; for otherwise they may risk their whole fortune upon what they may take to be the *smile of satisfaction*, when it may in reality be the *grin of discontent*; and events may prove that, though his Excellency puts a *good face* upon things, he is in fact *out of countenance*.

At all events, Mr. Editor, I may venture to say, for the honour of the Ambassador, that it will not be his fault if people are ruined by a dependence on the *veerings* of his *visage*.

May 7.

FRANK FRONT.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1803.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

BRITAIN, alas! has woo'd in vain,
 Reluctant Peace! thy placid charms;
 Compell'd, she treads once more th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Where Fame, where Freedom call'd aloud for arms.
 Yet be awhile the battle's sound
 In notes of festive triumph drown'd;

Whether

Whether the fiends of Discord fly
 Portentous through the fiery sky,
 Or, bound in Fate's coercive chain,
 Howl 'mid th' infernal seats in vain;
 On this auspicious day the Muse,
 Jocund, with grateful voice, her wonted theme pursues.

II.

Amid the boast of tyrant pride,
 The pomp of state, the arm'd array,
 Can all the shouts of slavery hide
 That slaves unwilling homage pay?
 No force can shield Ambition's head
 From noontide care, from midnight dread,
 When the still Monitor within
 Searches th' abode of blood and sin;
 While he who rules with virtuous sway,
 Whom freemen glory to obey,
 Sees every breast the bulwark of a throne,
 His people's surest guard, its sacred right their own.

III.

Then let the Muse, with duteous hand,
 Strike the bold lyre's responsive strings,
 While every tongue through Albion's land
 Joins in the hymn of praise she sings;
 And Labour, from the furrow'd plain,
 And Commerce, from the billowy main,
 With voice symphonious, bid arise
 That purest incense to the skies,
 Above the proudest wreath of Fame,
 Which ever grac'd the victor's name,
 A nation's votive breath by truth consign'd
 To bless a patriot King—the friend of human kind!

 THE SHIP IN DISTRESS.

[From the True Briton.]

SINCE the storm which so lately had ruffled the main,
 Has ceas'd but to rage with new terrors again,
 And the Vessel of State, scarcely anchor'd in port,
 Is again of the turbulent billows the sport;

Who

"Who can weather the tempest," alarm'd, cry the crew,
 "Who can tell us with safety what track to pursue?
 Is there none skill'd to manage the helm with success?
 Is there none who will succour 'the ship in distress'?"
 All turn to the man who all perils has brav'd,
 And the vessel from Jacobin mutiny sav'd,
 Who fearless and firm on his country relied,
 And the horrors of war and of famine defied.
 To him if we trust, from alarm we are freed,
 And confident hope shall to terror succeed,
 Decision and fortitude reign o'er the main,
 For the pilot who sav'd us, will save us again.

May 31.

ODE TO PATRIOTISM.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

HOR.

BRITONS, whose firm revenging arm
 Through *Gallia's* legions struck dismay,
 When, fraught with slaughter and alarm,
 Proud EDWARD march'd in dread array,
 When Poitiers' memorable plain,
 The grave of thousands nobly slain,
 Beheld her glitt'ring banners won
 By Valour's pride, his daring son—
 Arise, Ambition's host oppose,
 And hurl, with giant strength, destruction on your foes.
 If brilliant deeds, if deathless fame,
 The soul heroic can inspire,
 Reflect on HENRY's hallow'd name,
 And glow with his unrivall'd fire;
 Again in hostile troops advance,
 And crush the base designs of France;
 Muse, Chieftains, muse with fond delight,
 On Agincourt's tremendous fight;
 Nobly a tyrant's power subdue,
 And in illustrious YORK another HENRY view.
 Our pomp, our commerce to confound,
 Spain erst her floating terrors bore;
 DRAKE bade the British thunder sound—
 Abash'd they hurried from our shore.

Cherburgh,

Cherburgh, alike of haughty Gaul
 Thy cliffs beheld the mighty fall;
 But why in ancient records trace
 Their baffled schemes, their unredeem'd disgrace?
 Thy annals, *GEORGE*, with victories teem:
 On *RODNEY*'s tomb what trophies gleam!
HOWE liv'd to prove their efforts vain,
 And *NELSON* guides our fleets, dread sov'reign of the Main!

But late impell'd by lawless pride,
 Fierce *Lochlin*'s * sons to arms prepar'd,
 And, leagu'd with hostile bands, defied
 Our native prowess, long declar'd.
 Lock'd in their icy realms, with rage
 Each bosom warfare burn'd to wage;
 But when to the auspicious gale
 Our fleet triumphant spread the sail,
Britannia made them rue the day
 They rous'd her lion port and scorn'd her naval sway.

Britons, the sword of valour wield!
 Advance, ye brave, in Freedom's cause!
 Your country calls ye to the field,
 To guard her charter and her laws.
 Shall ye, whom Europe's treasures crown
 With wealth, with splendour, and renown,
 Bid War's inspiring trumpet cease,
 When mad Ambition bursts the bonds of Peace?
 Let *France* with feuds embroil the land,
 And crouch when *Britain* should command;
 Sooner may Heaven desert the just,
 And all *Augusta*'s towers lie level with the dust.

Bound by the ties of social love,
Ierne, in the conflict join:
 Thine is the giant broil; we prove
Britain's prosperity is thine.
 No more with hands in blood imbru'd,
 Let Discord stain wide *Shannon*'s flood:
 Sedition rev'lling in her chains,
 With devastation fill thy plains:

* Denmark.

242 ON THE LATE JOSEPH RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Bravely thy recreant train defy,
With *Britain* conquer, or with *Britain* die.

Lo! where the Gallic streamers fly,
And mock, in triumph borne, the air,
Religion mourns, with downcast eye,
Her rites profan'd, her altars bare!
Their track the great and good deplore,
From Belgium's coast to Afric's shore;
Where'er they rove, see Terror flings
Her shafts, unfolds her baleful wings;
Oppression raves with poisonous breath,
And ghastly Famine stalks, and agonizing Death.

Genius of *Albion's* isle, draw near!
Ye Muses, strike the living lyre!
Shades of illustrious chiefs appear,
And every breast with zeal inspire!
Though restless Pow'r the base enslave,
Unaw'd her minions view the brave;
No prowess *Britons* shall subdue,
"If *Britons* to themselves prove just and true;"
Soon shall the clouds that bear affright
Be set in shades of endless night,
Fame o'er *Britannia's* weal preside,
And GEORGE in triumph reign, a nation's hope and pride.
J. B.

ON THE LATE JOSEPH RICHARDSON, ESQ.

SUCH honours erst as sorrowing Friendship paid,
Such votive wreaths as grac'd the Teian's shrine,
Could flow'rs or rich libations glad thy shade,
In full profusion, RICHARDSON, were thine.

But dear as is the wreath that Science wove,
And precious as the drops by Friendship shed;
With softer, holier tears shall widow'd love,
And filial fondness, dew thy sacred head:

While to protecting Heav'n for her who bends,
In tenderest sorrow, o'er a husband's bier,
A thousand vows revering Pity sends,
And each fair maid a thousand patrons cheer.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM MR. GARRICK TO THE SECRETARY OF THE
CUSTOMS.

DEAR SIR,

NOT RACHAEL weeping for her children could shew more sorrow than Mrs. GARRICK—not weeping for her children—she has none—nor indeed for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject as her betters. What does she weep for then? Shall I dare to tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is short, and is as follows: I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return they have sent me Madeira, and poor RACHAEL the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and, upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to shew away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of Indian gratitude; but, alas! all human felicity is frail: no care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, “by the coarse hands of filthy, dungeon villains, and thrown among the common lumber.”

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has had a bad time of it), or any wishes the environs of Bushy Park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of RACHAEL's side.

I am, dear Sir, yours,

D. GARRICK.

TEXT—" *Earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.*"

Shakspere's Merchant of Venice.

PETITION.

O STANLY, give ear to a husband's petition,
Whose wife well deserves her distressful condition,
Regardless of his and the law's prohibition. }
If you knew what I suffer since she has been caught,
(On the husband's poor head ever falls the wife's fault,)
You would lend a kind hand to the contraband jade,
And screen her, for once, in her illicit trade.
For true, as 't is said, since the first Eve undid 'em,
Frail woman will long for the fruit that 's forbidden;
And husbands are taught now-a-days, spite of struggles,
Politely to pardon a wife, though she smuggles.
If your Honours, or you, when the sex go astray,
Have sometimes inclin'd to go with them that way, }
We hope to her wishes you will not say nay.
'T is said that all judges this maxim do keep,
Not their justice to tire, but at times let it sleep.
If more by the Scriptures their Honours are mov'd,
The over-much righteous are there disapprov'd.
Thus true to the Gospel, and kind as they 're wise,
Let their mercy restore what their justice denies.

AN ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL RECOVERY
FROM *SUSPENDED ANIMATION*;

PERFORMED BY THE IN-*humane* SOCIETY UPON THE
BODY OF MONSIEUR LA GUERRE, ALIAS SIGNOR
BELLICOSO DI REVOLUTIONE, WHO WAS APPA-
RENTLY DEAD BY SUFFOCATION.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

THE present subject was a person of whom both
France and England denied the nativity, attri-
buting the birth of the cruel monster (for such he was)
to each other: he had lived about nine *courfes*, unfor-
tunately for the world, when he was to all appear-
ance

ance suffocated in a ditch at *Amiens*, called by some, *Fosse de Concession*, by others *Puits de Nécessité*. The jury, having sat upon the body, brought in a verdict of *Natural Death*; and he would probably have been interred in the mausoleum of the *Definitivo* family, but for the busy interference of *Doctor Napoleone* (a Corsican by birth), who maintained that the spark of life was not wholly extinct, and that means should be used for his recovery. He accordingly undertook the direction of the process, and called in many adjuncts never devised by our good little *Dr. Hawes* (the institutor of the Humane Society), the Corsican Doctor judging that the present case of suspended animation had not proceeded from *damps*, but from a commixed effluvium of exhausted *milled charcoal and saltpetre*, and a turgidity of the *auri ductilia*, or golden ducts: he accordingly proceeded to use every possible means to irritate the nerves of the deceased; first, by *annexing* or applying the *Piedmont* cantharides; the *Parma* and *Placentia* provocatives were next strongly rubbed into the palms; the *Swiss deglutitia foetida* was next profusely poured down the throat; strong essences of the *contumelia Anglicana* were scattered over the forehead and thrown in the eyes; while the true *Maltese* rectified spirit was fundamentally applied in its raw state, as described in the *Diplomatica*, vol. 1801, *Article di Preliminaria*. To hasten the resuscitative operation, large doses of the *insulta publica* were administered at the ears and eyes, in the presence of two hundred students; the crafty Doctor Napoleone declaring, during the whole operation, his belief that no re-animation would take place: he also, in the course of the operation, called vehemently for the balsam *Egypta evacuatione* and the *Californian restaurica*, both of which were duly given to him. A further *nostrum*, it is to the honour of the laboratory-keepers, was peremptorily denied to his importunity, as being never ventured upon in this

country—he had labelled his demand *Circumscrip. Lib. Brit. Press*:—no compounder was to be found in the United Kingdom hardy enough to undertake to mix such a dangerous and poisonous drug, which might not only destroy the *Constitution* where administered, but probably occasion an *explosion* fatal to the whole building! An *emigranti* steam-pump was also endeavoured to be made use of but without effect. We are not sufficiently of the initiated to ascertain which particular applications at length produced the revivification of Signor *Bellicoso*; but it appeared to us, that the *insulta publica* operated upon the nasal nerves in the same manner as what is vulgarly called *pulling the nose*; and the *Malta* spirit used *fundamentally*, as we before noticed, pervaded the very *seat* of life—the artery *commercialis* and the great *aorta Asiatica*! The patient shewed the first symptoms of life by what is termed a *message sternutation*; he then somewhat *kicked* out his foot in *opposition*, as it were, but not with violence. A very strong *heaving* and *emptying* of the *chest* was next observed by the discerning to be *swiftly approaching*: the Doctor, who was resolved to accomplish his purpose by some means or other, had close at hand prepared a set of huge brags and iron *metallic tractors*, of that celebrated remover of all obstructions Dr. *Cannonballia* (these are now to be immediately used to invigorate the patient). But Signor *Bellicoso* had, by this time, got upon his legs, and having discharged a vast quantity of offending and *indigestive* matter from the *Declaratione* and *Manifesto* tubes, his perfect recovery became demonstrable by his strong renewed symptoms of *Anglo* and *Gallo-phobia*; and his voracious appetite returning, he was in a few days enabled to make a meal of several deep-laden *vessels*, which he swallowed, with cargoes, masts, sails, yards and all!

June 1803.

NEW

NEW NAVAL GAZE-AT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the same.]

The following distressing account of the loss of the *Turn-nay Fireship* has been received by the Secretary of the *Combustion Office*.

CITIZEN FIREBRAND,

IT is with extreme mortification that I have to acquaint you of the loss of the *Turn-nay fireship*, Captain *Blackpoll* (belonging to the *Democratican Republic*), in the *Opposition* roads, on the 1st instant; the *Treasury* land-mark then bearing due north, and the *Patriotic* light-house east by south. It is to be presumed that the stronger blaze of the former occasioned the *Turn-nay* to run on the *Gold Coast*, mistaking *Guinea-land* for its due course. This vessel will be a particular loss to the service, and it happens unfortunately at a time when the fleet is so greatly reduced, and when strong symptoms of the *yellow fever* have broken out among the leading ships of the Squadron, such as the *Greenwell*, the *Buck*, the *King*, the *Ham*, and other first and second rates. By the minutes of a council of war, which sat upon the above melancholy occasion, it appears, that the *Turn-nay's* rudder was thought to have been damaged by the *Amiens'* gale, in the *Pacific* ocean, when she hoisted her *AYE* pendants; and although she had been *copper-fronted*, the best judges had always deemed her to be touched in the hull by the gnaw of the *pension worm*; but she nevertheless sailed well at times, and in a cruise off the *Southwark* breakers could leave the *Tom Treatum*, Captain *Crimcon*, at a great distance. Whenever she parted company, she appeared to make for a *loaf-and-fish* latitude, but had hitherto constantly hovered again in sight. She had most certainly been damaged in her *bottom* upon the *Preliminary* shoals, and her keel was much shaken on the *Definitive* rock, laid down

in Captain *Hawkebury's* chart; notwithstanding which, the *old pilot* (*Grim Charley*) persisted in thinking that the *Turn-nay* might be completely repaired in *Opposition* harbour; but I am sorry to say, *Grim Charley* has appeared in a state of *intoxication* ever since his taking soundings on the *French coast*, by indulging with *Corfican spirits*. The enemy will no doubt avail themselves of this our loss; but it is some consolation both to the Democratian Republic and to its *Conservative Senate*, to know that the *Turn-nay* had not been *serviceable* or fortunate in *battle*. Her *random* way of firing when at *close quarters*, in the action off *Wimbledon*, with the enemy's first rate, the *Pirr*, will be long remembered by all true Democratians, as the *Turn-nay* had it then in her power, by one well-levelled shot, between wind and water, to have perhaps totally changed or prevented the present situation of public affairs. And it is known, that with all the fail she could crowd, in a strong "*national finance*" gale, she never gained the least way upon the enemy. If any *Cabinet* hurricane (so frequent at this season) should disperse the enemy's fleet, you may depend upon the zeal and activity of our cruisers to pick up stragglers or slack sailers, and to fit out such under the Democratian flag.

Citizen Firebrand,

Health and fraternity, &c.

MIZEN SHARPSET.

On board the *Renegade* at anchor,

June 1803.

THE OLD WHIG TO THE NEW WIG.

A TURN-EYE-AN SOLILOQUY AND PARODY.

[From the same.]

Scene discovers a patriot fitting in a *calculating* posture,
black-headed—his BRUTUS lying on the ground, and
 a full-powdered court *bag-wig* on a block before
 him.

IT must be so;—BRUTUS, thou reason'st ill:
 For whence this flow of words; these studied speeches;
 These longings after pension, place, and power?
 Or whence this loathing dread, this sick'ning fear
 Of labouring in vain?—Why, patriots, start
 Within yourselves, and wonder at my fortune?
 'Tis hopes to have *our price* that stirs within us;
 'Tis the *Court Calendar* that points out *stations*,
 And intimates *the Cabinet* to all!
The Cabinet! thou envied, much-sought gem!
 Through what varieties of post and office,
 Through what removes and changes may we pass!
 The *Navy Treasuryship* lies straight before me;
 But sneers and scoffings, taunts and gibes, surround it:
 Yet will I *hold*—If there's a sov'reign good,
 (And that there is, philosophers declare
 In many a musty page,) it must be *power*!
 And who of that possessest but must be happy?
 But when or where?—Though *Fox* fail'd to attain it,
 I can't delay decision; *this* must close it.

(Putting on his court wig.)

Thus am I doubly capp'd:—my fame and profit,
Bag-wig and *Brutus-scratch*, are both before me:
This many an hour has *dripp'd* with my *warm* speeches;
 But *this* informs me, I no more need make them.
 The placeman, snug-install'd, securely smiles
 At threaten'd *motions*, and deskes *divisions*!
Budgets may fail; Land-tax itself decrease;
 But placemen's *salaries* shall still be paid;
 Unhurt amid the "*swinish*" populace' cries,
 The low-pric'd funds, long war, or losing loan!

BONAPARTE'S WILL.

[From the British Press.]

IN the name of my Trinity, the Goddess of REASON, MAHOMET the Prophet, and PIUS the Pope, we the most great, most magnanimous, and most puissant BRUTUS ALY NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, son to a spy, grandson to a butcher, and great-grandson to a galley-slave, Emperor of the Gauls, First Consul of France, President of Italy, Landamman of Switzerland, Director of Holland, King of Etruria, Protector of Emperors, Dictator and Creator of Kings, Electors, Princes, Cardinals, Senators, Generals, Bishops, Prefects, Actors, Schoolmasters, &c. &c. &c. do declare, that notwithstanding the adulation of our slaves, and their assurances of immortality, the pangs of our conscience, the decay of our body, the fear of recoiling daggers, the dreadful anticipation of infernal machines emitting fire and smoke, invented at Jassa, and the hissing breath of the poisonous serpents generated at El Arish, remind us that we soon must die, and that our power must die with us. We therefore, according to the *Senatus Consultum* of our free Senate, do declare this to be our last Will and Testament, as follows :

IMPRIMIS,

To our most beloved and dearest IBRAHIM ROSTAN, Mameluke, we give and bequeath, after our decease, the crown of Henry IV. the sceptre of St. Louis, and the throne of France and Navarre, the sovereignty and sovereign disposal of the lives and fortunes of thirty millions of Frenchmen, of six millions of Italians, of seven millions of Spaniards, of two millions of Helvetians, and of three millions of Batavians (except as is hereafter excepted); and we enjoin and charge all the world to acknowledge, adore, and respect this Mameluke, IBRAHIM ROSTAN, the African,

as

as the natural and legal successor of us **BRUTUS ALY NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE**, the Corsican.

We give and bequeath in reversion to Citizen **BARRAS**, our dear Consort, much improved and more enriched, but reserving to ourselves the disposal of her virtuous Maids of Honour, whom we give and bequeath to our **LEGION of HONOUR**, as a reward due as well to the virtues of the one as to the valour of the other.

We give and bequeath to our dearly beloved brother **JOSEPH**, the Presidency of the Italian Republic, together with our dearly-bought Minister Talleyrand, to be disposed of as his own property in all future negotiations.

To our dearly beloved brother **LUCIEN**, we give and bequeath our Batavian Republic, and our Minister Chaptal, who hereafter shall write his speeches, dictate his letters, and correct his spelling.

To our dearly beloved brother **LOUIS**, we bequeath our Helvetian Republic, and our Minister Berthier, accompanied with the sense of his secretary Achambau, whose instructions, in some time, may enable him to become a good corporal of grenadiers.

To our dearly beloved brother **JEROME**, we bequeath, *in pecto*, the sovereignty of the seas, with our ministers of marine, and all the admirals of our navy; doubting, however, if their united efforts will make him a good midshipman.

To our dearly beloved **MOTHER**, we give and bequeath his Holiness the Pope, and our uncle our Cardinal Frere: with a Pope and a Cardinal in her possession, her stay in purgatory must be short, and in heaven long.

To our dearly beloved sisters, **Mistresses BACCHIOCHI, MURAT, SANTA CRUCE**, and **LE CLERC**, we give and bequeath our family honours, chastity, modesty, and moderation.

To our dear son-in-law EUGENIUS BEAUHARNOIS, we give and bequeath Parma and Plaisance, with our dear countryman Sebastiani, who will instruct him to drive like a coachman, and to ride like a postillion.

To our much-beloved daughter-in-law, Madame FANNY BEAUHARNOIS, as a reward for her loyalty, we bequeath a representation in wax of the scaffold of her father, and the throne of her mother, both designed by the revolutionary modellers, Barras and Co.

To our dear uncle, our Cardinal FRERE, we give and bequeath the triple crown and keys of St. Peter, *in petto*; and to all our nameless known and unknown relatives, we give and bequeath the kingdom of Etruria, to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and its value laid out in mourning rings, to be equally distributed amongst them and certain continental princes hereafter mentioned.

We give and bequeath to our dear friend the King of SPAIN, an Etrurian mourning ring, and four family pictures, representing the Bourbons dethroned, the Bourbons degraded, the Bourbons repenting, and the Bourbons forgiving.

We give and bequeath to the King of NAPLES, three marble statues after a model by his Queen, representing Faith, Loyalty, and Constancy; and to the Kings of SARDINIA, we bequeath our promises of honour, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to his Holiness the POPE, the doctrine of the Goddess of Reason, the Alcoran of Mahomet, and the atheism of our Institute; all true relics; besides, to himself, to his successors, and college of Cardinals, we bequeath Concordant mourning rings, from the manufactory of our Counsellor of State PORTALIS.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of GERMANY, two drawings representing
Hope

Hope amongst the ruins of Turkey, and Desire contemplating Bavaria, designed by Citizen DUPE, and sold by Citizen PLOT.

We give and bequeath to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of RUSSIA, three pictures, representing Louis XVI. upon the Throne, Louis XVI. in the Temple, and Louis XVI. upon the Scaffold; by Citizens LOYALTY, MONARCHY, and WARNING.

We give and bequeath to our dearest friend the King of PRUSSIA, the landscape of Hanover, with an Imperial crown in perspective; by Citizens ROYALTY, JACOBIN, and REBEL.

We give and bequeath to our natural ally the Emperor of the TURKISH EMPIRE, the description of our conquest of Egypt, our flight from Egypt, and our future return to Egypt; by Citizens TREACHERY, COWARDICE, and DESIGN.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, the united navy of Holland and France, commanded by Citizen ENVY, manned by Citizen COALITION, and lost by Citizen INVASION.

We give and bequeath to his Majesty the King of SWEDEN, the French original representation of the assassination of Gustavus III. to remind him of vengeance, honour, and duty.

We give to our dear friend the King of DENMARK, an original painting of the insults, torments, and death of his Queen, Caroline Matilda; designed and executed by two celebrated French artists, Citizens INTRIGUE and CRIME.

We give and bequeath to the Regent of PORTUGAL, a code of our revolutionary laws of nations, and a chapter of the rebel etiquette of grenadier ambassadors, explained and illustrated by Citizens SANS CULOTTE, RUDENESS, and IMPUDENCE.

We

We give and bequeath to our friend the Elector of BAVARIA, the Bible of the Theophilanthropes, and the Concordat of Portalis, as an assistance to his patriotic illuminated ministers, in their political reformations and religious innovations.

We give and bequeath to our chosen Grand Master of MALTA, the musical opera of the Capture of Malta, performed in 1798, with a concerto by Citizen TREASON, and in 1800 with a *bravura*, by Citizen VALOUR, with the farcical after-piece of the *Recapture*, performed at Amiens, by Citizens FRAUD and TREATY.

To all other CONTINENTAL SOVEREIGNS, who have accepted more or less of our bountiful indemnities, we give and bequeath our mourning rings of honour; and to all other ambassadors, ministers, agents, and deputies, who have negotiated, intrigued, bribed, or begged indemnities, we give and bequeath with our consciences of honour, the revolutionary principles of Necker the ex-minister, the probity and disinterestedness of Talleyrand our minister, and the honour and virtues of Fouche our senator, to be equally divided amongst them, share and share alike.

We give and bequeath to all SOVEREIGNS upon earth, who have acknowledged our Corsican kingdom of Etruria, and to their ministers and counsellors, iron mourning rings, from the axe of the guillotine of the Luneville manufactory, bearing the following inscription: "*Monarchy degraded, and monarchy dishonoured, Feb. 1801.*"

We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the REPUBLICS in ITALY, SWITZERLAND, and HOLLAND, our Corsican mourning rings, with an inscription, "*Liberty lost 1801, and unrevengeed 1803.*"

N. B. We give and bequeath to the CITIZENS of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, the funeral speeches
on

on the tombs of the liberty of France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, translated and published by Citizen PLOT, in Louisiana.

To all our SENATORS, LEGISLATORS, TRIBUNES, COUNSELLORS, MINISTERS, GENERALS, CARDINALS, BISHOPS, PREFECTS, &c. &c. &c. and to all other of our SLAVES, of every denomination or description, whether *rebel*, *royalist*, or *regicide Jacobins*; either *traitors*, *apostates*, *murderers*, or *plunderers*; we give and bequeath the cannon of St. Napoleone, the dagger of St. Brutus, the poison of St. Aly, the guillotine of St. Robespierre, and the halter of St. Judas; all true relics, to be equally divided amongst them.

We give and bequeath to the manes of all the citizens butchered by us at Toulon, murdered by us at Paris, and poisoned by us in Egypt, our confession to our Cardinal Bishop at Paris, and our absolution from his Holiness the Pope.

We command and desire most earnestly not to be buried in any church or churchyard, in any mosque or pantheon, but in the common sewer of Montmartre, where the corse of our worthy predecessors, Marat and Robespierre, were deposited; but for the quiet of our soul we do order and put into requisition La Revelliere, high priest to the Goddess of Reason, Mercier the atheist of the Institute, Amurat the musti of Constantinople, and Pius the Pope of Rome, to say prayers over our tomb, and to read "*Domine salvum fac Consulem.*"—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Lastly, to LOUIS XVIII. commonly called the Pretender, and to all the Princes of the House of Bourbon, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, we give and bequeath our everlasting hate. And it is our further will and pleasure, that if any potentate, or power, shall harbour the said Louis XVIII. or any of the said princes, such harbouring shall be a good cause of war; and the potentate, or power,
guilty

guilty of such humanity and hospitality, shall be punished by a coalition of all Europe, as a violator of the law of nations, and contrary to the rights of man.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal the 25th day of *Prairial*, in the eleventh year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

BRUTUS ALY NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

[From the Pic Nic.]

The following elegant and interesting Verses are attributed to the Hon. WILLIAM SPENCER.

WHY mourn ye, why strew ye those flowrets around,
 To yon new-fodded grave as your slow steps advance?
 In yon new-fodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
 Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.
 And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
 No longer the sport of Misfortune and Chance?
 Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
 For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile of France.
 Oh! kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
 And gay was his converse, though broken his heart;
 No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
 Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.
 Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
 Still foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;
 And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
 When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!
 One pleasure he knew; in his straw-cover'd shed
 For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
 One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
 Which he shar'd with the poor, though still poorer than
 him.

And:

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
 Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
 He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last;
 But he still had a pray'r for his country and King.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!

From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
 How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep

O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France!

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart

One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,

One flow'r from her garland, one tear from her heart,

Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

W. S.

THE PATRIOT.

WHEN ev'ning mists Helvetia's mountains spread,
 And the tall peak with day's last lustre gleam'd,

A wandering spirit rais'd his shadowy head—

'T was TELL's!—his eye immortal vengeance beam'd.

With anxious step he trod his native heights,

When, lo!—the Gallic tumult swells the gale;

He hears her bands insult Helvetia's rights,

And waste, with hostile rage, the blooming vale.

What groans of agony the hero gave!

"And oh! kind Heaven," he cried, "my life restore!

My mortal life, this injur'd land to save,

And see her wither'd glories bloom once more!"

He sunk in anguish o'er the painful view,

Which with such pangs the Patriot's spirit tore;

Oblivion's veil a pitying angel drew,

And back to Heav'n the glorious sufferer bore!

Dover.

H. W.

LINES,

LINES,

INTENDED FOR AN EPITAPH UPON SIR RALPH
ABERCROMBY.

TRUE GLORY, hither bring thy brightest wreath
Atlantic gales, your richest incense breathe *;
Deliver'd EGYPT, crown the sacred pile,
And pour libations from the weeping Nile:
But other tears, by grateful BRITAIN shed,
Flow for the virtues of her son who bled;
Watchful, and wise, and valiant in her cause,
And true to hers, to Freedom's, Mercy's laws,
A husband's faith her piety records,
She reaps a father's labours and rewards,
This trophy rears to ABERCROMBY's fame,
Deep on her bleeding heart inscribes his name!

THE IRISH PATRIOT'S LAMENTATION AFTER
NAPPER TANDY.

A MICE admodum amande!
Where art thou fled to, NAPPER TANDY?
Aut Scotia te, aut Gallia habet?
Fearless declare, your friend won't blab it.
Tu vitas nobile certamen,
Nor how affairs go here examine.
Libertas tabet, te absente;
We've not one patriot now in twenty.
Nunc vetat LEX nos associare;
Our projects therefore must miscarry.
Et nunc MILITIAM † habemus,
From disaffection to reclaim us:
Sed donec Æthiops mutat cutim,
We ne'er shall be the men to suit 'em:
Dum tenent nævos leopardi,
They'll find us still perverse and tardy:
Sed lugeo te, mi consors bone ♀
As *Talgol* wail'd the *bear* his crony;

* Atlantic gales, &c. alluding to his services in the West Indies.

† Alluding to the recent establishment of the militia in Ireland.

De canibus cum reconditus,
 For we've no patriot now to right us.
 Cur *Vocem Populi* derides?
 Thou antitype of Aristides!
 Non ista vox notatur, Dei?
 Then who shall dare t'oppose it?—say I.
 Nec non Symposii Crumena,
 Protect thee from the damn'd *Subpœna*?
 Vel si Symposium deficitur,
 And cannot cope with the *solicitor*;
 Ne timeas tu, sed redeas mox,
 Hang out your *patriot begging-box*:
 Sic quoque tuam rem sapias,
 Like JONES and GRATTAN, and AMYAS*.
 Cur istis sit commodum folis,
 To reap the fruit of patriot follies?
 Festina tunc, ne ignaviores
 Should strip you of your well-earn'd glories.
 Heu! quantum tui me miseret,
 That you should miss the meed you merit!

WEST-COUNTRY DIALOGUE, ON THE MORN-
 ING OF FEBRUARY 22, 1803.

[From the Morning Post.]

ADS waunds, says HODGE to bumkin DICK,
 I thinks it moighty grand,
 To be the, what doye call 'n, in Vrance,
 And rule un with toight hand.
 Ize a month's moind to prentize go,
 And larn that trade to job;
 The necks of kings to twist about,
 And all the volks to fob.
 Ad rabbit un, when I am vix'd
 In virst justize's chair,
 Thay must be munn, zays Layier SCOUT,
 Nor ax how I got there.

* Amyas Griffith.

What an I do just shoot a few,
 And give zum others potions ;
 The claks that wag to call me kuave,
 Ecod ! I'll stop their motions.
 Woi ees, quoth Dick, your zcheme is good,
 Nor need thee 'bout it palter,
 But teake good heed that thee haft luck,
 Or else youl buy a halter.
 Vor here's our NAN just cum from tawn,
 And she do zay confarning,
 That there zame trade, she understands,
 They 've just hang'd zeven for larning *.
 And more she zays, as Layier SCOUT
 Did persecute them fellows,
 And call'd um rogues and traitors vile,
 And brought um to the gallows.
 Now, if zo be as how that 's true,
 Why need we be zo zivil
 To Mister, what do ye call 'n in Vrance ;
 Vor he 's a play'd the devil ?
 Thee knawst,—oh here cums Layier SCOUT,
 He looks pure well and harty,
 And I'll ax un the difrence twixt
 Them zeven and Bonny party.

PELT-HERE-O.

EPITAPH INTENDED FOR W—— F——

THIS stone is fix'd to mark the spot
 Where W—— F—— lies to rot ;
 (F—— the avaricious-banker,)

Who after gold did ever hanker ;—
 Whose soul, as sordid as his birth,
 Was always downward bent to earth ;—
 Whose vile career began with *savings*,
 And ended with unbounded *cravings*.
 Lie, miserable wretch ! and rot,
 Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, and forgot :

* Colonel Despard and his associates.

IRISH NARRATIVE OF A STREET ROBBERY. 261

Living, thou lov'dst *the root of evil*,
And, dying, didst embrace *the Devil*!

THE TRAITOR'S EPITAPH.

MAY this dreary abode be for ever unknown,
For ever by virtue, by pity untrod;
Unbreath'd be his name, and unhonour'd his stone—
The foe of his country, his monarch, his God.

IRISH NARRATIVE OF A STREET ROBBERY.

FROM NATURE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

HONEY, lend us your ears, and a tale I'll recite,
About comical matters that happen'd last night.
Just at two in the morn, a friend had well met me,
So keeping my legs, faith, as well as they'd let me,
Safe and sound to Saint *Giles's* my carcass I brought,
And was trav'ling to bed, as a sober man ought;
When all of a sudden, faith, just like a stitch,
From a garret, or cellar, I can't well say which,
A grim-looking thief, about six feet, or more,
Grip'd my throat in his fist, till the *joke* made me roar.
"Ah! then, gay, tender lad (says I), what do you mean,
If you choke me, who knows but I'll die of the pain?"
"Oh! honey (says he), let us do the thing quiet;
It's your money I want, and so don't breed a riot.
But keep the *King's peace*, and surrender your cash,
Or each inch of your hide I'll contrive well to thrash."
So seeing how things stood in this evil hour,
And fearing hard blows would come down in a *show'r*,
Says I to myself, I don't like to be bang'd,
So I'll presently threaten this thief with being hang'd;
For may be he's simple and don't know the law,
And, by way of reward, I'll escape from his claw.
So says I, "Honest man, you're a robber, I guess,
And your neck will be stretch'd, faith, you can't expect less;
For the watch and the justice, the jury and judge,
Sheriff, hangman, and surgeon, all bear you a grudge;

And so, my *heart's darling*, don't hazard their scoff,
 But, if you *must* steal, honey, *steal* yourself off!"
 Now who would suppose that for counsel so neat,
 This thief whack'd my body, my sides, and my pate?
 By my soul but he did, till being grievously hurt,
 I begg'd leave to tumble quite *clean* in the *dirt*;
 Where, taking advantage of this my hard case,
 My throttle he squeez'd, until pale in the face,
 I found my breath wasted, my strength quite decay'd,
 And no man or mortal to come to my aid;
 I resolv'd then to yield—so I loosen'd his fist,
 And for mercy I roar'd, till I made him desist.
 "Oh!" says I, "you curst thief, since the truth I must own,
 Here, *take all I have*—for by J—s *I've none*."
High Street, St. Giles's.

HUMBLE ADDRESS

TO THE VISITORS AND INHABITANTS; LATELY FOUND
 IN THE PUMP-ROOM, BATH.

[From the *Suffex Chronicle*.]

COME hither, good people, and kindly regard
 The state of your Pumper, like jack in a box!
 For you and your money indeed he pumps hard,
 From seven to three, *beating time by the clocks*!
 In a business more thoroughly stupid than his
 No mortal on earth, I conceive, ever *can* deal;
 In a scene of such harmony guess what it is
 To play second part to the *tune of pump handle*!
 Good ladies and gentlemen, pray do but think
 When walking, or driving, or taking a bump,
 What glasses *he's* filling, for *others* to drink—
 What a bore it must be to *do nothing but pump*!
 No book can he read—no amusement whatever!
 No *pumping of brains* the dull office to fill!
 What a damper to all that is pleasant and clever
 To go up and down—and yet *always stand still*!

As he plies at his pump, (though I *once* saw him wink,)
 He seems an automaton more than a man ;
 Then O let us all give him something to drink,
 Were it only to prove that *he certainly can* !
 In most of *your cases* 't is much better for 'em
 Than silver or gold to be taking his bumper :
 But cash is the only *potabile aurum*
 For a *surfeit* of *water*—the *case* of *your Pumper* !

BLADUD.

 THE VIS-A-VIS; OR, FASHIONABLE PAIR.

[From the Oracle.]

THE VIS-A-VIS come, the foaming steeds prancing,
 Snorting, capering, rearing, curvetting, and dancing,
 Impatient Sir JOHN, with the voice of a STENTOR,
 (And nearer resembling a JEHU than MENTOR,)
 Roars out—"Hip, my lady; why, *zounds* and the devil,
 To wait *this here* long time's *d—mn—on* uncivil!"
 BETTY curtsying enters with mincing grimace,
 "My LEDDY will come when she's finish'd her face;
 Her neck is complete, and she's only to do
 The tip of her nose, place a false tooth or two,
 And sprinkle the whole with a dust of pearl-powder."
 The Baronet, frantic, roars louder and louder.
 To her face the fair dame having given the finish,
 With charms that might brave Father Time to diminish,
 Holds the hand (which surrender'd her beauties by marriage)
 To her spouse, who conducts his *dear life* to the carriage;
 Away then they whirl, to the town's admiration,
 Whilst Sir JOHN on the box, appears *bred to the station*.

TIMOTHY TANDEM.

 THE WHIMSICAL MISTAKE.

———*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi.

HOR.

AS NED was lounging down Pall Mall,
 He saw, or thought he saw, a Belle,
 Whose air and figure seem'd divine,
 Yet judg'd her of the Cyprian line;

And freely thus address'd the fair :
 " You seem, sweet nymph, beyond compare,
 The first a lover's heart to gain ;
 I hope you 'll soon relieve my pain."
 When suddenly she drew her veil,
 And, smiling at his am'rous tale,
 Observ'd, " Why, sure, my dear gallant,
 You can't so soon forget—*your Aunt ?*"
 On which poor NED replied in pet,
 " Then why assume the air-coquet ?
 If modest women in the street *
 Will still appear so indiscreet,
 They must forgive the flippant tongue
 Of us gay fellows while we 're young."

PICTURE OF PARIS.

IMPROMPTU, WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON ONE OF
 THE STATUES IN THE GARDENS OF THE THUILLE-
 RIES, PARIS, AUG. 28, 1802.—BY CLIO RICKMAN.

DIRT and splendour here combine,
 All that's filthy, all that's fine.
 Works of art, that gods might see,
 And look at, rapt in ecstasy ;
 Things that idiots would not do,
 Tasteless, ill-contriv'd, untrue.
 Here, the grandest objects strike,
 Here, all that judgment must dislike ;
 Mixture strange of foul and fair,
 Of all that's rude, and *debonair* ;
 Of talents vast and unconfined,
 Of multitudes devoid of mind.
 Here genius and science soar,
 Here froth and folly rant and roar.
 Palaces here enchant the eye,
 Around which closely muddled lie
 The filthiest avenues on earth
 Call'd streets, where misery and mirth,

* Veniant spectantur ut ipsæ. VINC.

Astonishing !

Astonishing! walk hand in hand:—
 Ye gods! what an astounding land!
 Here's ignorance, and foppish rant,
 Philosophy, and priestly cant;
 Here beauty blazes unconfin'd,
 Here's ugliness, in form and mind;
 Here chaste sobriety is queen,
 And drunkenness is never seen.
 Such, such is *PARIS*, wondrous spot,
 A *Heav'n* and *Hell* together got;
 And long too much of hell 't will be,
 Till *information*, general, free,
 Lift it from statecraft, and from strife,
 To freedom, happiness, and life!

FRENCH HEROISM!!!

AMONG the extraordinary events of the present age, the instances we have of the intrepidity of republican soldiers, as given by *themselves*, are not the least marvellous. The page of ancient and modern history will in vain be consulted to furnish any thing like their parallels. It is not for us to doubt the authenticity of the official statements enumerating these wonderful exploits, a few of which we literally extract from the lists annexed to the Consular Decree relative to the formation of the sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honour. Should any of our readers be inclined to think that some of these brilliant achievements are not *altogether probable*, they are entreated to recollect that *nothing is impossible* to the *defenders* of the *Great Nation*.

GERVAIS, called MONTIGNY, brigadier of the 10th dragoons. On the 17th Messidor, year 4, he penetrated singly into Rastadt, to which the enemy were setting fire, forced an officer, sixteen soldiers, and four artillery-men, to surrender, and brought seventeen of them to the division.

JEAN FRANÇOIS HANUS, brigadier, 23d regiment. Detached as a sharp-shooter at the battle of Hohenlinden, he followed the enemy. Next day, at the head of four chasseurs, he charged a battalion of their rear-guard, the fire of which he received, and took five hundred prisoners.

FRANÇOIS LEVERT, corporal of the 6th light. At the battle of Marengo he summoned thirty Austrians to surrender. He rushed on the door of the *cassine* in which they were, broke it open, notwithstanding the fire of the enemy, and took them all prisoners.

ANT. CÆSAR GROUSELLE, sub-lieutenant of the 5th dragoons. At the passage of the Brenta, on the 21st Fructidor, year 4, near the village of Ligismere, he penetrated and passed through a platoon of Austrians, and cut down several of them with his sabre. He then entered the village, which was occupied by a battalion of the enemy, and took possession of their standard.

REMI VATRIN, adjutant sub-officer of the 2d of the line. At Montecredo, on the 28th Floreal, year 8, he rushed into the enemy's ranks, seized an Austrian major, and, though pressed by several sub-officers and soldiers, one of whom run his sword into his side, he never abandoned his prisoner, but conducted him to the head-quarters.

JEAN DORDENER, drummer of the 25th light. He distinguished himself the 12th Germinal, year 8, in the army of Italy, where he continued to beat the charge with one hand, to use his sabre against the enemy with the other, until all the Austrian posts were totally defeated.

MICHEL ELNEDINGER, quarter-master of the 10th chasseurs. At the affair of Resinta, army of Italy, 29th Ventose, year 5, being accompanied by a patrol of five men, he fell in with a battalion of the enemy,
the

the commander of which he took prisoner, and forced the corps to lay down their arms.

JEAN BAPTISTE JACOB BISANCOURT, brigadier of the 10th chasseurs. By his intrepidity at the affair of Conard in Switzerland, he compelled three hundred men to lay down their arms, and took them prisoners.

SIMON CHARNIER, sergeant of the 3d regiment of the line. On the 21st Germinal, year 8, at the heights of Savonna, this brave fellow, assisted by two of his comrades, fell upon a column of the enemy, consisting of six hundred men, who having been routed, were made prisoners.

PIERRE SILVESTRE, corporal of the 106th of the line. At the affair of Montefacio he charged, in concert with one of his comrades, twenty-eight Austrians, seven of whom were officers, and forced them to capitulate.

JOSEPH BLAYE, corporal of the 106th of the line. On the 17th Germinal, year 8, at Montefacio, he took prisoner an officer commanding an Austrian column of six hundred men, who laid down their arms.

ANTOINE PILOTANT, sergeant of the 3d regiment of the line. On the heights of Savonna, the 21st Germinal, year 8, accompanied by three of his comrades, he fell in with a column of the enemy, six hundred men strong, who, having been routed, were made prisoners.

ADRIEN BASSELEY, fusileer of the 27th light. At the affair of Hohenlinden, he and one of his comrades, being surrounded by enemies, they attacked them, and took ten of them prisoners. In the action of the 25th Frimaire, year 9, being detached as a sharp-shooter, he penetrated into a village, and took ninety-two men prisoners.

TROUILLARD, miner of the 2d battalion of miners. At the siege of Peschiera, notwithstanding a b

fire from the enemy, he attacked an advanced post, which was recognised as the most favourable point for opening trenches, broke down the gates, and entering boldly, made prisoners the whole piquet, consisting of thirty men.

THE QUAKER'S LETTER.

[From the Oracle]

To the Man called the EDITOR of the DAILY ADVERTISER and ORACLE.

FRIEND,

IT appeareth good unto me, as one of the faithful, to send thee a few words of wholesome advice, which I am sorry to say, Friend, thou seemest very much in want of. I took in thy paper, called the *Daily Advertiser and Oracle*, into my habitation, that I might have regular notice of those things which appertain unto my trade; and also in hopes, that, by holding forth against the vanities and abominations of the age, it might contribute to the edification of LEAH my wife and DINAH my daughter; but, instead of admonitions that might be profitable to the souls of the faithful, I find, Friend, thou aboundest in *political speculations*, in *descriptions* of the *fashions*, and other *follies* that prevail in this great city; so that LEAH, my spouse, is thereby taught to run after vanity, and DINAH, my daughter, beginneth to wax wanton, and to despise the simplicity of the brethren. Thou also talkest of those *synagogues* of *Satan*, commonly called the *theatres*, and seemingly approvest of the iniquities that are wrought therein, to the great scandal of the godly and righteous of the land. Nay more, Friend, I am afraid thou hast, moreover, a most unholy propensity to the spreading of lies, and attemptest to impose upon us by saying, that there existeth a society in which all manner of lewdness and
vâinity

vanity is practised, consisting of women whose heads are turned with wantonness, and of men of might, and of nobles of the land; that these have entered into a covenant with Satan, whom thou callest PIC NIC (a name hard to be understood, and which long puzzled the brains of the brethren), and that Satan himself riseth from his abode and visiteth them, and is unto them as a father inspecting their works of darkness. Verily, Friend, thou wilt risk thy credit with the faithful, if thou givest way to such vain imaginations, and devisest improbable stories to deceive and corrupt the brethren. I would therefore advise thee to lift up thy voice, and cry aloud against those abominations which we see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, particularly against that abounding propensity to nakedness among the women of the land; which hath made me and many of the brethren to quake for fear, lest trade should be spoiled by the females of the land resolving to lay aside the use of garments, and display their nakedness to the eyes of all, even to strangers, who would then come to spy the nakedness of the land. I declare unto thee, Friend, that Satan, in the shape of an exceeding fair damsel with a naked bosom, lately buffeted me, and violently disturbed my outward man. The nakedness and lewd glances of vain women are also a stumbling-block to my son OBADIAH; so that he beginneth to cherish unchaste desires, and to look upon the daughters of this Gomorrah to lust after them. In hopes that in compliance with the wishes of the faithful, thou wilt demean thyself better for the future, and blow the trumpet against prevailing abominations,

I am thine,

Halborn.

NATHANIEL PURE.

THE FALSE ALARM.

OCCASIONED BY A CORPULENT POET'S VISITING THE
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[From the Morning Post.]

AS a Bard was the Causeway surveying,
And taking some notes with his quill,
A countryman chanc'd to be straying
O'er the top of a neighbouring hill.

And when his great paunch, his broad shoulder,
His red face, and wild rolling eyes,
Struck the sight of the rustic beholder,
His heart bounc'd with fear and surprise.

Like a hare, then, whom hounds are pursuing,
O'er moorlands, and mosses, and hills,
He fled, all obstructions subduing,
Until he arriv'd at Bushmills*.

"Fly! fly for your lives!" (almost frantic,
To the villagers here he bawl'd out;)

"For, the Causeway's grim genius gigantic
These eyes saw just now, without doubt!

"His head—ay, than Slamish† is higher!
His body as big as Knocklead‡!

His face blaz'd as red as the fire—
And his eyes—Lord! they fill'd me with dread!

"Fly, fly! you're undone if you're slothful,
For soon he'll be here, you will see—
A man would be scarcely a mouthful,
To such a huge monster as he!"

The Bushmillites thought he was funning.
At first; but perceiving his fright,
In a panic they too set a-running,
And reach'd Ballymoney§ by night.

* Bushmills, a small village about two miles distant from the Causeway.

† Slamish, a mountain of a tall, slender form, in the county of Antrim.

‡ Knocklead, another mountain, of a groffer shape.

§ Ballymoney, a town about ten miles south of the Causeway.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM OF PÆTUS AND ARRIA. 275

Ballymóney was all consternation
 At hearing the fugitive's tale;
 Old and young, yea, the horrid relation
 Made tremble, and shriek, and turn pale!
 But how silly they look'd for their error,
 In being thus dup'd by such asses,
 When next morning this object of terror
 Turn'd out but—a *babe of Parnassus*!!!

HAFIZ.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM OF PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

[A contention on the subject of MARTIAL's beautiful Epigram having long loaded the newspapers, the Editor of the HERALD resolved at length to terminate the dispute with the following articles:]

MR. EDITOR,

I CANNOT think what all your poetical correspondents are about, in giving a close verification to MARTIAL's Epigram; we surely do not stand in need of a long history of the fate or constancy of ARRIA and PÆTUS, which every schoolboy knows. I shall, therefore, without any apology, give you what I conceive to be the point of MARTIAL, in as literal a translation as it is capable of receiving, just by way of closing the account of this subject; and as I do not seek fame on this occasion, I shall subscribe myself

Your unknown, but faithful friend,

OBSERVATOR.

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis,
 "Siqua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet," inquit:
 "Sed, quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet."
 Thus spake chaste ARRIA, as she drew the sword
 From her pierc'd heart, and gave it to her lord;
 "No pang my wound confesses from the steel;
 But *thine*, my PÆTUS, ere you strike, I feel."

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a great admirer of your entertaining paper, I cannot but express my regret, that you should so long have permitted a space of it to be occupied with a pedantic contention about the translation of an Epigram of MARTIAL; for it is evident, that *not one* of the translations which have lately appeared, can with justice be said to rise above the mediocrity of a school-boy's exercise. Surely there are subjects of greater importance than the Epigram in question, on which your correspondents, who are troubled with the *cacoe-bes scribendi*, could doubtless exercise their talents to more advantage. It is very probable, Sir, that if this contention is carried on till Christmas, you will not receive a translation in any respect equal to that so finely given in the *Tatler*. But as, in their rage for ancient lore, your correspondents seem entirely to overlook the merits of the moderns, I will refresh their memories by presenting them with a specimen of *good* poetry in the quotation alluded to.

When ARRIA pull'd the dagger from her side,
Thus to her comfort spoke the illustrious bride:
"The wound I gave myself, I do not grieve;
- I die by that which PÆTUS must receive."

TATLER, Vol. II. No. LXXII.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Charing Cross, Aug. 19.

FRANCIS BLAGDON.

IMPROMPTU.

NO longer, ye *Scribblers*, endeavour to treat us,
With verses most vile, about ARRIA and PÆTUS;
By the Muse of old MARTIAL they gloriously died,
But ye *murder* them now, and the poet beside.

DICK DOGGRELL.

PÆTUS

PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR resolution of closing the contention about MARTIAL's Epigram, though, perhaps, it was a timely and prudent precaution, has nevertheless excited a considerable portion of disappointment and regret. I confess, I had no intention of repeating *my offence*, or of prolonging the contest; but that I think you are somewhat mistaken in supposing that the public is either tired or disgusted with the subject. On the contrary, I assure you, Sir, that it is *now* become the common *town-talk*. Every one is anxious to *seem* to know something about the matter. The "dead languages" are "all alive" again. Each literary *tyro* hastens to *brush up* the few *scraps of Latin* he has acquired from the "*fourth form*," and takes down the *long-neglected classics* from *that place*, where only they have made *any* impression—his *thelf*! Believe me, Sir, the public is *unusually* solicitous to hear "more last words" of this celebrated story! The dashing *wits* of London are anxious, each *in his turn*, to arm himself

With true *modern ardour*, in *martial array*,
And stab the *chaste ARRIA*, *once ev'ry day*!

Do not then, Sir, so rudely place a *lock upon human understanding*, and rashly consign the PLINY and TACITUS of your correspondents, to a hopeless and irrevocable *silence*.

Must all this diversion peremptorily cease, and the *sting of the Epigram* be felt no more? Shall our *intelligent Journals* devote *whole columns* to a recital of the contests of *blackguards*, and the *battles of Burke and Beleber*, yet not allow a *small space* for "the *harmless love fight*" of "a young married couple," or refuse to *see fair play*, because it is in *Greek or Latin*? Must we be compelled to read, what after all *we can-*

not believe, that Mr. GARROW could not plead without a dinner, or that Mr. WINDHAM can pull a nose; and yet not be permitted to inquire whether the fair ARRIA “laughed, cried,” or—*any thing else*; whether she laboured with pain, or experienced pleasure.

These, Sir, are important points, and not to be solved in a moment. They require, *at least a nine-months* discussion! Permit us, then, *again* to expatiate upon this *interesting catastrophe*, and amuse ourselves with this *fashionable felo de se*! In vain may it be alleged, that *scenes like these inspire no delight*, but encourage a ferocious and sanguinary disposition. To this we reply, that the danger is imaginary, that *our* wounds are but *metaphorical*, and the murderous weapon that we use, like the dagger of *Macbeth*, exists only in each distempered brain.

Aug. 22, 1802.

FLOS. MARTIALIS.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS.

[From the True Briton.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS I find that a set of sublime newspaper poets are employing themselves in an English version of a celebrated *Jeu d'Esprit* of MARTIAL, I send you a translation more *simple*, and better adapted to the taste of the age.

WHEN ARRIA, an old-fashioned *dutiful wife*,
After sticking herself, gave to PÆTUS the knife,
She cry'd, “My dear Hubbey, this can't make me sick;
It can only hurt me, when in you it shall stick.”

Yours,

JACK JINGLE.

THE TENCH OF THORNVILLE HOUSE.

A TRUE STORY *!!!

[From the Morning Herald.]

OF the marvellous,
At Thornville House,
 We read of feats in plenty,
 Where with *long bow*
 They hit, I trow,
 Full nineteen shots in twenty !
 Their fame to fix,
 'Midst other tricks,
 In which they so delight, Sir,
 These blades, pray know,
 The *hatchet throw*
 Till it is out of sight, Sir !
 Of beast and bird
 Enough we've heard,
 By *cracks* as loud as thunder's ;
 So now they dish
 A monster *fish*,
 For those who *bite at wonders* !
 The scullion wench
 Did catch a *Tench*,
 Fatter than Berkshire hogs, Sir,
 Which, pretty soul,
 Had made his hole
 Snug shelter'd by some logs, Sir !
 Sans *water* he
 Had liv'd, d'ye see,
 Beneath those roots of wood, Sir,
 And there, alack,
 Flat on his back,
 Had lain since Noah's flood, Sir !

* See Monthly Magazine for December 1802—Provincial Occurrences.

NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Now he's in stew,
 For public *gôdt*,
 And fed with lettuce-coffe, Sir;
 In hopes the Town
 Will gulp him down
 With good *humbugging* sauce, Sir!

Nim.

NEW ADMINISTRATION.

[From the Times.]

THE following was handed about in some fashionable circles as the outline of a new Administration; to comprise, according to the notions lately supported by some Members in both Houses of Parliament, all the talents, virtue, and experience of the nation.

Lord GRENVILLE to be Commander in Chief both by land and sea; Master-general of the Blood-hounds; to conduct the march to Paris, which is to end in nailing the ears of the First Consul on the gates of the Thuilleries.

Earl STANHOPE to be Lord High Admiral—in action to command the *sub-aqueous* division.

Earl FITZWILLIAM to be Archbishop of Armagh, with the liberty of celebrating mass on all proper occasions in his private chapel.

The Earl of CARLISLE to be Ambassador *extraordinary* to the United States of America.—N. B. Red-heeled shoes not to make any part of the diplomatic apparatus, nor the name of *Joseph Read* to be mentioned in any of the dispatches. As his Lordship is of a liberal spirit, it is understood that on this occasion he serves his country from pure patriotism, and without any emolument.

Colonel PATTEN to be Public Orator, with a pension on the *Irish* establishment. Though this will be a new office, yet it is generally understood that it will be a sinecure.

Mr.

Mr. WINDHAM to be Master of the Revels, and Director of the Royal Sports, in which bull-baiting and bruising are by no means to be omitted. As this employment, however, will not be sufficient to occupy the whole of this gentleman's extensive talents, it is supposed that the office of Comptroller of the King's Kitchen is to be added to it, with a distinct salary to arise out of the savings of cheese-parings and candle-ends.

Mr. HORNE TOOKE (for this plan is to include the distinguished names among all parties) to be Lord High Chancellor: to form a new plan of parliamentary reform, in which the Bishops are to be deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, but to be eligible to seats for all the rotten boroughs, and to have the liberty of wearing bag-wigs and coloured clothes when they attend their parliamentary duty.

The other offices to be disposed of (*comme il faut*) to the different branches and dependants of the House of Grenville, who are themselves *exclusively* to form the Cabinet Council.

June 8.

NATIONAL THEATRICALS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

IT is generally understood that the Manager of the National Theatre is at present very active in his search for some fresh performers to be ready for the opening, which is now fixed for the early part of November. He has been more free in his offers of engagements than any of his predecessors for a long series of years, and he accompanies the offers with the most gracious affability. There have been a variety of candidates; but there is, it is said, much difficulty experienced in settling the agreement. On the subject of terms we do not find that much difference has prevailed; for all allow that the manager is sufficiently liberal of the *pro*
prietor

prieters' money. The grand difficulty has occurred in fixing the *duration* of the engagement. The candidates press the manager much to enter into *articles*, and he finds great difficulty in parrying this proposition. He wishes them to rely on his honour and integrity; but their answer is, that they have no doubts of him *personally*, but very naturally wish to provide against a change of *management*. In this state things now are, and we do not find that a single performer in the *capital parts* has yet been induced to engage for the *season*.

MINISTERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

[From the same.

AN important question has arisen, "Whether those who once enrolled themselves among the *Ministerial Volunteers* are at liberty to leave the corps without the consent of the commanding officer?" Some of them contend that they belong to *old regiments*; but it has been answered, that, though they may be *deserters*, yet there is no danger of any measures being taken to bring them back to *head quarters*. The ATTORNEY GENERAL has given it as his opinion, that they are bound by their *new engagements*, and that they must in future appear *in their places* as often as they have due notice from the secretary to attend. It ought to be stated, that, while other volunteers are alarmed at the idea of being marched to a great distance from home, the discontents among "the Ministerial, or Mr. Addington's own," arise entirely from the members being too eager to be put upon *permanent duty*. We do not exactly know what are their terms of service; but when they are regularly employed by his MAJESTY, they will expect something more than *sixpence* a-day.

TOASTS AT A CONSULAR FEAST.

[From the Times.]

AS an *incorrect* statement of the TOASTS given at a late public entertainment in France has appeared in some of the newspapers, we think it but justice to our enemies to submit to our readers a *more accurate* detail, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent:—

The PREFECT.—“ To the man who first executes the vast conception of reforming the English Government and Constitution; who shall convince the English nation of the exceeding absurdity of those laws which they derived from their ancestors; of the inutility of choosing their own representatives in Parliament; of the folly and inconvenience of the trial by jury; of the heresy of the Protestant religion; and of the heinous wickedness of the liberty of the press.”—With three times three.

The COMMANDANT of the TROOPS.—“ The *Hero of Jaffa*; and may the salutary example exhibited there, strike terror into the hearts of the refractory English, and convince them of the folly of resisting, on any occasion, the supreme will of him who was born to give laws to the whole world!”

The COMMISSARY at WAR.—“ To him who shall first import and distribute a cargo of *wooden shoes* to the plundered people of England!”

The COLONEL of ——. “ To the ingenious artist who shall make the best and most effectual improvement in that useful instrument the *thumb-screw*, and other necessary implements for overcoming the obstinacy of JOHN BULL, and forcing him to a discovery of his concealed treasures!”

The BISHOP of ——, one of BONAPARTE’S NEW CARDINALS.—“ The pious and immortal memory of CHARLES IX.; and may the glories of ST. BAP-

THOLOMEW be renewed upon the wicked and heretical inhabitants of London!"

The PREFECT of the TEMPLE.—“May we be able to erect in London a *new* Bastille, as impregnable as the *Temple* in Paris. May its walls be thick enough to stifle the last groans of expiring liberty!”

One of the TURNKEYS.—“May we never be unprepared with a *flowing bowl*, or the well-seasoned *ragouts Italiens*, to relieve the sufferings of such as are tired of that glorious state of *liberty* and *independence* which we enjoy under the merciful reign of the humane BONAPARTE!”

The APOTHECARY at JAFFA.—“The same.” With nine times nine.

JOHNSON the SMUGGLER.—“Confusion to the commerce and revenue of Great Britain. May she no longer be able to impose any restraints on the freebooters of the ocean!”

The GENTLEMAN of the BEDCHAMBER to the FIRST CONSUL.—“Peace and domestic quiet to the great BONAPARTE! May the spectres of his captives murdered at Jaffa, of his companions in arms who tasted of the poisoned draught, and of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, no longer disturb his slumbers! May he, after his arrival in England, be able to sleep in his bed!”

The late COMMANDER of the FRENCH TROOPS in HOLLAND.—“May the English nation be speedily made sensible of the *blessings* of French domination; and may they experience *equal happiness* with the Dutch, the Swiss, and all whom the Republic has condescended to honour with the glorious title of *its allies*!”

Though we cannot pledge ourselves for the verbal accuracy of this statement, our readers may depend upon it, that the above is the spirit of the toasts which were given on the illustrious occasion. It will depend upon

upon the valour of Englishmen, on the conquerors of Egypt, and the other brave troops of the line, on our spirited Militia, and particularly on the Volunteers of Britain, whether these kind and benevolent wishes of our friends on the other side of the water shall be realized or not.

SINGULAR COUP-DE-MAIN IN ALCHEMY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

READING a short time ago in a daily paper a story of a petty trick of a thirty shilling fraud in chemistry, which was the next day copied in several other papers, and seemed to amuse the town, probably you may think the following fact worth a place in your entertaining paper :

The emphatic *Al* places the Alchymist as far above the mere Chemist, as the gold which he pretends to create is above all other metals. Germany is still overrun with persons who are in search of the philosopher's stone; as in China, they still seek for the water of immortality. The number of persons who have believed in transmutation is prodigious, and the number of cheats proportioned to that of dupes. We have seen the Signor Dami and the Marquis of Conventiglio, at Paris, who extracted a great deal of gold from several noblemen, on pretence of instructing them in the grand secret; but the most successful trick for the adept in alchymy which has ever been played off, was by a performer in that abstruse science, named Rose-croix, who presented himself to Henry Duke of Bouillon, of the House of Turenne, who was Sovereign Prince of Sedan : " You have not (said the disciple of Hermes) a fortune equal to your liberality and princely spirit; I will render you more rich and powerful than the Emperor ;
I can

I can only stay two days in your states, as I am on a journey to Venice, where I am obliged to attend the Grand Assembly of the Brotherhood of the Golden Dragon; only keep the secret inviolably which I shall communicate to you, as few indeed are the chosen, who are worthy to be initiated in the mysteries of the silver fountain; send and buy some litharge at the nearest apothecary's, put it on the fire, and, when in a state of fusion, throw a single grain of this precious powder, which I now give you, into the crucible, and in less than a quarter of an hour you will have some gold produced from it." The Duke tried the operation, and succeeded; he repeated it three times with equal success, in presence of the virtuoso, and was fully convinced of the transmutating powers of the powder. Having made three ounces of gold with three grains of this extraordinary composition, he had no doubt but he could make a million of ounces with the same number of grains, and he calculated that in a week he could make thirty-seven thousand five hundred ounces. The adept had no more of the powder than the very small quantity he gave the Duke for the experiment, and it required three months preparation to make it; but, as he was to stay a considerable time at Venice, and was in haste to join the Brotherhood of the Golden Dragon in that city, he would send the Duke a quantity of it. The adept had, previous to his visit to this Nobleman, caused all the litharge in Sedan to be bought up for him; he re-fold a part of it, mixed with a few ounces of gold in powder, to the apothecaries nearest to the Duke's palace. Being on the point of going away, he recollected that he wanted current money to travel with: having no powder left to make more gold, and being a man moderate in his expenses, he asked but for twenty thousand crowns to complete his journey. The Duke's liberality would not permit him to offer so small a sum for so great a benefit:

benefit: he presented him with forty thousand. The laboratory was set to work; all the litharge in Sedan, and as much as could be procured in a neighbouring city, was exhausted; no more gold could be made. The Professor of the Hermetic Art was gone to join the Brotherhood, and it may be easily guessed that he never sent, nor even made, the transmutating powder.

T. L. F.

POETRY.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* was written at Plymouth, on the melancholy departure of the Miss ABRAHAM from Mount Edgcumbe, where they had been on a visit to his Lordship, and sung Psalms to their MAKER—at *Maker Church*.

BY P. PINDAR, ESQ.

A LAS! the *dear Lasses* are gone,
 And my Lord's in a terrible stew,
 Who bid, with a terrible moan,
 The sweet fingers of Israel adieu.
 "But no more," said my Lord with a sigh,
 "Folks will run up to MAKER so nimble,
 Nor from Kingston and Cawsand will fly,
 And give in the long passage of Crimble.
 "To hear them on Sundays no more
 From the country the people will flock;
 And now they are gone, it is o'er
 With the raptures of dear Plymouth Dock."
 Poor Lord! when he saw them depart,
 That heart with such sorrow was big,
 That more anguish he felt in that heart,
 Than he felt for the *loss of his PIG*!
 So great for the Ladies his love,
 He would give up, I very well know,
 The bosom of Abraham above,
 For the bosom of Abraham below.

VERSES

INSCRIBED IN THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP, AT
ST. ANNE'S HILL.

By the Right Honourable R. FITZPATRICK.

THE STAR, whose radiant beams adorn
With vivid light the rising morn,
The season chang'd—with milder ray
Cheers the calm hour of parting day.
So FRIENDSHIP, of the generous breast
The earliest and the latest guest,
In youthful prime with ardour glows,
And sweetens Life's serener close.
Benignant pow'r! in this retreat
O deign to fix thy tranquil seat;
Where rais'd above the dusky vale
Thy favourites brighter suns shall hail;
And, from *Life's* busy scenes remote,
To thee their cheerful hours devote;
Nor waste a transient thought, to know
What cares disturb the Crowd below!

LINES,

TO ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS OF PETRARCH.

WERE you a moment to reflect upon it,
You'll find, in praising PETRARCH, how you blun-
der'd:
A man in love, I grant, may write a Sonnet,
The deuce is in him if he writes an hundred!
Forget old Petrarch's dull pedantic lays,
With tender thoughts no virgin's breast they fill;
But such as, stale and old, to mend their ways,
Hang on th' enraptur'd tongue of ROWLAND H—.
With such, DAN PETRARCH may, perhaps, have merit;
In this the poet may with priests agree,
To extol that junction of the flesh and spirit,
Which fires the bosom of the devotee.
Let such write am'rous hymns in language quaint:
If you love CHLOE, like a man go win her;
Nor call the girl an angel or a saint;
Tell her, she'll make a very pretty sinner.

LINES,

LINES,

IN IMITATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S "HERMIT HOAR," &c.

CRESTED warrior, on whose helm
Nodding plumes encircling bind,
Tell me in what happy realm
Valour such as thine to find.

Thus I said, and envious sigh'd.
He, who ne'er from battle run,
The mighty warrior, eager cried,—
"Shew me how to hold my gun!"

Sept. 8, 1803.

F.

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

[From the General Evening Post.]

NUNQUAM *audivi* such terrible news
As at this present *tempus* my senses confuse;
I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum Marte*,
And, *comminus ense*, engage *BONAPARTE*.
Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores*:
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Though times may be chang'd—*BRITONS* never *mutantur*.
Me Hercle! this *CONSUL non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *Lex*—and when he says *Fiat*,
Quasi Deus, he thinks, we must run at his nod,
But Britons were ne'er good at running, by ——.
Per Mare, I rather am led to opine,
To meet British *Naves* he would not incline;
Lest he should in *mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et cum alga, non lauro, his *caput* be crown'd.
But allow that this boaster in Britain could land
Multis cum aliis at his command:—
Here are lads who will meet, ay and properly work him,
And a hundred to one but they send him in *orcum*.
Nunc, let us, *amici*, join *manus et cordus*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us.
Then let nations combine—Britain never can fall,
She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.

A. Z.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

ON ITS BEING REPORTED THAT THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR WAS DINING WITH THE LORD MAYOR WHEN THE LATTER WAS CALLED OUT TO BACK THE PRESS-WARRANTS.

WHEN the Lord May'r of London with splendour, they
say,
Invited some Frenchmen to dinner one day,
His Lordship was call'd from the room in a crack,
What could it be for? (*Afide.*) A few warrants to back.
His Lordship return'd with a smile on his face,
And begg'd the great folks not to rise from their place;
Ask'd pardon of all—but was heard to declare,
He had just been call'd out on a *pressing* affair.

ON THE SARCASTIC TAUNT, IN THE FRENCH
MANIFESTO,

"THAT ENGLAND, SINGLE-HANDED, IS NOT ABLE TO
CONTEND WITH FRANCE."

NOT *single-handed* fight? Vain boast!
Disprov'd upon the Afric coast,
And oft, when through their fleet base fear,
With panic terror in the rear,
Appear'd; when NELSON brave commanded,
And sorely thump'd them—SINGLE-HANDED!!

AN EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, WHO
VERY DISCREETLY ATTEMPTED TO ALTER HIS OWN
WORKS.

MR. West's in the right, though the Council's* clubb'd
sense
Have sunk him nine fathoms, by way of—DEFENCE!
As the Saint of Urbinum drew truth undisguis'd,
The less *he is alter'd*, the higher he's priz'd;

* Vide the extraordinary letter, written (as it expressed) to *defend* Mr. West for sending a re-touched picture as an original, for the purposes of exhibition.

But

But our R. A.'s fine pictures disguise her so well,
That the more *they are alter'd, the better they sell.*

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

*Next Door to the Sign of Taste with
one Eye, in Little Britain, 1803.*

TECHNICAL PHRASES.

MR. EDITOR,

THE *technicalities* of the present age cannot be sufficiently admired. I have two sons, one a *Merchant* and the other a *Sporting Man on the Turf*; the first is continually telling me that he gives me *credit* for all my kindness to him, which will ever be *posted* in the *day-book* of his memory; and the second, whenever I deny him a supply of money, threatens to be *down upon me, get the whip-band of me*, and a hundred other strange phrases. Quarrelling the other day with my *Barber*, he swore to give me a *dressing*; and because I spoke in a passion to my *Tailor*, he had the impudence to tell me I was as hot as his *goose*. But the worst of all is the following bill just received from my *Shoemaker* :—

					£.	s.	d.
Dec. 23.	Clogged up Miss	—	—	—	0	0	10
1802.	Mended up Miss	—	—	—	0	0	2
Jan. 17.	Heel-tapped and bound up Madam	—	—	—	0	0	11
	Toe-capped Master	—	—	—	0	0	8
	Turned up, clogged up, and mended the						
	Maid	—	—	—	0	1	6
20.	Heel-tapped Master	—	—	—	0	0	3
	Lined, bound up, and put a piece on						
	Madam	—	—	—	0	0	3
Feb. 1.	Stitching up Miss Kitty	—	—	—	0	0	3
	Soleing the Maid	—	—	—	0	0	8
10.	Tapping Madam	—	—	—	0	0	6
	Putting a piece on Master	—	—	—	0	0	2
					0	10	2

Is it ignorance, or does the rascal mean
me? Yours,

AN OLD

ELECTION CHARGES.

AMONG the charges made by a publican near town, for keeping open house during a late election of a Parliamentary Representative, we are told of the following whimsical items :

	£.	s.	d.
To eating 36 Freeholders up stairs — — —	18	0	0
To eating 16 ditto down stairs — — —	8	0	0
To eating the Parson, his Wife, and two Friends after Supper — — — — —	4	0	0
To the Churchwardens, Overseers, and other Parish Officers, Calves Heads — — —	6	0	0
To providing Punch for the entertainment of the Company in the Parlour — — —	10	0	0
To the Extra Poll Clerks' Chops — — —	5	0	0
To Bedding the Freeholders' Wives — — —	20	0	0
To paid the Barber for dressing the Oracle's Wig	1	0	0
To a Stool for the Oracle before the Hustings	2	0	0
To Staves for the sham Constables — — —	10	0	0
To eating the Oracle — — — — —	16	0	0

MACHINATIONS OF THE ENEMY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

Expectati veniant.—TACITUS.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONSIDER it to be the indispensable duty of every loyal Briton to give his Majesty's Ministers the earliest information in his power, relative to the nefarious machinations of the Consular Despot against this happy and contented island. I have just heard of one scheme (my informant is a certain person, who *dresses the head* of a most worthy Alderman) so diabolical in its nature, and so infallible in its execution, that I conjure you to lose no time in laying it before the eyes of Mr. ADDINGTON. Alas ! August will soon come !—But to my subject. My friend BOWMAN declares,

declares, upon the respectable authority of Earls STANHOPE and LAUDERDALE, that the French are to come over on the GREAT MAN's birth-day, *i. e.* on the 15th of August 1803. The *fête* is to be ordered in the following tremendous manner:

GARNERIN, as *chef d'escadre volante*, is to convoy through the air a squadron of light-pocket *Batavians*, smoking their pipes, and frowning amiably: while JEROME BONAPARTE himself is to conduct forty battalions of Spanish auxiliaries (*bien poudrés, bien vetus, et montés sur des grenouilles écumantes*) under the water, to the shores of Suffex. Their heavy artillery are to follow in diving-machines*. FOURCROY has invented

an

* Instead of laughing, as some gentlemen are inclined to do at Lord Stanhope, for putting the Legislature on their guard against the *submarine* tactics which may be attempted to be practised by the French against our shipping, they will do well to reflect on the great resources which many late wonderful discoveries have furnished to philosophers and men of enterprise. We do not say, it would be easy for an enemy to destroy a ship by assailing her bottom under water; but the thing is certainly *possible*, and need not appear more incredible to us, than the professions of the *aéronauts* would have appeared about thirty years ago; and yet we have lived to see these professions, extravagant as they seemed, completely verified. Submarine navigation is no new project. Dr. Hutton, in his *Mathematical Dictionary*, article, 'Diving,' has the following passages:—

"The famous Cornelius Drebell had an expedient in some respects superior even to the Diving-bell, if what is related of it be true. He contrived not only vessels to be rowed under water, but also a liquor to be carried in the vessel, which supplied the place of fresh air. The vessel was made for King James I. carrying twelve rowers besides the passengers. It was tried in the river Thames; and one of the persons in the submarine navigation, then living, told it to one from whom Mr. Boyle had the relation. As to the liquor, Mr. Boyle assures us, he discovered it from a physician who married Drebell's daughter; that it was used from time to time, when the air in that submarine boat was clogged, by the breath of the company, and rendered unfit for respiration; at which time, by unstopping the vessel full of this liquor, he could speedily restore to the troubled air, such a proportion of vital parts as would make it serve again a good while. The secret of this liquor Drebell would never disclose to above one person, who himself assured Mr. Boyle what it was."—Boyle's *Exp. Phys. Mich. of the Spring of the Air*.

an oil of inflammable and magic power, which he will pour on the sea, and immediately its surface will become smooth; the oil, of course, will float; then CHAPTAL, whose late disgrace is forgotten, will give the telegraphic signal, and BONAPARTE, armed with a phial of Grecian fire, *will charge the oil*. Instantly, Mr. Editor, the whole Channel will be in a blaze!! Admiral CORNWALLIS, Lord NELSON, Sir EDWARD PELLEW, Sir SIDNEY SMITH, and all our race of Channel worthies, will be burnt to death; every stick and thread of their fleets will be annihilated by the pitiless conflagration; and the aerial Squadron, with the forty submarine battalions, will reach their destination in perfect security! Lastly, to complete the *fête*, the flats, the cutters, the brigs, the colliers, the merchantmen, the gallies, the sloops, the frigates, the floating batteries, the wonderful castles, and the *men of war of France*, will gaily come over, singing,

“ Oh! the roast beef of Old England!
And, oh! the Old English roast beef!”

Pray, my good Sir, did you ever hear of a *more feasible plan*? I protest the very thought of it makes me twitter all over. And then there are—what do you call them?—the salamander *Polytechnic* boys, who *eat iron*, and *digest razor-blades*! O dear! O dear!!

Yours, in a fright,

BARNABY GOOSEQUILL.

Bond Street, July 2.

P. S. Qu. What is the value of BOWMAN's information? *He does not wish to deprive Mr. TIERNEY of his place*; but, surely, he deserves to be deputy.

—We repeat, that we cannot join in the ridicule which some puny wits direct against Lord Stanhope, when we recollect that the author of a paper in one of the late volumes of the American Philosophical Transactions affirms,—that he *was actually under the bottom of one of our frigates*, and that but for some accidental defect of his apparatus, he *would have completed her destruction, with perfect safety to himself*.

HARLEQUIN'S

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

[From the Observer.]

NO comic pantomime before
 Could ever boast such tricks surprising:
 The hero capers Europe o'er—
 But, hush! behold the curtain rising:

And first, that little isle survey,
 Where sleeps a peasant boy so hearty:
 That little isle is Corsica,
 That peasant boy is Bonaparte.

Now lightnings flash and thunders roar,
 Demons of witchcraft hover o'er him,
 And, rising through the stage trap-door,
 An evil genius stands before him.

His arms in solemn state are cross'd,
 His voice appals th' amaz'd beholders,
 His head in circling clouds is lost,
 And crimson pinions shade his shoulders.

"Mortal, awake!" the phantom cries,
 "And burst the bonds of fear asunder:
 My name is Anarchy—Arise!
 Thy future fortunes teem with wonder.

"To spread my reign the earth around,
 Here take this sword, whose magic power
 Shall sense, and right, and wrong confound,
 And work new wonders ev'ry hour.

"Throw off that peasant garb, begin
 T' assume the party-colour'd rober;
 And, as a sprightly Harlequin,
 Trip, lightly trip, all Europe over."

He spoke, and instant to the view
 Begins the curious transformation:
 His mask assumes a sable hue,
 His dress a pantomimic fashion.

Now round the stage, in gaudy pride,
 Capers the renovated varlet;
 Shakes the lath weapon at his side,
 And shines in blue, and white, and scarlet.

High on a rock, his cunning eye
 Surveys half Europe at a glance,
 Fat Holland, fertile Italy,
 Old Spain, and gay regen'rate France.
 He strikes with wooden sword the earth,
 Which heaves with motion necromantic;
 The nations own a second birth,
 And trace his steps with gestures antic.
 The *Pope* prepares for war, but soon
 All-powerful Harlequin disarms him;
 And, changing into *Pantaloön*,
 Each motion frets, each noise alarms him.
 With trembling haste he seeks to join
 His daughter *Gallia*, lovely rover!
 But she, transform'd to *Columbine*,
 Her father scorns, and seeks her lover.
 The *Dutchman* next his magic feels;
 Chang'd to the *Clown*, he hobbles after;
 Blundering pursues the light of heels,
 Convulsing friends and foes with laughter.
 But all their various deeds of sin,
 What mortal man has ever reckon'd?
 The mischief plann'd by Harlequin,
 Fair *Columbine* is sure to second.
 They quickly kill poor *Pantaloön*;
 And now our drama's plot grows riper:
 Whene'er they frisk it to *some tune*,
 The *Clown* is forc'd to *pay the piper*.
 Each foreign land he dances through,
 In some new garb beholds the hero,
 Pagan and Christian, Turk and Jew,
 Cromwell, Caligula, and Nero.
 A butcher Harlequin appears,
 The rapid scene to Egypt flying;
 O'er captive Turks his sword uprears:—
 The stage is strew'd with dead and dying.
 Next by the crafty genius taught,
 Sportive he tries a doctor's trick;
 Presents the bowl with poison fraught,
 And kills his own unconscious sick!

Hey!

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Hey ! pafs ! he's back to Europe gone,
 All hostile followers difappointed ;
 Kicks five old women from the throne,
 And dubs himfelf the Lord's anointed.
 In clofe embrace with Columbine,
 Pafs, gaily pafs, the flying hours ;
 While prostrate at their blood-ftain'd shrine
 Low bend the European powers.
 Touch'd by his fword, the morals fly,
 The virtues into vices dwindling ;
 Courage is turn'd to cruelty,
 And public faith to private fwindling.
 And now th' invafion fcene comes on ;
 The patch'd and piebald renegado
 Hurls at Britannia's lofty throne
 Full many a mad and proud bravado.
 The trembling Clown difsuades in vain,
 And finds too late there's no retreating :
 Whatever Harlequin may gain,
 The Clown is fure to get a beating.
 They tempt the main, the canvafs raife,
 The Britifh fleet deftroys his legions,
 And the next change of fcene difplays
 Him finking to th' infernal regions ;
 While patriot bands united throng
 Around Britannia's happy coaft,
 By freedom fir'd, in courage ftrong,
 Each in his country's caufe an hoft.

CAUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From the Times.]

YESTERDAY the *following notice* appeared on feve-
 ral turnpikes, at the outlets of the metropolis :—
 To-morrow being the firft of September, it is thought
 right by the Trustees to publifh the following precau-
 tions :

1. We recommend all perfons who have dogs of
 any kind, whether bull-dogs, maffiffs, greyhounds,

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pug-dogs, lap-dogs, or mongrels, to keep them at home, as the dog-stealers are prowling about to provide pointers for the Cockney sportsmen to-morrow.

2. Ladies who have parrots or singing birds of any kind, to be cautious in hanging them out of their windows to-morrow, as they may probably be considered as fair game by the sporting parties.

3. It would be advisable also to padlock the doors of hen-houses; as poultry will stand in a very dangerous predicament throughout the whole of to-morrow; the 1st of September having become as hostile to cocks in particular, as Shrove Tuesday was at a former period.

4. The cow-keepers are recommended to have an extraordinary watch over their cattle; as an accidental shot, though it would not kill a cow, might lame or blind it.

5. It is earnestly hoped that all persons will be cautious of walking in the vicinity of town, and particularly near hedges, in the early part of the day; as on the 1st of last September, a lady walking under an umbrella, during a shower of rain in Pancras fields, was shot at by a sportsman from the city, who took her for a *green goose*.

6. All persons who drive out to-morrow in gigs and one-horse chaises are desired to put up the heads; and ladies and gentlemen who take airings in their carriages, are particularly requested to keep up the blinds, for fear of accidents.

7. Parents are also most seriously charged to prevent their children from bathing to-morrow, for fear they should be taken for water-fowl.

(Signed) JONATHAN SAVE-ALL, Sec.

Aug. 31.

A COCKNEY'S

A COCKNEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From the same.]

HAVING sitten up all night to be ready and fresh in the morning, four of us met at the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, from whence we proceeded with our dogs, arms, and ammunition; to Lambeth Marsh, where we expected to have great sport, but found nothing except a cat, which we all fired at; but being only four in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing her, though, as we believe, she was severely wounded. In this discharge we broke a bell-glass in a gardener's ground; so that fearing we might, on that account, be taken up for poachers, we made the best of our way to Tothill Fields: here we reloaded our pieces, and gave our dogs a piece of bread each, but the fox-dog would not eat his. We then proceeded to look about for sport, when two Westminster boys claimed the place as their manor, and drove us out of it. We now beat all about Jenny's Whim, and seeing something swimming across the water, which a waterman's boy told us was a dab-chick, we all fired, but without success; but the terrier caught it as it ran up the bank, and it proved to be the largest rat we had ever seen.

As we passed through the Five Fields; Chelsea, we saw several pigeons; but they flew so fast, that none of us could take aim.

On the other side of Battersea Bridge, met two men driving *geese* — offered them eighteen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards. Drew lots who should fire first; it fell to *Billy Candlewick's* chance, who, from his father belonging many years ago to one of the regiments of city militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes; when shutting both his

eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire : he took aim a second time, snapped and missed again. Borrowed *Bob Tape's* scissars, and hammered the flint ; snapped and missed fire a third time ; thought the Devil had got hold of the gun ; examined her, found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another sixpence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed at about six yards, and taking a shot apiece at him, killed, and put him in *Ned Thimble's* cabbage-net.

Passed over Clapham Common, where we saw several parties, but would not interfere with their sport.

In our way to Stockwell, *Ned Simple* fired at a pigeon, which was perched on the top of a tree, and shot a man's hat and wig off who stood under it. As we thought he might be killed, we set off as hard as we could run, but were pursued and overtaken by two gardeners, who insisted upon being paid two shillings for destroying a scarecrow. We paid the money very readily, and kept our counsel.

When we came in sight of the Swan at Stockwell, we all ran as hard as we could, to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there. Unfortunately, my gun being cocked, I made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a *sucking pig* that was crossing the road. The squeaking of the poor little animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, and set the fox-dog, the terrier, the Newfoundland bitch, and the mastiff, a-barking. The noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought the people of the house, and indeed of the neighbourhood ; and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did,
and

and put it into *Bob Tape's* game-bag, which, by the by, was nothing but half a bolster-tick.

We now beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns, set the dogs on the pigs, and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird. We hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to get in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone.—Bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Hunted a weazel for above an hour, and lost him. The terrier was remarkably staunch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch; so we all made up to them with our guns cocked, tying the dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges, proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and paring potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire on them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye apiece open, when that which we took to be the *old cock* rose up, and said in a loud voice, "What the devil are ye about?"

After much difficulty and but little sport, got, by the direction of the gypsies, into the Greenwich road, where, being rather fatigued, we stopped at the Half-way-house, until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the Heath before; amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game. Had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, when

the mastiff tore his leg. Kept close together, for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large round house, shot at a flock of sparrows and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother-sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedgehog, and a tame jackdaw, which belonged to a public-house at New Cross turnpike.

Got up to the main road; fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage. The guard threatened to shoot us, and we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high; they looked for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern. We were now sure this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly. The mastiff ran in and brought out one of the young ones. It proved to be a nest of grass mice; took every one, and put them into the bolster.—Grass mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home; fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich Hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants: loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour without putting a grain in it.

We went into a cowhouse, near Bermondsey Spa, to get some milk for the dogs, and lying down upon an heap of straw, we all fell fast asleep. We were awakened by the entrance of a cow and calf, when we found that we had been robbed of our dogs and our guns.

We went into a public-house to console ourselves for our loss, where we stayed till it was dark, that we might not be seen returning in such an unsportsmanlike manner.

Agreed on the way what stories we should tell about the
the

the day's amusement and success; parted at the Monument, and went to our respective homes.

Sept. 2.

CHLOE'S VEXATION.

[From the Oracle.]

AT the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn
 Aurora was taking a peep,
 To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,
 When up started COLIN, as brisk as a fawn;
 Leaving CHLOE, unconscious, asleep:

And, opening the casement, he cried out to JOHN,
 His servant and old sporting crony—

"See, the sun's getting up, and 't is time we were gone;
 So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,
 And saddle the black shooting poney."

Awak'd by the noise, CHLOE, rubbing her eyes,
 Which might rival the basilisk's charms,
 Exclaim'd—"What's o'clock?" Then, with well-feign'd
 surprise,

"'T is not five! Why, my COLIN, so soon dost thou rise,
 And quit thy poor CHLOE's fond arms?"

COLIN quick snatch'd a kiss, smil'd, and, shaking his head,
 Cried—"The day, my sweet CHLOE, remember."

The disconsolate fair-one, then, tossing in bed,
 Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said—

"Oh! the deuce take the First of September."

R. M.

IMITATION OF QDE XVI. BOOK II. OF
HORACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

WHEN jolly JACK afar is bound
 Some hundred leagues from British ground,
 His course rude BOREAS stopping;
 He looks askew at low'ring skies,
 Thinks of his SALLY's sparkling eyes,
 And longs for Ease and Wapping.

In London, negro beggars pine
 For Ease, in huts beneath the line,
 Remote from beadies sturdy;
 The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
 In search of halfpence, fights for home,
 And spins his hurdy-gurdy.
 Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
 Nor in the lowly cot disdains
 To share an humble dinner—
 But would not for a turtle-treat
 Sit with a miser or a cheat,
 Or canker'd party-finner.
 In Britain, Ease makes Labour glad—
 She travels with the merry lad,
 Who whistles by his waggon;
 Bids him not envy Fox or Pitt;
 Whilst ale-inspiring, homespun wit
 Flows from the guggling flagon.
 Care's an obtrusive, craz'd physician,
 Who visits folks of high condition,
 And doses them with bitters;
 Claps caustics on the tenderest sores,
 And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
 By footmen or beef-eaters.
 Some, to avoid this frantic pest,
 Sail to the north, south, east, or west—
 Alas! Care travels brisker;
 Light as a squirrel he can skip
 On board a ninety-four gun ship,
 And tweak an admiral's whisker!
 The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
 Then who'd for riches make a rout,
 Except a doating blockhead?—
 When CHARON takes 'em both on board,
 Of equal worth 's the miser's hoard,
 And spendthrift's empty pocket.
 In such a sorry world as this
 We may not hope for perfect bliss
 And length of days, together;

We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

ROCKINGHAM, good as he was great,
Was seiz'd by unrelenting Fate,
Our freedom whilst he guarded;
Others, whom, if it pleas'd the LORD
To take 'em, we could well afford,
May live as long as PARR * did.

Many I see have riches plenty,
Fine coaches, livery servants twenty—
But envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears—
I've only what maintains me.

And while the precious joys I prove
Of JOHN's true friendship, and the love
Of bonny blue-ey'd JENNY—
Ye Gods! my wishes are confin'd
To health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen, and a guinea.

THE GLOVE.

[From the *British Press*.]

MR. EDITOR,

YESTERDAY I visited the Green Park, and there found a lady's glove. It is a left-handed glove; the colour a pale and delicate yellow. I am totally ignorant of the lady to whom it belongs. I cannot pretend to say that I ever saw her, and all inquiry to discover her has proved abortive. I request then, Sir, that you will advertise this glove in the *British Press*, as I am anxious to restore it to the owner. But, Sir, as other left-handed gloves, and perhaps several of the same colour, may have been lost yesterday in the Green Park, to prevent any mistake, I must inform

* Old Thomas Parr, who lived 152 years.

you, that the lady who lost the glove is of a tall and elegant stature, and has the most beautiful legs in the world; that she is young, animated, thoughtless, and perfumed with *odour of roses*. She sat for some time in a pensive attitude, upon the last bench on the St. James's side of the Park, near the basin; when starting suddenly she mixed with the crowd, leaving the glove behind. I observed also, that Camilla did not tread with a more light and elastic step, and that her foot is as beautiful as her leg.

If you ask me, Mr. Editor, why, having taken such accurate notice of her, I did not immediately return the glove, I must repeat that I have never seen the lady, that I neither know the colour of her hair nor of her eyes, her cast of features, her dress, nor her rank and station in life. If you should persevere in a desire to know how, having never seen her, I am able to describe her so minutely, I shall briefly answer—that the mere inspection of the glove was sufficient to give me all this information, and even more. Suppose, for instance, I find this glove to be of the most beautiful proportions, and of more than ordinary length; is it not fair to presume, that the arm that fitted it must correspond in its dimensions? and it is a common observation that “*Un bras arrondi indique certainement des formes parfaites, une tournure délicieuse.*” Fine arms also denote fine legs—am I not then warranted in saying, that the owner of the glove is tall, elegantly formed, of the most delicious shape, and has the most beautiful legs in the world? Pushing my inquiries farther, I perceive upon the glove the slight impression of a most delicate little slipper; can there be a doubt, then, that her foot is as beautiful as her leg, and that she started forward and flew with the step of a Camilla, when, in a place so frequented, I was the first to pick up the glove, and could not perceive any lady who had lost one? That the im-

pression

pression upon the glove was that of the slipper of the fair owner, is unquestionable; for had any other lady trod upon it, she would, no doubt, have deprived me of the pleasure of finding it; besides, the heel was turned towards the bench, an evident proof that it was the mark of a footstep proceeding from the seat, not passing by it. There is no merit, surely, in this part of my discovery. The very circumstance of losing the glove denotes either an extreme vivacity, or absence of mind, of which grave or old persons are seldom susceptible. Hence I conclude, that my fair unknown is young, animated, and thoughtless. Ah! she is charming, and I love her to madness.—Do not you think so, Mr. Editor? The rest is extremely simple. The glove was scented with odour of roses, and on the palm was a slight tinge of rouge, from whence I infer, that she had been sitting in a pensive attitude, her cheek resting upon her hand. I fancy this is fair reasoning. Can you then be surprised, if a man who has all his life made the fair sex his study, should be able to declare upon the mere testimony of a lady's glove, that the fair owner is tall and elegantly formed; that she has the most beautiful legs in the world, and that her foot is as beautiful as her leg; that she is young, animated, and giddy, wore rouge, and was perfumed with *odour* of roses; that she had been sitting in a pensive attitude with her cheek upon the palm of her left hand; and that, rising suddenly from her seat, she mixed with the crowd, leaving the glove behind? It is impossible that you could dispute any part of this conclusion. I might push it farther, but this will no doubt suffice. I have now, Mr. Editor, thrown down the glove, and challenge the fair owner to take it up.

LUDOVICO.

A LETTER FROM AN ATTORNEY ON THE
CIRCUIT TO HIS MISTRESS IN TOWN.

[From the Oracle.]

MY DEAR CHARMER,

THE *circuit* is now at an end, and the *judges* and *lawyers* on their return home; but no *felon*, sentenced at the *assizes* to transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. *Cupid*, the tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green-wax process*; he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *non-suited* in a *cause* I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up, *term after term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain *time*?

I filed my *bill* as of last *Michaelmas Term* on the morrow of All Souls, in hopes ere this to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my *cause* to an *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the *courts*. I would willingly quit the fattest *client* there to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference*; and should prefer an *attendance* at your *chambers*, to those of a *Master* in *Chancery*.

I stand in great need of an able counsel to move my *suit* while I am absent; that sly slut, *Dolly*, your chambermaid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my *cause*: she is ever preferring some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue *in forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs*,
executors,

executors, administrators, and assigns, by a deed in which you shall nominate trustees.

To save expenses, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a quere, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme couvert* is to that of a spinster; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca: sa:* against you, or put you into any court but that of *Hymen*.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief; decree but for me, and the day of *assign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear-creature,

Your humble supplicant,

And faithful orator, &c.

T. SPLITCAUSE.

FASHIONABLE IMPURES.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE expulsion of a *certain lady* of a *certain* description from a *certain* ball in the city, speaks favourably of city morals, at a time when, perhaps, in any other part of the town, the intrusion would scarcely have been regarded.

This circumstance naturally calls to recollection the distance at which all respectable parts of the community formerly kept even the most *fashionable impures*; neither rank, nor situation, affected modesty, nor dashing splendour, procured them the countenance, much less the company of a female, who did not wish to be classed in such society.

Very

Very different is the case now ! We have notorious instances of *fashionable impures* being received in all *fashionable company*; associating with the female branches of families distinguished for their virtues; and being visited by people, who, a few years ago, would as soon have tolerated the society of the wretched paraders of the theatre lobbies; for, to the truly virtuous, vice, in every station, is equally detestable.

I cannot conceive any thing more pernicious to female manners than this fashionable countenancing of the fashionably vicious. It implies, that "virtue is nothing but a name," and that there is no impropriety, in sacrificing it for any thing more substantial; a doctrine that brings disgrace on several of the first families in the kingdom, and fills our streets with prostitutes; "for what the great ones do, the less will imitate."

There is a certain *amiability*, much in vogue, and daily gaining ground, to which we may attribute, in no small degree, the prevalence of this alarming spirit of *moral levelling*; this unnatural friendship of the good and the bad; this generating of a *Centaur*, which would have been regarded by our ancestors as a monstrosity: this *amiability* is that which is called *liberality of sentiment*; and so *liberal* and so *enlightened* are we become, that we seem willing to give the praise of virtue to vice, rather than be supposed to be *narrow-minded*.

For the numerous hordes of ruined and abandoned females who infest the streets, every considerate mind must feel more pity than abhorrence. They are to be considered as the unhappy sacrifices of ignorance and villany; ignorance of themselves and villany of others. But for *splendid prostitution* we must feel more abhorrence than pity; and names which are daily trumpeted not only without censure, but with applause, must hereafter be remembered, if at all remembered, with sentiments of execration, as the names of persons

sons whose examples have given a false importance to infamy, and rendered vice so dazzling as to seduce the vulgar into a contempt of the plain simplicity of virtue.

It is highly creditable to the company who composed the assembly in the city, above alluded to, that they scorned to tolerate the intrusion of a *strange woman*. I use the term in the sense in which Solomon uses it, and I heartily wish the same impression of propriety and decorum pervaded some of our *fashionable parties* at the west end of the town. Of this, however, I despair. We all know the influence of FASHION; and so long as *she* supports the cause of impurity and impropriety, we have every reason to apprehend that morality and religion, law and order, may sigh over their well-intended exertions, and continue to

LABOUR IN VAIN.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A TALE.

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school
 Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule:
 Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
 But that he then had learnt it seven years.
 Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
 All that he had to study still
 Was, when a man was well or ill,
 And how, if sick, he should be treated.
 One morn he thus address'd his master:
 "Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids me say,
 If I could, now and then, a visit pay,
 He thinks, with you,
 To notice how you do,
 My business I might learn a little faster."
 "The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
 "A better method he could scarce devise;

308 THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

So Bob," (his pupil's name,) "it shall be so;
And, when I next pay visits, you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:

With dire intent,

Away they went,

And now behold them at a patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd

His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;

Look'd wise, said nothing—an unerring way,

When people nothing have to say:

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,

And paus'd, and blink'd, and smelt again,

And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion:

Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant;

A kind of a Make ready and Present,

Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:

"Madam, your husband's danger's great;

And (what will never his complaint abate)

The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."—

"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"

Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd;

And home returning, of the sage inquir'd

How these same oysters came into his head?

"Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—

Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain:

I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

So wise, by such a lesson grown,

Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,

And to the self-same sufferer paid his court—

But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,

Return'd the stripling minister of death,

And to his master made this dread report:

"Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—

Zounds! such a maw I never came across!

The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,

For d—me if he has n't eat a horse!"

"A

"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—

"How came so wild a notion in your head?"—

"How! think not in my duty I was idle;

Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw *a saddle and a bridle!*"

X.

WHO IS THE DOCTOR?

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE observed for some time past in your and other papers, frequent mention made of some great man by the name of *the Doctor*. Pray, Sir, will you be so obliging as to inform us who this gentleman is, that by your account has undertaken to cure the present maladies in our constitution, and to *prevent* those *attacks* and *disorders* to which it is thought we shall be liable when the dark and foggy weather comes? I can scarcely suppose that he has been regularly bred. I cannot find his name in the registers of any of our universities; and from his mode of practice, I am very doubtful whether he ever received a proper education. Indeed, if you do not think proper to be a little more explicit, I shall suppose there is a mystery in this title of *Doctor* as unintelligible as a secret expedition.

Sure I am, Mr. Editor, the College of Warwick Lane would never admit among their licentiates a man whose prescriptions are so much at variance, that the patient is in far more danger of dying of the *doctor*, as we say, than of the *disease*. The files of Apothecaries' Hall for a century past cannot shew such a chaos of recipes. One day the strongest *stimulants* are prescribed, and the moment they begin to operate, and the patient's pulse is brisk, full, and vigorous, the Doctor pops me a *sedative*, which makes all as still and flat as a first sleep. One day he claps on a *blister* that would rouse

rouse the dead, and the next he throws in an *opiate*, fit only for the hospital at Jaffa. One day, he sends down a cargo of *astringents*, and all is braced, tight, and fit for any *exercise*; the next comes a quantity of *emollients*, and the patient is obliged to *throw off* his *clothes*, and sit down quietly without the least *motion*. Sometimes he takes to the *sweating* system, and recommends moving backwards and forwards, and carrying *tubes of iron*, and other things, which promote perspiration: and when the patient is in the happiest possible *train* for recovery, he makes him swallow cooling prescriptions, which chill his whole frame. If he prescribe a *purgative*, he is so jealous of its operation, that he envies the patient every *motion*, and gives him a *strange mixture* to check it. But what is the most singular branch of his practice, and what I never remember to have met with among the faculty, either regular or quacks, is this: upon being called in to a patient who is infected with the *cacoethes pugnandi*, he tells him to take a preparation of *steel*, and hopes he won't dislike it because it is not very palatable, and cannot be taken "without loss of time and hindrance of business;" but the moment he repeats his visit, and finds the patient has taken his prescription *voluntarily*, he shakes his head, and says, "O dear! this will never do; why, I never dreamt you would have taken such a dose of yourself; you make no wry faces at all: this won't do with me—I must give you something that you can't take without *compulsion*; and therefore I desire you will leave off your present medicines, and I will send you a *masse* of others, that will make you sick enough, or the D—l is in it."

When such, Mr. Editor, is this Doctor's mode of prescribing, you cannot wonder, if I and many others wish to know a little more particularly of you, *who he is*, and *what he would be at*?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Sept. 16.

A PATIENT.

ANTICIPATION

ANTICIPATION OF PARTIES.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR.

IN the present dearth of events to gratify public curiosity, it may not be amiss to present a prospectus of the entertainment it has reason to expect in the course of the next winter; and as nothing but that which is military is at all relished at present in this military nation, I shall adopt military terms in describing the plan of operations which I am told is fixed upon for the ensuing parliamentary campaign.

It is now understood beyond all doubt, that a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive has been completely concluded between Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville and Co.; and these powers are so confident of victory, that they have already actually arranged the manner in which the posts of the enemy shall be distributed among their partisans, and it is said they mean not to retain even the common soldiers in the enemy's army, who would be quite willing to serve under any standard that triumphs. The notoriety of this intention, the Minister apprehends, will produce considerable desertions from his force before the campaign commences. Indeed, they have already begun, and are likely to multiply, for this reason, that the alliance is directed by commanders who were never known to be influenced by those weak emotions which dispose men to forgive their opponents. Mr. Pitt is to command a strong column in the rear of the Minister, from which a very early effort will be made to dislodge him. Mr. Pitt, in order to fortify himself, will endeavour to ascend the high ground of popularity (which he has never mounted since he was a lad). Through the aid of "*Catholic emancipation*," a fine scaling-ladder, and a good weapon of attack also, he hopes to reach this powerful eminence, and severely to annoy the enemy. This weapon will, it is
supposed,

supposed, be sufficient, if not to destroy the garrison, at least to make an important breach in the fortifications of the Minister, whose principal bulwark is the "*profession of liberality*" and the *love of justice*. Mr. Pitt is fully aware of the value and efficacy of this weapon when dexterously managed; for it was once pointed against himself, but he was able to ward it off. It has since lain in the arsenal, and although now almost rusty, it may yet be made very good use of. Mr. Pitt was not disposed to be so decided and open in his hostility, if it were not for a *blunderbuss* * which has been lately discharged by a principal commander in the ministerial troops, the contents of which were levelled at him. It has had, however, according to the sentiment of the Minister and his friends, only the effect of provoking him to come from his ambuscade, where he was much more dangerous.

Mr. Windham, with a chosen band of sharp-shooters, will continue to assail the enemy on his flanks. Mr. T. Grenville is to have the direction of the *artillery*, and Mr. Canning of the *small arms*. Dr. Lawrence is to have the care of the *heavy baggage*, and Colonel Craufurd of the fortifications. Of course it is not wished by the alliance that either of those gentlemen should come into the field of action, and in this I think they act judiciously. George Rose is to be employed to recruit for the alliance, as he has been always found a good officer in that department; and so much afraid is the Minister of his powers in this way, that he has given strict orders that especial care shall be taken to prevent him from coming within the lines of his camp, lest he should seduce his troops to mutiny or desertion. Mr. Vanstittart is therefore appointed to watch the movements of Mr. Rose. Voluntary offers of service will be very gratefully received by the alli-

* The ministerial pamphlet.

ance. It is understood that Mr. Windham, feeling that the regular troops are quite insufficient to ensure success, has in this instance consented to give up his prejudice against *volunteers*, as those *superfluities* appear to him in this case *necessary*. It was imagined that Mr. Pitt would employ the formidable battery of *Parliamentary reform*, but that imagination is vain; Mr. Pitt himself would be afraid of the success of that battery, lest it should prostrate the fortresses and fill up the mines which corruption has constructed to render the posts of Ministers inaccessible to, and untenable by "*honest men*." These are a description of invaders which it is equally the object and interest of all the belligerent powers to exclude.

The alliance expects some assistance from the *Holy League*, under the direction of Mr. W—— and Mr. Banks; but from them the Minister also has hopes. Indeed the League is so lukewarm and unsteady in its political attachments, that no very effectual aid can be derived from it to either of the belligerent powers.

Against the formidable coalition I have described the Minister has to oppose a large band of mercenaries, but with very few generals, and scarce any of those few approaching to mediocrity in point of skill. He can have no reliance on the mercenaries, and there are some of his commanders to whose attachment it is rumoured he does not trust much. It is said that he has very little confidence in the vigour or fidelity of Lord Castlereagh, Tom Steele, and many others whom I could name; but as I am far from wishing success to the alliance, I am not disposed to encourage its partisans, by mentioning those by whom they are likely to be assisted. The Minister himself is aware that if the alliance could set a foot in his territory, nine tenths of his present force would desert him. He is therefore determined, in order to prevent invasion, to act upon the defensive system, to which he is very partial; and his principal

shield of defence is to be "*good intentions*," a shield which heretofore has certainly availed much, but which it is impossible can be any farther useful, unless covered by "*proofs*." Should he bring these forward, he may be certain of the important support of the armed neutrality, which, allied with the people, and under the direction of Mr. Fox, holds a dignified attitude in his front, has no desire to invade his territory, and declines to interfere in the squabbles of the belligerent powers, unless where freedom, justice, or humanity are likely to suffer in their contests. Could the Minister conciliate such aid, he might set at nought all the open assaults or underhand stratagems of the alliance, who look with a trembling solicitude at the movements of the armed neutrality. In any attack the Minister may make, he will rely on the support of Lord Hawkebury, Mr. Tierney, and Mr. Bond, who is said to have fired the blunderbuss I have alluded to. Brother Bragge might be of some service from his knowledge of *order*, if the Minister were not best informed upon that subject himself.

The forces of the Minister in the House of Lords are very badly officered, and it is therefore intended to send a new general to that quarter who held an inferior rank in the other field of action; but there is generally more of parade than real fighting among the Lords, therefore the conflict will not be very interesting.— Lord Grenville takes the command of the alliance in this district, and is to be seconded by Lord Melville, at the head of the *Northern Confederacy*. It is understood, however, that many of the northern powers will stand neuter until they are able to ascertain, from the progress of the contest, which of the belligerent powers is likely to be victorious; and that power they mean to join. By those who knew Lord Melville, it was very naturally supposed that he would have acted upon the same policy; but it seems he is so sanguine in his

his expectations of the triumph of the alliance, that he does not think it prudent in this instance to hesitate or waver. Lord Moira, who is equally formidable in war and respectable in peace, takes the lead in the armed neutrality, and will of course act upon the virtuous views of his colleagues in the other field of action. If I should hear any thing further of the projects of the war, you shall hear from me.

Sept. 20.

PHILO MARCUS.

FRENCH SPIES.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

FOR some time past the public has been a good deal interested by details of the apprehension of a number of French spies in different parts of the country. Some curiosity has been excited on the subject of the papers or memorials found in their possession. This curiosity was extremely natural; for it could not be imagined that these Consular emissaries had made the tour of any districts of the country without gathering much important information. In common with many others of your readers, I felt this curiosity operating very strongly on my mind, and have been casting about for several days to find out the means of having it gratified.—What had baffled the most serious reflection was last night accomplished by accident, and I lose no time in communicating the important information which has thus fallen into my hands to the public through the channel of your interesting paper. It will only be necessary for me to say a few words on the mode by which I got possession of the document, an extract of which I am now to lay before your readers. Passing along one of the streets in the west end of the town last night about eleven o'clock, I happened to observe a bundle of papers lying on the ground. I was induced

to stoop down to pick it up; and as I have a kind of propensity to examine all papers that fall in my way, I hastened home to my lodgings to examine the contents of the parcel. On opening it, my expectation of finding any thing valuable was far from being sanguine. It seemed to contain nothing but absurd rhapsodies, abusive of England, and extolling the magnanimity and heroism of the French character. As the French prints furnish us with plenty of this dull stuff, I was on the point of throwing the whole into my lumber-closet, when my eye caught one paper, which, on reading a few sentences, I found to be no less than the rude sketch of a memorial, addressed to M. Talleyrand by one of those emissaries, in the apprehension of whom Government are now so laudably employed. To give the whole in detail would occupy by far too much of your valuable paper, and therefore I have contented myself with giving a faithful translation of a few of the most striking passages. It appears that the author has made the tour of the greater part of the island, and from the metropolis he had prepared to send off the result of his inquiries to his government. But without further preface I proceed with this precious morsel.

“Agreeably to your instructions, Citizen Minister, I took my departure for England, and was fortunate enough to reach Deal without encountering any accident. In that quarter I began my researches, but cannot conceal from you that I was very much disappointed and chagrined at the very commencement of my labours. The people there were far from being in that temper of mind which is at all satisfactory. There did not appear the slightest apprehension of the result of the invasion. On the contrary, I found the proud insolent islanders speaking in terms of the utmost contempt of our illustrious Chief, and the threats of the Great Nation. Every one seemed to vie with his neighbour in expressions of loyalty; and it is with deep regret I feel myself

myself compelled to inform you, Citizen Minister, that I did not meet with one man who had the least notion of the *blessings* of French liberty. Every where there was to be found nothing but the grossest *prejudices* , and the blindest attachment to their perfidious Government. So much for the temper of the inhabitants in that district. It is with concern that the intelligence which I am under the necessity of communicating to you, is far from being so agreeable as could be wished relative to the enemy's state of preparation. The utmost activity prevailed in completing the means of defence. The signal-posts are placed with tolerable judgment. The troops, which are much more numerous and better appointed than I had flattered myself I should find them, are not apparently much dismayed at the idea of encountering our veteran legions. I was really thunder-struck at the *presumption and confidence* which some of the corps discovered. They talked much of Alexandria, and alluded to the First Consul's *achievements* at Acre in very indecent terms. I comforted myself with the reflection that they will ere long repent their temerity. The number of gun-boats on this part of the coast is considerable, and a species of force styled sea fencibles are constantly practising manœuvres, and exercising themselves with the great guns. Though totally ignorant of any of the principles of gunnery, these men somehow or other contrived to level their shot with a degree of precision which, I allow, astonished me. An invading squadron could not make good a landing without considerable difficulty; but French bravery can triumph over every obstacle!! I proceeded along the coast from Deal to Dover, but saw nothing materially different in the temper of the inhabitants or the state of the fortifications. Near a place called Walmer I had an opportunity of seeing a body of volunteers exercising; and as this was a new object, I resolved to inspect them with minuteness. The men were mostly all tall

and vigorous in their persons. I could perceive, however, at first sight, that they had nothing of the look of regular troops. I hoped to find that they were abundantly awkward in their evolutions—but here again I must own that I was, to a certain degree, disappointed. They did not discover, to be sure, any thing like precision; but I could not help remarking an appearance of cheerfulness, zeal, and even enthusiasm, which was to me altogether unaccountable. From the men my attention was next directed to a *tall thin person*, who, in a military uniform, was swaggering along the ranks, and directing the evolutions of the corps. This personage I soon learnt was no other than the Ex-minister, Pitt, who has a command in this district. You know, Citizen Minister, that the late war was odious to a large proportion of the most intelligent persons in England; you know that this Minister incurred the hostility of the nation at large, for the obstinacy with which he prosecuted a contest, the injustice and impolicy of which the great mass of the population condemned. On this occasion I was anxious to hear some expression of his sentiments, and the manner in which they were received. It being the first general muster of the corps, Pitt addressed them in a long harangue. It was one of the most artful which he ever delivered. He seemed particularly anxious to avoid all topics which could lead back the mind to the history of the late war. He did not enlarge much on the origin of the present contest. The main drift of his argument was to impress on the corps that the country being at war, and an invasion being threatened, it was the duty of all good citizens to take up arms for the defence of the national liberty and independence. It would be needless for me to conceal from you that these sentiments were loudly applauded. He made some very *indecent* reflections on the character of the First Consul, which also appeared to be extremely agreeable to the audience. I learnt,

not

not without surprise, that some of the most considerable members of this corps were among the most zealous and decided enemies of the late war, and the general system of the late Ministers. I turned aside with disgust from the sight of men so lost to all sense of *liberty, illumination, and happiness!* I had now got a clue to unravel the mystery which hitherto perplexed me. I was able to account for the absurd prejudices of the people, by reflecting that they were solely under the influence of a man who carries with him the curses of every friend of the human race. I flattered myself that this influence was not very extensive, and that I should find things take a much more favourable turn in the interior. I determined, therefore, to proceed directly to the metropolis. Having stayed a night at Dover, the inhabitants of which labour under the grossest *prejudices*, I renewed my journey in the morning. I was rather *mortified* to find that, as I advanced into the country, the prospect was not at all more *pleasing*. Still I found the same violent prejudices, the same passions predominant, the same ignorance of the *privileges* enjoyed by Frenchmen. I found the country provided with troops far beyond what I had anticipated. Of the militia regiments I am sorry to say that very erroneous ideas have prevailed in France. From the representations of Mr. Windham and some of his friends, we were induced to suppose that they were ill-disciplined, ill-appointed, and altogether unfit for service. This is by no means a correct description. In the neighbourhood of one of the towns on my way to the metropolis I had occasion to witness a review of seven or eight regiments. It was easy to see that in action they could not *stand* before our brave troops, yet it is impossible not to allow that their appearance was by no means *unmilitary*. On the same occasion I saw several corps of volunteers drawn out, and I could not help remarking their appearance of ardour to perfect themselves

themselves in military discipline. It was impossible not to lament the *infatuation* of the English people, thus lending themselves the willing instruments of their perfidious Government. Force only can reclaim them from their *perversity*, and to force it now becomes necessary for the Great Nation to appeal. Though disheartened by all these appearances, I was not wholly without hopes of seeing other more agreeable evidences of national spirit. In the metropolis I hoped to find better sentiments and numerous partisans, and accordingly hastened my journey through districts where nothing pleasing presented itself, to visit a place where the public sentiments of the whole kingdom were concentrated."

Here, Mr. Editor, succeeds a very curious description of the state of the metropolis. Having, however, already exceeded the bounds of a letter, I cannot now enter upon it. Should you judge the foregoing extract worthy of a place in your paper, I may send the remainder on some future occasion *.

Sept. 28.

CURIOSUS.

EPISTLE TO JOHN BULL.

[From the same.]

SIR,

FROM my infancy I have been taught to consider you as a superior kind of animal; and some degree of intimacy with many of your species, added to a close-connected correspondence, seemed to authorize the exalted opinion which I had formed of you; but having applied many of my leisure hours to the study of natural history, and finding from experience that exotics undergo some alteration by a change of soil, I eagerly sought an opportunity of examining the indigenous John Bull, and contemplate my favourites on their native isle. Judge then of my rapture when that long-

* No continuation appeared.

wished-

wished-for occasion arrived, at a period so awful as the present (a day "big with the fate of Rome" indeed); but I forgot—the French arrogate that title to themselves, and call you the Carthaginians. I admit that there is much justice in the comparison, but I totally deny the conclusion which the French draw from thence. That Rome conquered Carthage is true; but that the Carthaginians conquered the Romans is also true; and now, British Carthage only wants a Hannibal, not merely to drive the French Romans within their walls, but to bury them in their ruins.

Taught by many years fatal experience, in my native and other countries, to see the deceitful tyranny and oppression of the French only opposed by bitter tears and heart-breaking lamentations, my soul bounded with admiration to hear the different language held forth by the lowest ranks in your ever happy isle, at a moment when you are occupied in the noblest struggle that ever engaged human exertions.

After rather a tedious passage, and seeing few or no ships in the Channel, which induced us to imagine that the threatened invasion had actually taken place, we spoke a fishing-boat, and all of us eagerly inquiring if the French had made any attempt? an elderly man, turning the tobacco in his mouth, and with a degree of composure which I shall never forget, answered, "No—Bonaparte has other fish to fry."

Upon my landing, eager to practise my favourite language on its native soil, I began with the waiter, by inquiring what he thought of the invasion? "It will end in nothing: Bonaparte wishes to be waited upon; but if he comes here he must wait upon us—Coming, Sir!" and off he went, with as much indifference as if he had been speaking of the most uninteresting subject. In the chaise, the postboy replied to a similar question—"No, Bonaparte has other cattle to drive, d-m-e; if he comes here, we'll drive him to the d—l"—giving

a smack of his whip, which made the horses feel the superiority of the rider, such as your navy may do to Bonaparte.

Upon my arrival in London I did as most men do in similar circumstances, inquired for a shaver and hair-dresser, but was a little surprised to find them united in one person (who, I do assure you, possesses many other good qualities); his answer to my constant question was—"No; Bonaparte wishes to shave, but not to be lathered!" Not understanding the meaning of this laconic reply, I consulted a lady (who by the by is pleased to correct my English; an advantage I could not easily meet with in another country, where the improvement of the female mind is little thought of); and she told me, that by "shaving one, is sometimes understood deceiving one; and that lathering, means a good heating." In no language, or in no part of the world, have I heard so much expressed in so few words. He wishes to shave, but not to be lathered, comprehends the sum total of Bonaparte's political creed—but of him more hereafter.

I must now raise my sphere a little higher; but I am afraid I must lower my tone, for I am sorry to say that among the more elevated ranks I do not meet that noble contempt of the French threats which is to be met with below stairs—that is to say, they allow the impossibility of success, but insist on the certainty of Bonaparte's attempting it, giving as a reason, that his reputation is at stake, as he has pledged himself. How often has he pledged himself, and how often has he perjured himself! But, alas! those very qualities which in some countries, particularly Great Britain, must have rendered him the most abject of wretches, contribute in France to gain him eulogiums: for there, men are esteemed by the degree of success which attends their artifices; and the more infamous the villain, the more famous the man. Thus Bonaparte, instead of facing
the

the noble volunteers of England, the organizing of whom seems to absorb the faculties of your ministers, will defeat you by a corps less formidable in arms, but more skilled in politics—I mean the corps diplomatique. There, my friend John, you are weak indeed; and I am much afraid, that while you are preparing for the enemy in front, he will assail you in a more vulnerable part, and totally destroy your continental consequence. Some of you expect that Russia will favour you, as it must be her policy to oppose the overgrowing power of France. Of this the Emperor is not ignorant. He well knows, that, were it not for the resistance of Great Britain, France must overwhelm his and every other country in Europe; but he also knows, that there does not exist a probability of Bonaparte's attempting the enterprise, nor a possibility of its succeeding if he did attempt it. He will, therefore, look coolly on, and see the two kingdoms grind each other's strength down. In the mean time Bonaparte sends him daily couriers, with every appearance of important missions, when in reality it is only to consult him upon plans which the Corsican never intends to execute; for what will not Bonaparte do to carry his point? Born a Corsican, some say a Jew—educated a French pensionnaire—professing Mahomedanism, and usurping the crown of his lawful Sovereign, where can you fix bounds to his treachery? His objects in this line of conduct are twofold; he flatters and amuses the Emperor, he frightens and confounds the intermediate powers of Denmark, Sweden, and even Prussia, who, intimidated at the external appearance of strict union between Russia and France, are willing to be at least silent. The Emperor of Germany is not so easily cajoled; but he distrusts his neighbours, and is uncertain of your sentiments. Italy is gone, and remaining Spain and Portugal are fast a-going, unless you exert yourself to save them, and deprive Bonaparte of his almost only pecuniary

fund. Rouse, John, rouse!—Nature never meant you to confine yourself to your own island.—Soar then from this state of apathy to which your leaders have reduced you, and assume your once boasted dignity in foreign courts. You can easily defend your own park I grant it, and I dare say that your present measures are well enough directed to accomplish that purpose—but you well know that the British soil produces poor grazing without foreign manure. Be assured Bonaparte will never attack you in your fields—but he will attempt to starve you out of them : awaken therefore to the sense of your real situation, and protect those who have long given you food.

Some say, that if Bonaparte does not at least make an attempt, he will lose his ascendancy in France : to which I will answer, that as the French are, even agreeably to one of their own authors, a nation of monkeys or tigers, the monkey part will ever prefer doing mischief without danger ; nor is the tiger more fond of fighting, if he can fill his stomach without it. Believe me then, John, for fatal experience leads me to know Frenchmen well, Bonaparte's personal character will suffer nothing in France for having amused you with a cock and a bull story, while he is preparing the way for more easy conquests. While he is thundering the destruction of England in the ears of all the powers in Europe, through the trumpets of military ambassadors, you are popping at his fishing-towns, which, however convincing a proof that you are not afraid of him yourself, but weakly answers the noisy vociferation which now distinguishes French diplomacy.

As an individual, I am very willing to acknowledge my admiration of the dignified contempt with which some of you treat this bombast ; but, my good friend John, dignified virtue has little to say in diplomatic negotiations. If you treat directly with a Frenchman, *lather him* ; 't is the only way ; he likes you the better
for

for it, and will dread to shave you. But if you oppose French influence in a third court, you must lay aside some part of your bluntness, and fight the enemy with equal weapons: but you are as much strangers to the artifice of foreigners, as foreigners are incapable of judging of your virtues. How was I delighted to observe on Sunday last in a variety of places in the vicinity of London, the decent, orderly, and instructive mode of education peculiar to both sexes! Heavens! how superior to the mysterious walks of a gloomy convent, or the still more libidinous precepts of the present French education, was the decorum and modesty with which the young ladies of each boarding-school walked to church, and no less proper conduct of the young boys. In education, the basis of all virtue, consists your great superiority, John; but you really must not expect to defeat French duplicity by British honesty; the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," is worn out of fashion.

If foreigners are incapable of forming an adequate idea of your virtues, they know less of your loyalty and patriotism. Here they are totally at a loss: they judge of your political sentiments from the spurious language of flying vagabonds, who, when they get abroad, think it manly to profess new lights, and from the no less extravagant speeches in your Parliament of some individuals.

How often, in arguing with my countrymen on the state of Great Britain, have I been told that she was a ruined nation; quoting the authority of speeches in Parliament, where, they would add, no man dare say so if it were not true, and speeches that the French take care to render familiar to foreign ears, by having them inserted in every public print in Europe where they have any influence, which, I am sorry to say, is nearly the whole continent.

But I must quit the French, and contemplate the
more

more delightful prospect of British unanimity, for a few desperate individuals are lost in such a community. But, John, as you are ready to burst with love and loyalty for your country and King, it would be wise to direct the irruption where it may more effectually defeat the views of the enemy—for, should it be confined to your own soil, it may pour forth with a velocity which may shake the constitution it was meant to preserve.

It has been whispered to me that some overtures for a peace are going on—if so, you are a ruined nation indeed. I see no difficulty in establishing a peace on a basis which may support the dignity and interest of both nations. But the French nation really have nothing to do with this war; it is a war of Bonaparte's; and he dare not agree (without a certainty of tumbling down stairs) to those terms which your honour, your interest, in short, every thing that can be dear to Englishmen, demands.

A drawn battle would just now sink you and raise Bonaparte, as much as a vigorous war must raise you and sink the French in the eyes of Europe.

If, John, you understand this specimen of my English, and if you like my prose, you may have much more of it, directed to specific facts, as I am well acquainted with continental politics, of which you seem to be ignorant. I should also give you my name; but, alas! the French rule my native country, to which, for the sake of my family, I must return, to gain my bread by industry, instead of a coach and six, in which I once drove. Cruel effects of believing in French fraternity! However, the existence that is still permitted us, however miserable, we owe to you, as the French consider it necessary to keep some check on their devouring ambition until they shall have deceived and ruined the English. May Almighty God avert so fatal a blow to Christianity and humanity! and may you long, my dear John Bull, keep the infernal scorpion without

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. 327.

without the points of your horns, and you will ever have the fervent prayers of

Your sincere friend,

A FOREIGNER.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the General Evening Post.]

WANTED, by *Napoleon Bonaparte*, First Consul of France and Corfica, a gentleman who is experienced in preventing *disagreeable meetings* between parties who have *disagreed*! It is well known that the First Consul has had a *few words* with the English nation, and that the English nation have had a *few blows* with him. He has even been provoked to appoint a *meeting* with them some time in November or December next, on their own coast. Now it is his wish to prevent matters from coming to extremities! He is aware that such a meeting could end in *no good*; and he admits himself to have been rash in appointing it. Any diplomatic gentleman, or any gentleman who has been ever accustomed to settle such matters between individuals, might make himself acceptable upon this occasion.

The First Consul understands that there is a street in London called *Street le Bow*, where many gentlemen, who have been, like himself, *a little too rash*, have found the means of honourable extrication out of their dilemmas. He will liberally reward any person who helps him in his present difficulty, but particularly any *Gentleman de Bow*!

By the First Consul,
(Signed)

BONAPARTE.
MARET.

N. B. In order to prevent disputes, it is added, that the reward proposed will consist of an order upon Hanover for forty cream-coloured horses; an order upon Flanders for forty cream-coloured women; any order

order upon Holland for forty bags of ducats ; and an order upon the Pope for forty bags of indulgences !

A CIRCULAR LETTER OF BONAPARTE TO
THE REMAINING POTENTATES OF THE
NORTH.

By J. A. GRAGLIA.

GENTLEMEN,

AS our concern for your welfare is not less im- pressed in our heart than your own, it grieves us to observe, that your late conduct in regard to that spot of ground called Hanover, in which we thought it expedient to quarter some troops, with the only view to be more at hand to protect your territory, you put an unfavourable construction on that prudent measure ; on other occasions it would have been more pointedly resented by us. We therefore think it expedient to caution you to be in future more upon your guard towards our inveterate enemy, I mean those islanders near us, envious of the prosperity the Dutch enjoy, since they had the good sense, listening to our friendly advice, to submit to our mild yoke. The happy condition of the Swiss, whom we have taken under our friendly care, ought to be another inducement to place full confidence in our sincere proceedings, instead of provoking our anger with silly fears. Do not you see, on our possessing Piedmont, with what eagerness the rest of Italy courts our friendship ? The Ligurians, the Etrurians, and the Neapolitans in particular, open at all times their ports to our fleet, and are impatient to receive us, and offer their purses without being requested. What shall we say of the republic we have so wisely established among them ? These new republicans, without the least solicitation, and rather contrary to our wishes, in order to testify their gratitude, have unanimously chosen us for their president.

president.—It grieves us much to see these islanders so totally blind to their own interest, as not to appreciate the blessings which would inevitably attend them, if they would but seriously consider the flourishing state of all the dominions under our beneficent protection. If our solicitude in their behalf should once prevail upon them, our next care would be to complete the work we have already so considerably forwarded; to prevail upon the King of Spain to establish his court at Mexico; a measure which would highly contribute, not only to exempt him from keeping an army of observation upon his frontiers, but likewise secure for ever his galleons, now and then exposed to the rapacity of these islanders. We are certain that Portugal would not hesitate a moment to prefer the enjoyment of the sweet climate of Brazil to her present insignificant state. We well know their subjects are impatient to partake the advantage of our liberty and protection. The same blessings would attend you, Gentlemen; but as much depends upon your firm and steady neutrality, so necessary to bring our project to an happy issue, it is of absolute necessity that no diversion should be attempted in favour of our enemy. We must, however, caution you not to be misled by its damnable liberty of the press, misrepresenting all my upright intentions. Though they have compelled me to quit Egypt rather in a disgraceful manner, and blackened with an hellish malice the little severity we have thought necessary to be adopted there, which, in fact, was no more than what is authorized by military laws, they give out that we treacherously seized upon that land, when our views were only to civilize it. Therefore, if by chance any among you should trust too much in his own strength, and go so far as to give advice against your interest, we shall take care to make him sensible of his own, by pointing out to him and you the many blessings which would attend our cordial solicitude, in order to cement the
more

more your union in our favour. In the first place, the maritime code of laws would become useless; consequently, we should hear no more of armed neutrality, nor of free bottoms making free goods. In the second place, by taking your states under our protection, you would be quit of the expenses of keeping a standing army, the ceremony of making treaties, and sending and receiving ambassadors. In a word, liberty and fraternity would be spread and enjoyed every where. Our senate would provide laws adapted for every country; our coin would be the only one in circulation; and you, Gentlemen, for surrendering to us your states, would enjoy a very handsome pension, in order to live a private and comfortable life, while we shall take upon us the burden of governing the world.

BONAPARTE.

ORDERS OF BONAPARTE TO THE ARMY OF ENGLAND,

RESPECTING THEIR CONDUCT WHEN THEY SHALL
HAVE CAPTURED LONDON, AND SUBDUED BRITAIN.

[From the British Press.]

SOLDIERS!

IN sending you to Britain I send heroes to cope with raw pedlars and shopkeepers. History bears witness that whenever the French and British have met, British effeminacy has always yielded to Gallic prowess. If ever the French appeared to have the worst of a battle, it was from a great scheme of policy, as may be seen in detail in the admirable productions which have issued from the pens of Gascon historians. The battle of the Nile was lost by my express orders; that, deprived of our ships, we might the more energetically display our military heroism; and in Egypt wonderful were our works! There we overthrew those renowned heroes the Copts; there we adventured to meet the wandering

wandering Arabs; there we battered down the walls of mud; there we made the inhabitants slaves; there you, my soldiers, had the full and unrestrained command of all the wives and daughters of the country, unmolested by your general—whose pursuits do not lie that way; there you made yourselves greater than Romans and Macedonians, and exalted me far beyond a Cæsar and an Alexander. At Acre we could have been victorious; but a general should, sometimes, consult the ease and accommodation of the soldiers; I therefore chose to bring you back to Egypt, to your favourite pastimes, that if either women, or other moveables, had before eluded your search, you might now have them in possession; and, to diminish the number of your competitors, I employed a short *recipe* at the hospital. But, why boast of my own achievements? These—Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland can attest; and, for a true and impartial account, read the *Mémiteurs*, and addresses. On my general character I need not expatiate—for my beneficence and piety I appeal to the bishops—those devout and disinterested worshippers of the powers that be. They, good men, liken me to the Saviour of the world; and bear testimony that I am the right hand of God, for effecting the regeneration of mankind.

To complete this purpose of my mission upon earth, it is necessary that I should subjugate those infidel Britons who dare to question my authority to dispose of all liberty, property, and power, as shall seem good in my eyes. These islanders I employ you to conquer, or rather authorize you to reap their spoils; since there will be no contest. The great body of you is to land in Suffex, Kent, and Essex, that you may be near London; within two days of your landing you are to reach the metropolis. There are two articles in which England is before France—money and women—and these were two with which
you

you have always been accustomed to make free in every expedition that has been undertaken for regenerating mankind. I resign all the women, and one half of the other moveables, to my conquering heroes. At this season the coasts abound with objects that will agreeably reward the toils of the soldier. I permit detachments to file off to Brighton and Margate; at the former there is a place called the Steyne; there you will find numbers of beautiful creatures, far beyond your acquaintances in Italy and Egypt—they are yours; it will to you be a pleasant scramble; for myself, as I said, that is not in my way. The same may be done, at other places, only that at none are you to lose time. You are all to sail on Saturday the 1st of October. Monday, you may be completely landed; you may amuse yourselves in the manner I prescribe at the watering-places in the evening, and take your partners with you in flying caravans. The next day set off to London. The last division is to have its head-quarters at the Treasury, and in that part of London which is called Westminster; the right to pitch the general's tent in the Bank, and the troops to possess the city. The wives and daughters are your own; the men will make no resistance; you may do with them as you please. Though I think I have given you a good precedent at the hospital, you will be securest of your ladies when you have no rivals to fear. There is, I am told, a village near town, famous for its number of *old maids*—there your *invasion* may be received with equanimity, as you will have no competitors to dread. With regard to the property, I have taken pains to be minutely informed: on Wednesday I suppose all the arrangements made: Thursday you are to employ in inspecting and packing up the cash in the Treasury and the Bank: to send detachments from your respective head-quarters to
examine

examine and collect the money, and all that is to be found in all the banking-houses. Other detachments are to have the care of the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' shops, and all the most portable articles. Let them all be sent, with due expedition, to our Exchequer, to which they *naturally belong*; and there your shares shall be safely kept for you—unless I should happen to have occasion for them myself. Send me, from the Tower, all the arms; give orders for burning Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham; but first send me all the ammunition and portable stores. Do not burn the ships; send the men of war to Brest; and let the rest be employed in conveying moveables to the Great Nation. Burn London to the ground. Massacre I leave to your own discretion and choice, with some particular injunctions and exceptions. Let all those who have endeavoured to rouse their countrymen to oppose my will be sacrificed. Let all promoters of volunteer corps be brought into great squares, and, according to the revolutionary mode, from the mouths of cannon cease to be, or send them to the hospitals. Let a lingering and torturing death recompense the reviler of the conquering hero Pizarro, the stirrer up of the people to rebellion against my authority over the whole world, derived from God—as the bishops aforesaid are ready to bear testimony. Let Sir Sidney Smith experience a double portion of torment for his insolence in daring to oppose me. Let Nelson, and Duncan, and Jervis, experience no mercy. They are sworn enemies to my regeneration of mankind. Spare not Dundas; he has always been a thorn in our side. There is one man that did more against my regenerating authority than any in the island; I did abominate that man, but I am half inclined to forgive him, for not being at his *own post* when I send you over. There is another very great man—a *personal acquaintance of my own*—I can hardly think he likes me;

me; but as he has made little active opposition to my authority, you may let him alone while he is quiet. There is a Lord who severely reviled me, and I was once very angry with him; but of late he has strongly opposed those men and measures which attempted to stimulate resistance to my power; him therefore I will forgive. There is another that was wont to abuse me without mercy or moderation, but lately endeavoured to prevent every scheme of the opponents of my power; let him be spared, and also his seconds. There is a *singular fellow*, that I hardly know what to make of; sometimes he would abuse me and mine, and call us all the robbers; and thieves, and murderers, that could be thought of, merely for taking what naturally belonged to us, and removing obstacles to such occupancy; but lately has been no less strenuous in abusing every man or measure that was calculated to oppose my power: on account of his late and present conduct I shall forget the past, and he shall even have an employment that will suit his taste—let him be literary associate to the executioner; behold the last pangs and tortures of the victims, make a narrative of what passes, and give to it the title of the Register of the Hangman's Helper. With what delight he will record the agonies of my arch enemy Sheridan! You may besides give him another job; he is as keen an advocate for a free press as myself—let him have the burning of all the printing-houses. At the Stock Exchange and Bank too he will very readily bear a hand; there he will have no objection to an illumination. Send me Sir Robert Wilson bound in chains; him I will have the delight of instructing personally in my medical practice. You shall have further directions before the appointed day of sailing to take possession of the island of Pedlars. I hate every thing that belongs to those pedlars, especially *Pedlar's Acre*.

INSCRIPTION,

PARTLY HISTORICAL, PARTLY PROPHETICAL, WHICH,
 FOR THE SAKE OF THE MORAL ORDER OF THE
 WORLD, AND OF THE TRANQUILLITY OF MANKIND,
 IT IS HOPED MAY, ERE LONG, BE CONSIGNED TO A
 MARBLE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT JAFFA.

To hand down for ages to come
 to the just execration of posterity,
 the name and memory of
 APOLLYON BONAPARTE;
 this charnel-house,
 filled with the bones of our fathers
 and brethren in arms,
 was erected by us,
 the survivors at JAFFA,
 in this very field,
 where that atrocious Tyrant
 triumphed
 in the cold-blooded massacre
 of near four thousand of our race.

Reader!

take good heed, and know,
 that it was reserved for Jacobin France
 to prove
 that there could exist,
 upon the face of the earth,
 a human being
 so completely bereft
 of all the sympathies of our nature,
 as to be capable,
 first to conceive,
 next to command,
 and, at last,
 after the basest simulation till the
 fatal moment,
 to witness, as he did,
 with hellish exultation,
 so horrible a work
 of perfidy and murder.

The

THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLAND.

The relentless butchery of that day
 almost glutted
 the ruthless satellites of his power,
 the Jacobin soldiery
 of the French Republic,
 a set of wretches
 truly abandoned, and alone
 worthy of such a commander ;
 who,
 in point of talents and genius,
 and in spite of
 the false glare of his name,
 as a minion of fortune,
 proved fortune to be blind.
 Estimated
 by the pretensions of his person,
 he was a pigmy ;
 by the propensities of his soul, and
 the magnitude of his crimes,
 a giant
 of wrath and destruction,
 who over-ran the earth ;
 till,
 molesting the forest
 of the
BRITISH LION,
 he courted his fate,
 and was torn to pieces.

THEATRE-ROYAL, ENGLAND.

In rehearsal, and meant to be speedily *attempted*,

A FARCE IN ONE ACT, CALLED

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Principal Buffo, M. BONAPARTE :

Being his *first* (and most likely his last) appearance on this stage.

ANTICIPATED CRITIQUE.

THE structure of this Farce is very *loose*, and there
 is a *moral* and radical defect in the groundwork. It
 boasts,

boasts, however, considerable novelty, for the characters are *all mad*. It is probable that it will not be played in the *country*, but will certainly never be *acted in town*: wherever it may be represented, we will do it the justice to say, it will be received with *loud and reiterated* bursts of—*Cannón!!!* but we will venture to affirm, will never have the success of

JOHN BULL.

It is however likely that the piece may yet be put off on account of the *indisposition* of the *principal performer*, Mr. BONAPARTE. We don't know exactly what this gentleman's merits may be on the tragic boards of France, but he will never succeed here; his figure is very diminutive, he struts a great deal, seems to have no conception of his *character*, and treads the stage very badly; notwithstanding which defects, we think, if he comes here, he will get an *engagement*, though it is probable that he will shortly after be reduced to the situation of a *scene-shifter*.

As for the farce, we recommend the whole to be cut down, as it is the opinion of all good critics, that it will certainly be

D A M N ' D.

[Anti-Gallican.]

Vivant Rex & Regina.

AN INVASION SKETCH,

BY ANTICIPATION.

IF there be one person so lost to all love for his country, and the British constitution, as to suppose that his person or his property, his rights and his freedom, would be respected under a foreign yoke, let him contemplate the following picture—not overcharged, but drawn from scenes afforded by every country; Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Hanover,

&c. which has been exposed to the miseries of a French invasion.

London, 10 Thermidor, year —.

General BONAPARTE made his public entrance into the capital over London bridge, upon a charger from his BRITANNIC MAJESTY's stables at Hanover, preceded by a detachment of Mamelukes. He stopped upon the bridge a few seconds to survey the number of ships in the river; and beckoning to one of his Aide-camps, ordered the French flag to be hoisted above the English—the English sailors on board, who attempted to resist the execution of this order, were bayoneted, and thrown overboard.

When he came to the Bank, he smiled with complacency upon a detachment of French grenadiers who had been sent to load all the bullion in waggons, which had been previously put in requisition by the prefect of London, Citizen MENGAUD, for the purpose of being conveyed to France. The Directors of the Bank were placed under a strong guard of French soldiers in the Bank parlour.

From the Bank the FIRST CONSUL proceeded in grand procession along Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to St. James's Palace. He there held a grand circle, which was attended by all his officers, whose congratulations he received upon his entrance into the capital of these once proud islanders. BONAPARTE, previously to his arrival, appointed two prefects, one for London and one for Westminster. Citizen MENGAUD, late commissary at Calais, is the prefect of London, and Citizen RAPP of Westminster. He also nominated Citizen FOCHE to the office of Minister of Police. The Mansion-house has been selected for the residence of the prefect of London, and Northumberland House for the residence of the prefect of Westminster. As it has been deemed necessary to have the Minister of Police always
near

near the person of the First Consul, Marlborough House has been given to Citizen Fouche. Lodgings have been prepared elsewhere for the late owners of that splendid palace.

London was ordered to be illuminated, and detachments of French dragoons paraded the principal streets and squares, all night.

11 *Thermidor.*

BONAPARTE, at five o'clock in the morning, reviewed the French troops on the Esplanade at the Horse Guards. A council was afterwards held, at which the following proclamations were drawn up, and ordered to be posted in every part of the city :

BY ORDER OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

PROCLAMATION.

St. James's Palace.

"Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The hero, the pacificator, is come among you. His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms. Pursue your usual occupations. Put on the habit of joy and gladness."

The FIRST CONSUL orders,

"That all the inhabitants of London and Westminster remain in their own houses for three days.

"That no molestation be offered to the measures which the French soldiers will be required to execute.

"All persons disobeying these orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police."

(Signed)

BONAPARTE.

The Minister of Police, FOUCHE.

PROCLAMATION TO THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Soldiers ! BONAPARTE has led you to the shores and the capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions in arms. He promised to give up the capital of the British empire to pillage.

Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days.
(Signed) BONAPARTE.

The Minister of War,
par interim, AUGEREAU.

The acclamations of the French soldiery—*Vive Bonaparte—le Heros—le Pacificateur—le Magnanime*—resound through every street.

13th, 14th, Thermidor.

LONDON PILLAGED. The doors of private houses forced—bands of drunken soldiers dragging wives and daughters from the arms of husbands and fathers—many husbands, who had had the *temerity* to resist, butchered in the presence of their children—flames seen in a hundred different places bursting from houses which had been set fire to, by the *vivacity* of the troops—churches broken open, and the church plate plundered—the pews and altars converted into stabling—four bishops murdered, who had taken refuge in Westminster Abbey—the screams of women and of children mix with the cries of the soldiers—*Vive la Republique! Vive Bonaparte!*

St. Martin's church converted into a *depot* for the property acquired by the pillage of the soldiery.

15th Thermidor.

A proclamation published by the FIRST CONSUL, promising *protection* to the inhabitants.

The houses of the principal nobility and gentry appropriated to the use of the French generals. Every house is required to furnish so many rations of bread and meat for the troops.

At a council of state, presided by BONAPARTE, the two Houses of Parliament are solemnly abolished, and ordered to be replaced by a senate and a council of state. General MASSENA appointed provisional president of the former, and General DESSOLLES of the latter.
The

The Courts of Law are directed to discontinue their sittings, and are replaced by military tribunals.

17th Thermidor.

A plot discovered by FOUCHÉ against the FIRST CONSUL, and three hundred, *supposed* to be implicated in it, sent to the Tower.

Insurrections in different parts of the capital on account of the excesses of the soldiers and the contribution of twenty millions. Cannon planted at all the principal avenues, and a heavy fire of grape-shot kept up against the insurgents.

Lords NELSON, ST. VINCENT, and MELVILLE, Messrs. ADDINGTON, PITT, SHERIDAN, GREY, twenty Peers and Commoners, among the latter Sir SIDNEY SMITH, tried by the military tribunals, for having been concerned in the *insurrection* against France, and sentenced to be shot. Sentence was immediately carried into execution in Hyde Park.

17th Thermidor.

The Dock-yards ordered to send all the timber, heap, anchors, masts, &c. to France. The relations of the British sailors at sea sent to prison till the ships are brought into port, and placed at the disposal of the French. Detachments dispatched to the different counties to disarm the people.

The island ordered to be divided into departments and military sections—the name of London to be changed for *Bonapart-opolis*—and the appellation of the country to be altered from Great Britain to that of *La France insulaire*—Edinburgh to take the name of *Lucienville*—Dublin, that of *Massen-opolis*.

BRITONS! can this be endured?—Shall we suffer ourselves thus to be parcelled off?—I hear you one and all say, No!—To your tents, O Israel!—BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

[*Anti-Gallican.*]

IN REHEARSAL.

Theatre Royal of the United Kingdom.

Some dark, foggy night, about November next, will be attempted, by a Strolling Company of French Vagrants, an old Pantomimic Farce, called

HARLEQUIN'S INVASION,

OR, THE

DISAPPOINTED BANDITTI.

With new Machinery, Music, Dresses, and Decorations.

Harlequin Butcher, by Mr. BONAPARTE, from Corsica.

(Who performed that character in *Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, &c.*)

THE OTHER PARTS BY

Messrs. Sieyes, Le Brun, Talleyrand, Marat, Augereau, Massena, and

THE REST OF THE GANG.

In the course of the piece will be introduced a distant view of

Harlequin's Flat-bottomed Boats

WARMLY ENGAGED BY THE

WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To which will be added (*by Command of his Majesty, and at the particular request of all good Citizens*) the favourite Comic-tragic Uproar of

THE REPULSE;

Or, Britons Triumphant.

The parts of John Bull, Paddy Whack, Sawney Mac Sneith, and Shon-ap-Morgan, by Messrs. NELSON, MOIRA, ST. VINCENT, GARDNER, HUTCHINSON, WARREN, PELLEW, S. SMITH, &c.

The Chorus of "*Hearts of Oak*," by the JOLLY TARS and ARMY of OLD ENGLAND,

Assisted by a numerous Company of provincial Performers, WHO HAVE

VOLUNTEERED their services on this occasion.

The

The Overture to consist of "*Britons strike Home*,"—
 "Stand to your Guns,"—"Rule Britannia," and
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

The dresses will be splendid; the band numerous and complete.

The whole to conclude with a

GRAND ILLUMINATION, AND A TRANSPARENCY

Displaying

Britannia receiving the homage of *Gallie prisoners*.

* * No room for Lobby Loungers.

[Anti-Gallican.]

Vivant Rex et Regina.

DURING BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In a commodious Booth erected for the occasion,
 A company of real *French* and *Italian* performers will
 exhibit for public amusement,

HARLEQUIN RENEGADO;

Or, Pandemonium in an Uproar.

In which will be represented in a Picturesque and Pantomimic manner, *the Tricks of Scapin*, in *France, Italy, Germany, and Egypt*, accompanied by various Tragic comic amusements never before exhibited.

The wonderful celebrity which SIGNIOR NAPOLEONE and his company have gained throughout the globe, by their unparalleled performances for the entertainment of the curious, gives him a hope that he may be permitted to shew some of his slight-of-hand tricks in LONDON: and though the LORD MAYOR was very circumspect how he granted *full license*, and particularly ordered the *peace to be kept*, which Signior Napoleone considers as a great derogation of his known abilities; yet, willing to oblige all that lies in his power; he will inform those who favour him with their company, of certain manœuvres in Pantomime which have never been exhibited in this country.

The first range of scenery will exhibit an *interesting*

view of Rome, in which will be represented a **DINNER WITH THE POPE**; or *Who pays the Piper?* by Mons. BERTHIER.

SCENE II. *The Shores of Alexandria.* AN ARAB HUNT; shewing in the true comic style, how to make three thousand Arabs bite the dust. In this masterly performance, Signior Napoleone will perform a principal character.

SCENE III. *An interesting spectacle of the Military Hospital at Jaffa.* A PHILOSOPHICAL DISSERTATION on the most effectual method of destroying sickness, by means of *soporific pills*, with a representation of their wonder-working effects; which will convey a laughable idea of grimace in the various countenances of the patients. A certain Englishman, calling himself *Wilson*, has attempted to describe this in a hand-bill, for his own benefit; but Signior Napoleone hereby publicly avows that his account, however he may puff it off for veracity, cannot come up to the Signior's real performances, whether at *Jaffa* or elsewhere.

SCENE IV. *The Banks of Lodi.* In this part of the performance will be seen how to pass a bridge in the true heroic style; and how to *sacrifice*, in the most pleasing and entertaining manner, 6000 men, to gain your object. N. B. Never pass a river at a *ford*; for, though you save blood, you make no *celat*.

SCENE V. *The Swiss Cantons.* A lively representation of the FRATERNAL HUG: to conclude with the address of the Ghost of William Tell to his country. This will be introduced with an original Song to the tune of "*Liberty to the Globe*," by M. Talleyrand; and an entertaining view of the *Massacre of the Peasantry of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden*, for arming in the defence of *Liberty*.

SCENE VI. *Amsterdam.* TREE OF LIBERTY HOISTED BEFORE THE STADT-HOUSE; which, in a familiar manner, will transform itself into a number of Guillotine.

tine tricks, producing a very laughable effect, first in squeezing the *hard dollars* of the Mynheers into *French assignats*; and secondly in lopping off a number of *useless excrescences*. These tricks to be exhibited every day.

SCENE VII. *The Thuilleries*. SHADOWS, representing, in a lively manner, *the bloody hand pointing to the Temple*; *the demolition of Henry IV.'s statue*; and a number of other views too numerous to mention in a hand-bill.

The whole to conclude with a Farce, called

HARLEQUIN EVERY-WHERE.

In which Signior NAPOLEONE will exhibit a singular piece of activity, comprised in a HOP, STEP, and JUMP, from *Italy to Egypt*; from *Egypt to Paris*, and from *Paris to the Coast of England*; including a Divertisement of Scenery and Song, in alternate succession, representing

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

With, "*Now the Battle's fought and won,*" by Mr. S. SMITH.

THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS,

With, "*Down, Tyrant, down,*" by M. ARENA.

AND THE CLIFFS OF DOVER;

With, "*Britons Strike Home,*" by Messrs. Keith, Cornwallis, S. Smith, Frederick York, Moira, Hutchinson, and a full Chorus of British Tars, Soldiers, and Volunteers; accompanied by Drums, Trumpets, Bassoons, Clarionets, and continued *discharges of Musketry and Cannon*.

The Finale will represent

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA REVIVED,

Or, the Destruction of an Invading Fleet.

The Scenery and Machinery similar to that employed in the defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries, before Gibraltar; with the Glee of "*Sulphur, Smoke, and Fire,*" from the old song of Admiral Ruffel.

To prevent confusion, the LORD MAYOR will place *Volunteers* and *Peace Officers* to keep the doors, so that the public can entertain no *suspicion* of having their *property invaded* or their *pockets picked*. Signiors NAPOLEONE, TALLEYRAND, BERTHIER, &c. inform their customers that all the profits of the performances are for *their own sole benefit*; as was clearly evinced when they settled the accounts of the Theatre with Don Sancho Panza, Signior Etruria, M. Von Prufs, and others.

Admittance, front places *one Guinea*: back seats, one Shilling. *Bank Paper* will not be accepted.—
N. B. No change after the curtain is drawn.

[*Anti-Gallican.*]

THE BRITONS' MARCH,

Or, the Marche des Marseillois Parodied;

BY OLD NICK.

YE sons of Britain, wake to glory,
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandfires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries;
Shall FRANCE'S TYRANT, mischief-breeding,
With hireling hosts a *russian band*,
Affright and *desolate our land*,

WHILE PEACE AND LIBERTY LIE BLEEDING?
To ARMS, to arms, ye brave! th'avenging sword unsheath,
March on, all hearts resolv'd on Victory or Death!

Now, now the dang'rous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous foes confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While BONAPARTE'S guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To ARMS! to arms! ye brave! &c.

O Liberty!

Q Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That *lawless France* should brave the field,
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all her arts are unavailing!
TO ARMS! to arms! ye brave! &c.

GRAND EXHIBITION.

MR. VERITAS begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Norwich, that he is about to exhibit in their city, a superb and valuable collection of pictures, illustrating the character of the FIRST CONSUL of France; and having had the honour of exhibiting his collection in the cities of London and York, and many other places, with the most unbounded applause, he doubts not of giving equal satisfaction to the inhabitants of this ancient city.

The following are among the most striking scenes:

FIRST.

View of Toulon after its Evacuation by the English.

Bonaparte is here seen directing the slaughter of one thousand five hundred merchants and tradesmen, who were brought into the open streets, and fired at with grape-shot on Christmas Day 1793.

SECOND.

The Dungeon in the Gaol of Nice.

In which Bonaparte was confined *for murder*, until released through the friendship of Barras, whose quondam mistress Bonaparte had lately married.

THIRD.

The Massacre at Paris on the 4th of October 1794.

By the order of Bonaparte, grape-shot were fired in the principal streets, by which seven thousand citizens of the metropolis were murdered, for daring to exer-

cise a constitutional right by the election of their own representatives.

FOURTH AND FIFTH.

Views of the Town of Pavia and Lugo in Italy.

At the former of these places, the people were massacred by order of Bonaparte, their churches plundered of the gold and silver ornaments, pictures, &c. At the latter, one thousand of the inhabitants were put to the sword, and the town given up to pillage.

SIXTH.

The Destruction of the Village of Ténasco by Fire.

"One of Bonaparte's soldiers, infligated by brutal lust (in the unrestrained gratification of which, his troops were, and *still are, systematically* indulged) entered the cottage of a peasant, and proceeded to take the most scandalous liberties with his daughter, scarcely arrived at years of maturity: the resentment of which by the father, produced a scuffle that ended in the death of the military ruffian. Bonaparte, whose headquarters were close by, revenged this deed of justice, by ordering *the whole village of Ténasco to be reduced to ashes, and its innocent unprotected inhabitants to be put to the sword without discrimination of age or sex*—an order which was instantaneously and most mercilelsly obeyed."

SEVENTH.

Bonaparte renouncing his Redeemer.

"On invading Egypt, Bonaparte repeated his promises to respect religion, property; and persons, and the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion."

EIGHTH.

The Massacre at Alexandria in Egypt on the 14th July 1798.

"One of the first deeds of General Bonaparte after the

the act of apostacy just mentioned, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria, *merely for the purpose of striking terror into their countrymen.*"

NINTH.

Bonaparte rejoicing at the Slaughter of 3800 Prisoners of War.

"Bonaparte being determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of three thousand eight hundred prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the manifold preparations were completed, the signal gun fired—Vollies of musquetry and grape instantly played against them; and Bonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval." *Sir R. Wilson's History of the Expedition to Egypt.*

TENTH.

The Scene which occurred at the French Hospitals at Jaffa.

"Bonaparte, finding that the hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which, for twenty reasons, cannot be here inserted: on his arrival, he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick in the hospital, was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly

nantly left the tent with this memorable observation :
 ' Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher ;
 ' and, General, 'if such qualities are necessary to form
 ' a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess
 ' them.' Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his
 object by moral considerations—he persevered, and
 found an apothecary, who, dreading the weight of power
 (but who has since made an atonement to his mind by
 unequivocally confessing the fact), consented to become
 his agent, and to administer poison to the sick--opium, at
 night, was administered in gratifying food--the wretched
 unsuspecting victims banqueted ; and in a few hours
 five hundred and eighty foldiers, who had suffered so
 much for their country, perished thus miserably by
 order of its idol." *Sir R. Wilson's History of the
 British Expedition to Egypt.*

[Anti-Gallican.]

IN BRITAIN'S FAM'D ISLE,
At the Theatre Royal,
 Where ACTORS of SPIRIT are found *True and Loyal!*
 A PLAY
 WILL BE ACTED,
 CALL'D,
BRITONS STRIKE SURE!
 OR,
Fam'd DOCTOR BULLET'S
 INFALLIBLE CURE.
 A *Nostrum*, whose TOUCH will at once ease the Pain
 WHICH
 FRENCH GASCONADERS
 May feel in the *Brain!*
 AND MAKE
 GALLIC DESPOTS,
 Who think themselves clever,
REMEMBER THE ARMY OF ENGLAND
FOR EVER!

At

At the end of the *Play*, when the *French* are struck mute,
British cannons will fire—a *Royal Salute*!
And *new Martial Airs*, whose *Effect* must be grand!
Will be *play'd* quite in *Style*—by the *Duke of York's Band*.

INSTEAD OF
A FARCE,
When the *French* are laid low,
AND
BRITONS TRIUMPHANT
Have *vanquish'd* the FOE!

Returning from CONQUEST—they 'll all do their *Duty*,
And join with their *Monarch*, and each *British Beauty*,
To *Heaven* a Tribute of Incense to raise,
Ascribing to GOD—all the *Honour and Praise*!

TE DEUM
With Fervour, by Old and by Young,
In all *British Churches*—with Zeal will be sung.
AND THEN, TO CONCLUDE,
ALL OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS
WILL JOIN ENGLISH SAILORS.
In three Loyal Cheers!

THE WHOLE
BRITISH EMPIRE
In CHORUS will sing,
The Blessings of Freedom! and “God save the King.”
* * *Admission gratis to British Patriots; but none, except*
Privy Councillors, will be admitted behind the Scenes.
[Anti-Gallican.]

BOB ROUSEM'S EPISTLE TO BONYPART.

THIS comes hoping you are well, as I am at this
present; but I say, Bony, what a damn'd lubber
you must be to think of getting *foundings* among us
English! I tell ye as how your anchor will never
hold; it is n't made of good stuff; so luff up, Bony,
or you'll be *fast aground* before you know where you
are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense; for
though 't is all wind, it would hardly fill the *stun'sails*
of

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of an English man of war. You'll never catch a breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give you a bit of advice now; do *try* to lie as near the *truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take care what you are about, you'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a high sea, upon a grating, my boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your lantern jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the log-book if you come; I'll give you the journal, my boy, with an allowance for *lee-way* and *variation* that you don't expect. Now then:—At five A. M. Bonypart's cock-boats sent out to amuse our ENGLISH MEN OF WAR with *fighting* (that we like). Six A. M. Bonypart lands (that is, if he can); then we begin to blow the grampus; seven A. M. Bonypart in a pucker; eight A. M. Bonypart *running away*; nine A. M. Bonypart on board; ten A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; eleven A. M. *Bonypart* in *Davy's Locker*; MERIDIAN, Bonypart in the north corner of —, where it burns and freezes at the same time: but you know any port in a storm, Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you see as how you can't say I didn't tell ye. Come, I'll give ye a toast: Here's hard breezes and foul weather to ye, my boy, in your passage: Here's, May *you be sea-sick!* we'll soon make ye *sick of the sea*; Here's, May you never have a friend here, or a bottle to give him. And to conclude: Here's the FRENCH FLAG where it ought to be, under the ENGLISH.

HIS
BOB ✕ ROUSEM.

MARK.

P. S. You see as I cou'dn't write, our captain's clerk put the lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*

PHANTOMS,

PHANTOMS, .

NEW, FANCIFUL, AND FARCICAL.

THE public are respectfully informed, that M. DE NAPOLEONE, alias BUONA-CORSICA, alias MALTA-MAD, from Germany, Italy, and Egypt (where his exhibitions have had such a wonderful effect as to surprise and astonish the whole world), intends shortly to pay a visit to Old England, as he is determined to convince the inhabitants of that happy kingdom, that his Phantoms are really of an unsubstantial nature, yet so curiously contrived as occasionally to deceive the most minute investigator; and as he humbly presumes he has, by long experience and practice, brought the art of deception to a state of perfection never before attained, he trusts his endeavours will have a proper effect on the optics of an enlightened British nation, and meet with that encouragement and patronage for which he has ever laboured.

It is proposed, by a process *hitherto unpractised*, either to pinion JOHN BULL to a post—or *lull him to sleep*, while the manager and his myrmidons take possession of his property, ruin his family, and enslave his friends.

The whole process of this Grand Exhibition consists of Conjuratation, Abjuratation, Devastation, Subjugation, Magic, Hypocrisy, Falsehood, Slight of Hand, &c.; but the particulars would be too tedious to describe in a handbill.

M. de Napoleone has spared neither time, labour, nor expense, to make himself master of the subject, and has prepared, as a relaxation between the acts, a great variety and valuable assortment of Egyptian mummies in high preservation, and well worth the inspection of the curious, every care having been taken to render them original in design and elegant in their execution—having been “killed off” expressly at the desire

desire of the preserver, whose treatment is peculiar, and who challenges the world to produce an equal number of men, women, and children, 'mumm'd together in the earth. He has also several beautiful models of castles, fortresses, picture-galleries, libraries, pyramids, churches, &c. &c. the originals of which were formerly to be seen in Germany, Italy, Flanders, and Egypt, collected at a considerable expense during his excursions to those countries, where he has left lasting impressions of his abilities and his name to be transmitted to posterity. These models, he can assure the public, are exact representations of the originals, which can be seen no more. He could produce several highly-finished spectres of poisoned soldiers, &c.; but as he fears the people of England are rather inclined to be superstitious, and might think them real, and might fancy he would shortly raise the devil amongst them, he thinks it better to suppress such exhibitions, lest they should operate to his prejudice.

The whole entertainment will conclude with a splendid *pageant*, which M. de Napoleone would not have had represented but for the invincible obstinacy of the *British Beef-eaters*, who insist on the performance of a new piece, entitled

VOLUNTARY LOYALTY;

OR, THE UNIVERSAL SENTIMENT:

With new scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, embellishments, and illuminations, partly spectral, partly real. This is expected to be the most brilliant, and by far the most general entertainment ever brought forward in Great Britain.

The spectral part will chiefly consist of the artist and his assistants, attended by a band of hagar Frenchmen, shouting aloud, "*Vive la Republique!*" floating towards the empire of Great Britain in flat-bottomed

bottomed boats; as they approach near the shore, they will change their tune to "*Ca ira*," when a tremendous salute from a British battery will convey to them an idea of the harmony that prevails in an old-established tune, called "Britons never will be Slaves." The flat-bottomed boats will now be seen straggling in all directions; and while the numerous bands on shore are shouting, "Britons strike home, revenge your Country's Wrongs," numbers will be seen proving that "Britons but conquer to save." After this their appearance will be very short, and only those who can obtain front situations on our shores will be able to understand the intention of the Spectacle, as it is supposed the greater part will vanish into the sea, only to be called again into action by that gigantic demon mentioned by Milton, who made

"Hell tremble as he strode."

N. B. The phraseology of the latter part of this bill is not perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of M. de Napoleone; yet, as he is at present distressed both for time and money, he is willing that it should remain unaltered.

[*Anti-Gallican.*]

NATIONAL DRAMAS EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Hampshire Telegraph and Sussex Chronicle.]

TWO attractive exhibitions upon the grandest scale are preparing at the

RIVAL THEATRES,

For the wonder of Europe and of the universe.

We have by special favour obtained the following premature sketch:

At the *new-fangled* non-descript Circus, in *Continent Square* (erected upon encroachments from all the neighbouring freeholds), the SPECTACLE which will
soon

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soon be pushed into notice, and by which they will probably obtain a run, will be called

THE INVASION OF BRITAIN;

OR, ONE CRIME MORE!

The machinist and author has planned it for a *Tragedy*, to end with a *splendid procession* in triumph with the *spoils* of the conquered; but from the uncertainty of the *machinery* and want of *water-music*, it is more likely to be a

PANTOMIME MELO-DRAME; OR FARCE!

The performers will be of mixt nations and languages; *French, Dutch, Italians, Germans*, and perhaps *Spaniards*. In the course of the piece the *Acting Manager* will give his oft-repeated imitations of *Herod, Nero, Caligula, Dioclesian*, and other great *actors*, the former favourites of the sanguinary Muse.

A GRAND ENTRE OF GUN-BOATS

Will be attempted; but it is rather expected that this *cavalcade* will be interrupted, if not overthrown, by *John Bull's* family in the *Boxes*, with stage peas and pippins, called *grape-shot and pounders*!

A BRILLIANT DANCE,

With *revolutionary* torches, will be capered by Signora *Massena, Dumas, Andreossi*, and a stage-full of *scarcrows* in fetters. At the end of the *first act* is intended (never attempted in this kingdom) a *full concerto* on the *guillotine*, by *Don Jacketto Ketchetto*. The entertainments will be interspersed with a variety of manœuvres in *confiscations, murders, pillagings, conflagrations, violations*, and other equally pleasing feats of *Gallo-Corsican* dexterity.

The scenery, all painted from *nature*, will comprise :
1st,

- 1st, A well-contrived *shifting* scene of a DIRECTORY, a CONSULATE, and a TYRANNY, done in *hocus-pocus* colouring.
- 2d, An extensive view of *Prisoners*, with a BUTCHERY in the back ground.
- 3d, The *Jaffa Hospital*, ornamented with DEAD GAME!
- 4th, The *Battle Piece* near *Acre*, with a runaway GENERAL in *black chalk*.
- 5th, A *distant prospect* of the EAST INDIES, in a *misty* sunrise. N. B. The *perspective* is so far lengthened as to throw the *buildings* almost out of sight!
- 6th, The vanquished *Invincibles*; a *rough* sketch from the *Highlands*.

To conclude with a fandango comic dance of DUTCHMEN *gagged and chained*; and of SPANIARDS with *lightened pockets* and *halters* made of *family compacts*.

The price of admission to be *Religion, Conscience, and Property*. No money to be *returned*.

Vivant SATAN and his IMPs.—N. B. It will be *mean-sbine*.

THE OLD BRITISH THEATRE,

In Island Paragon,

Long established by *Royal Patent*, has a company perfectly *rehearsed* in the intended performances; the first of which will be a Grand Opera, entitled

THE REPULSE;

OR, ENGLAND TRIUMPHANT!

In the course of which a brilliant display of *fireworks* may quite *obscure*, if not destroy (by its effects), the *Rival Theatre*! The performance will be heightened by the *standard classic music* of the Old British School: the favourite air (set by *Pierceall*) of "*Come if you dare, our Trumpets sound,*" will be sung by Mr. YORK, Master of the Band, assisted and chorussed.

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approved harmonists Drs. ST. VINCENT, KEITH, CORNWALLIS, SAUMAREZ; CURTIS, HARRINGTON, LENOX, SOMERSET, MOIRA, CATHCART, &c. The old ode of "*Rule Britannia*" will be played at a distance, with loud *Italian* accompaniments, by that great maritime composer and musician Dr. NELSON, who is studying a new catch!

In the course of the entertainment will be produced a *Ballet d'Action* called

PORTSMOUTH INVULNERABLE;

OR, VALOUR AND VIRTUE.

In which the sublime national trio of "*Rise, Glory, rise, in all thy Charms,*" will be given by those deep-toned performers WHITELOCKE, MONTAGU, and HOLLOWAY. The chorusses to be sustained by peals of artillery, and the united voices and small arms of two thousand volunteers! "*God save the King,*" and "*King George and Old England for ever,*" will in conclusion be rapturously sung by a band of eleven millions of voices. To end with Handel's sublime anthem of

"Fall'n is the foe: so fall thy foes, O Lord,
When we thy servants draw th' avenging sword."

The admission will be gratis to all persons producing a ticket of *Honour, Virtue, Loyalty, or Patriotism.*

Vivant *Rex et Britannia.*

The company on foot will be admitted at the doors in Pike Lane and Musket Row. Those on horseback will please to draw up facing the sign of the *French Republic.*

N. B. The land and water roads are all *patrolled and watched.*

R.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING A MINIATURE OF BONAPARTE PENDANT
FROM THE NECK OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN OF
QUALITY.

"WHAT! hang by the neck of a Lady!" cries *Bill*:
Was ever such folly and impudence shewn?
For hanging, indeed, he may hang where he will;
But as to the *neck*—let it be by *his own*!

Quiz.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES.

[From the Oracle.]

DR. BONAPARTE, the famous Corsican Mountebank, has the honour to announce, that having invented, after vast labour, study, and expense, a grand, never-failing antidote against all disorders incident to the British constitution, he intends, if no untoward accident should occur to prevent him, to visit the people of Great Britain in the course of a few days, when he will have the satisfaction of presenting to them at least one hundred thousand *existing* proofs of the efficacy of his unparalleled lotion, well known throughout Europe by the name of CONSULAR TYRANNY; the infallibility of which has been demonstrated in a series of cases too numerous to be recited in the compass of an advertisement. The Doctor, at the same time, thinks it necessary to state, that his medicine is a sovereign remedy for all diseases engendered in the human mind by a too ardent attachment to civil liberty, and an excessive love of industry, honesty, and social order. It is compounded of ingredients far more powerful in their qualities than those formerly adopted by either NERO, CALIGULA, or any of the ancient doctors of glorious memory and immortal celebrity, being entirely composed of *oppression, rape, robbery, and murder*, blended with *lead* *p*.

w

which are administered to the patients through the medium of iron and brass tubes, vulgarly yclept *guns* and *muskets*. The Doctor, if it were requisite, could produce an extensive train of certificates to prove the incomparable virtues of his nostrum, such as those of DON JUAN FRANCISCO, JEROME FERNANDEZ SPANIARDO, Signior ITALIANI, Mynheer VAN SLAAKEN-GÖTCHDERN HOLLANDSPRAAKEN, Monsieur SWITZERLANDO, Citizen FRANÇAIS, &c.; but he will content himself with pleading his *humanity*, *honour*, and *veracity*, great as they are known to be, for the soporiferous and sudorific properties of this truly inestimable opiate; it being potently somniferous in the cure of that obstinate disease known by the name of *probité* or *independence*, and infallibly purgative in (that bane of social comfort) the *golden-dropsy*, which generally afflicts the human frame in or near the *purse*; for, after having entirely eradicated every symptom of the latter complaint, it operates so powerfully in the former as to produce a total oblivion of all past sufferings. Should, however, the latent intrigues of domestic *rival quacks*, or the open force of foreign adversaries, offer any unforeseen and insurmountable obstacle to prevent his personal attendance, the Doctor will take especial care to appoint able agents to vend his peerless pills in Great Britain.

N. B. Beware of counterfeits, none being genuine but those having the following inscription written in *characters of human blood* upon the boxes:—"NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, *Jaffa!!!*"

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

WONDERFUL POLITICO-MEDICALS.

(From the Hampshire Telegraph and Sussex Chronicle.)

DOCTOR NAPOLONISSIMUS BUONAPARTICA, the celebrated *nine-eyed, three-banded* Corsican Professor of Medicine and Chirurgery, zealously and solely stimulated by a desire to improve and *benefit* mankind, offers to the world at large, and to Great Britain in particular, his following invaluable medicines :

1. THE CONSULAR CONCOCTION, or *ESSENTIA TYRANNUS*; a conglomerated extract of his own compounding, partaking of the virtues of the *Caligulian phlebotomia* and the *Neronian conflagrationé*, being in its operations as gentle as the *Herodian infantaria*, or the *Pizzarronian mexicana*.

2. THE PULVERES VERMIS, or WORM POWDERS, are a simple mixture of *charcoal and nitre* in *metallic* (iron) *tubes*, but which effectually *relieve* the stomach of the *tape worms* of good order, religion, and humanity. The Doctor has succeeded in destroying many which were near two thousand *years* long !

3. THE REQUISITION CAUSTIC AND BOLUS, which never fails to *cure* the most inveterate *swellings of the chest* in a few weeks, of however long formation.

4. THE BALSAM OF BAYONETS: this is a radical cure for all *nervous* symptoms; it applies immediately to the *offending* matter, and effectually *repels* all *inflammation*.

5. THE JAFFA PANACEA is worthy of the attention of *hospital* practitioners both *military* and civil, as the *speediest* and most efficacious *cure* for all *lingering* disorders.

6. MUSQUETIRABILUS, or FIRELOCK ELECTRICITY, which the Doctor has successfully practised in all cases of *over-repletion*, where the imprisoned *quicksilver* might otherwise have proved *troublesome* to the patient.

7. THE RELIGIONIS TRACTABILITATIS is a SALVE, which, if spread ever *so thin*, infallibly heals all wounds of the *conscientia*.—The Doctor has exhibited this *salve* with equal success in all climates, and towards all denominations, in *Turkey, Palestine, Italy, Germany, and France*.

From volumes of commendatory testimonials, the Doctor selects the following asseverations of *great public characters*, to their several *strong cases* :

1. I DON MUSTACHIO MADRIDA DI HISPANIOLA do certify that I was a long time troubled with a *heaviness*, originating and increased by the large quantities of *Peruvian mineral*, to which I had been much accustomed; the Doctor, by *removing from my use* this lethargic drug, and by briskly administering his *requisition bolusses*, effected a complete cure, so as to enable me shortly to assist him in his *extending practice*.

(Signed) M. M. H. Grandee of Spain.

2. I MYNHEER VANDERPLUMB DOUBLEDYKE do bear testimony, that by dismissing my *old physician and friend Doctor John Bull*, and by *laying open my case* to the Corsican Doctor, I have, through the means of his invaluable *balsam of bayonets* and his *firelock electricity*, been not only relieved of the *commercial plethora* with which I was troubled, but also that the *unnatural protuberances or bernias* in my *viscera aurum*, or *golden folds of the stomach*, are happily reduced.—And I do further declare that the Doctor's medicines do not contain one particle of *anti-mony*. I have since made the good Doctor Major Domo of my household, and have given him the free use of my villas, carriages, and servants.

(Signed) V. D. Dutch Burgomaster.

3. We, the BROTHERS SIGNORS CASTRATI DI QUAVRELLI (now trading under the firm of *Italiana Republica, President and Co.*) do declare that the Doctor, when in our neighbourhood, kindly paid us a *friendly visit*,

vifit, and by his falve of *religionis trattabilitatis applied* fo well to our fupposed difeafes, that we immediately contracted with him in the grofs for all his other medical *varieties*, which we have found, although *sharp* in their operation, to be of no laxative or *relaxing* tendency whatever, but of ftrong *binding* qualities. The Doctor when in our vicinity was preparing a *Malieſe ſal volatilis*, intended to be very *pungent* and *penetrative* in its effects, but which wholly *evaporated* in fumo in the *heat* of the *Britiſh rectifying* proceſs.

(Signed) Ital. Rep. Pref. and Co.

All the Doctor's medicines, together with his long famous PILLULA INFERNALIS (which is the dernier and general reſort of his patients), are to be had at the *Demoniacal Diſpenſary* in *Thuilleries Place*, or of his authorized agents, *S. Satan, M. Moloch, B. Beelzebub*, and *L. Lucifer*, in Brimſtone Town, Flameſhire!

R.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARRAS'S PASTORAL LETTER * PARAPHRASED.

[From the Times.]

Paftorale canit ſignum. VIRG.

ATTEND, my dear lambs of the Gallican fold,
To the paſtoral ſtrains of your Biſhop's bold.
BONAPART', whoſe celebrity ſpreads to the poles,
Has conſign'd to my Reverence the care of your ſouls:
Since he's done you this kindneſs, what numſkulls and
noddies
You muſt be if you grudge him the care of your bodies,
Who was *rais'd up* on purpoſe to ſave and protect
All your righteous Monſieurs, whom I deem God's ELECT;
(The Saviour of you, and the Maker of me;
For who would have made me a Biſhop but he?)

* For the Archbiſhop's Paſtoral Letter, ſee the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 23, 1803.

To vamp the French remnant of Israel, who merit
 What he'll gen'rously give them, the world to inherit (a).
 Why, you can't have the conscience to think you are
 starving,

While for French gormandizers the world he is carving !
 To the bone see him Holland and Italy scrape,
 Nor let such a morsel as Hanover 'scape !
 In Egypt what laurels he reap'd by his system
 Of cutting folk's throats, when they could not resist him !
 How freely he sent his best troops to be shot
 At Acre (b) (pshta ! there he turn'd tail—I'd forgot !)
 Recollect how he shifted his creed *for your service*,
 And to Mahomet bow'd like an Iman or Dervise.
 Now the Prophet he scouts for the same righteous end,
 And deigns to take up with the Lord for his friend,
 Who scorns to resent that same dog-trick he play'd him,
 And the prop of his Church Apostolic has made him ;
 Hence to edify France his devotion he shews,
 And keeps a tame Pope with a ring in his nose,
 † At his nod who must truckle, or else he cries " Sirrah,
 I'll your brain-pot divest of its triple tiara (c)."
 With a bench of dockt bishops (d), who martial epistles
 Indite, or jump over a stick when he whistles.

(a) " He who has been distinguished by his valour in war, *he who has been raised up to save the elect of God*, to overthrow those who have rebelled against him, to assemble the remnant of Israel, and to restore him the earth, which is his inheritance."—*Pastoral Letter*.

(b) " You know what glory he has acquired, what armies he has commanded."—*Ibid*.

(c) This must not be misconstrued as an expression out of its place, and favouring of vulgarity, it being no other than a sample of the liberal and energetic courtesy with which the GRAND CONSUL of FRANCE makes a point of treating distinguished personages, such as Popes, Princes, Ambassadors, &c. &c.

(d) No one can be so uncharitable as to conceive, that any disrespect is here intended to be offered to that comely and commodious abridgment of epistolary paraphernalia, the short cassoc. By dockt bishops is here meant bishops docked, or " curtailed (as King Richard says) of all fair proportion," i. e. of their manors, rents, tithes, patronage, and authority, &c. the case of BONAPARTE's led bishops at present. Or, by the words " dockt bishops," may be understood mere titular docking, the reduction of a bishop's style from " My Lord" to plain Doctor.

So that, if you'll but credit my Pastoral Letter,
 After all his fine pranks, Sirs, the Lord is his debtor;
 And raises him enemies up, whom, amus'd, he
 May knock down like so many cocks on Shrove Tuesday (e).
 That blessed 's our state with a ruler so godly,
 My favourite text is; and they must think oddly
 Who 're averse to comply with the modest and tender
 Demands of a Consul that bids 'em surrender
 Their children to face our proud enemy's navy,
 And be sent—as those heretics say—to Old Davy (f);
 He who loves to employ you where bullets fly thick (g),
 And who takes such kind care of you when you are sick (h);
 In Honour's fair field again calls you to combat (i),
 (That 's as much as to say—to be sunk in a bumboat,)
 And the moment he reckons you 're on the alert
 For embarking, has heard you your colours desert (k);
 These tidings unlook'd for, with dolour extreme,
 Have affected our fierce Bobadillo supreme (l);

(e) "Has not the Lord, in some measure, raised up enemies, in order that *he* might conquer them?"—*Pastoral Letter*. (Could the most grovelling zealot of Cromwell's puritanical Commonwealth have out-canted this militant Archbishop?)

(f) "He demands of you your children for the defence of your country."—*Pastoral Letter*.

(g) True courage is ever accompanied with modesty and reserve, and (as it is said of true charity) seeketh not its own. Hence it was that when General BONAPARTE, like FALSTAFF (I beg the Knight's pardon for the comparison,) had "led his ragamuffins where they were peppered, and that soundly," his courageous modesty, or modest courage, would not suffer him to *keep his own post*. And he likewise shewed, indisputably, that his courage was accompanied with *reserve*, by reserving himself, so cautiously, for the Grand Consulate of France.

(h) Respecting the Consul's affectionate feeling for his sick and wounded soldiers, inquiry may be made of General LAWSON, Sir ROBERT WILSON, &c.

(i) "He who has conducted you so often to the combat, now calls you again to the field of honour."

(k) "He places his hopes in you, and he justly expects that they shall be realized; he has heard, however, that some of you have deserted your colours."

(l) "The discontent of the Supreme Head of the Government is, therefore, extreme. We well know that such a conduct must affect him deeply."—*Pastoral Letter*.

And to shew how sincerely I share his affliction,
 I denounce on such recreants my dread malediction,
 And the curses of me, who Archbishop so grand am,
 Will sure hit their mark, Sirs, and not fly at random;
 Nay, was it befitting so great a divine,
 'Stead of pastoral staff I'd take up my carbine,
 And compel to embark all such runaway dogs,
 As Old Nick to the sea drove his regiment of hogs:
 Yet fearless each man of their fate should be found,
 For the-devil a one of ye's born to be drown'd.

EPITAPH

UNDERNEATH A GIBBET OVER A DUNGHILL, NEAR
 HASTINGS, CLOSE BY THE SEA-BEACH.

Underneath this dunghill
 Is all that remains of a mighty Conqueror,
 NAPOLEON BONAPARTÉ,
 Who, with inflexible cruelty of heart
 And unexampled depravity of mind,
 Was permitted to scourge the earth, for a time,
 With all the horrors of war:
 Too ignorant and incapable to do good to mankind,
 The whole force of his mind was employed
 In oppressing the weak and plundering the industrious:
 He was equally detested by all;
 His enemies he butchered in cold blood;
 And, fearing to leave incomplete the catalogue of his crimes,
 His friends he rewarded with a poisoned chalice.
 He was an epitome
 Of all that was vicious in the worst of tyrants;
 He possessed their cruelty without their talents;
 Their madness without their genius;
 The baseness of one, and the imbecility of another.
 Providence at last,
 Wearied out with his crimes,
 Returned him to the dunghill from which he sprung;
 After having held him forth
 On the neighbouring gibbet,
 As a scarecrow to the invaders of the British coast:
 This beach,

The

The only spot in our isle polluted by his footsteps;
 This dunghill,
 All that remains to him of his boasted conquest.
 Briton !
 Ere you pass by,
 Kneel, and thank thy God
 For all the blessings of thy glorious constitution ;
 Then return into the peaceful bosom of thy family, and
 continue
 In the practice of those virtues
 By which thy ancestors
 Merited the favour of the Almighty.

LILLIPUTIAN CORPS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AT a time when the services of all are requisite for the preservation of all, I did not expect to find that a very numerous body of his Majesty's subjects would be excluded from a share in the defence of their country. A certain standard of *height* is to be established, below which no person can be admitted to the honour of the musket. It has given myself, and many others in my situation (namely, about *four foot four*), very considerable uneasiness. Has the doctrine of *materialism* made such way in this country, that men's souls are to be measured by their bodies? Are we little folks to be excluded, at a time when our senators tell us that we must fight for every *inch* of ground? Need I repeat, that the greatest souls are to be found in the least bodies, or quote innumerable examples from history in proof thereof? And shall we be rejected when it is notorious that the greatest enemy we have is, perhaps, one of the *littlest men* in France, and might get under the legs of our troops, if not opposed by a force of adequate height?

I hope, Sir, the legislature will take our *little affairs*

into consideration ; in the mean time, I have to inform you that some of us have had a meeting on the subject, and are determined to form a *corps* to be called the *Loyal Lilliputians*. We shall have many advantages over those who have *risen* above us. Our expenses in clothes and accoutrements will be much smaller, and a camp of less than half the usual dimensions will answer our purpose. In marching against the enemy, we shall be either overlooked, or considered as a flock of sheep, for which reason I have proposed that our uniforms should be a dingy white. Our arms will not cost Government a farthing, as we mean to apply for the use of all the fowling-pieces in the kingdom, and the Lieutenant of the Tower has promised us the use of that small brass artillery which was made for the amusement of one of our monarchs when a boy. Several ladies have promised to embroider their silk handkerchiefs into flags, and present one to each *tiny troop*. At present we are drilled in a dining-parlour, but for *field days* we mean to bespeak the *ball-room* of the London Tavern. I cannot conceal, however, that we have had considerable difficulties in meeting with *drummers* and *fifers* who bear a proper proportion to the *rank* and *file*, and I believe we shall give up all thoughts of a *band of music*, as it would not be decorous to have fellows playing over our heads, like fiddlers in a gallery. I cannot conceal, also, that our being excepted from the ballot for the Army of Reserve, has exposed us to the sneers of certain wicked wits, and that on our first broaching our patriotic design, some of his Majesty's officers were inclined to throw cold water on our corps ; even Lord H——n, when we invited him to inspect us, muttered something about looking at troops through a *microscope*. Another general officer praised our spirit, and assured us, that in case of invasion Government would provide a dozen *panniers* to carry our regiment to the place of action. This, however, is not the way
to

to treat any volunteers who have the *least* merit, and we trust that we shall prove by our actions that courage is not to be estimated by the *ell* or the *yard*. We have been insulted, likewise, during the late holidays, by several schoolboys offering to join our corps, "provided we don't think them too *tall*." But I hope this communication of our design, through the medium of your paper, will animate the country, and convince the public, that in cases of danger "every *little* helps."

I am, Sir, yours,

GRILDRIQ.

THE DOCTORS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is no part of your amusing and useful paper which interests me so much as that which advertises the great discoveries of those benefactors of mankind, who by ignorant persons are often denominated quacks. I am sorry, that, in order to make myself understood, I am forced to use so improper a term. It is not creditable to the judgment and feeling of the nineteenth century to style the Brodums and the Van Butchells of the age by no better title than that of quacks.

I need not inform the Editor of the Morning Chronicle that those quacks are men of substance, and that they pay as promptly and as well for an advertisement as the Victualling Board itself. Neither is it necessary for me to extol the patronage they afford to us men of letters. Many of us, Sir, have got bread for praising their pills, and porter for applauding their drops. Balm of Gilead yields me beef, and the Vegetable Pills produce me potatoes. I have bought me a good second-hand coat with a paragraph on the cure of a cancer, and I have got a penny per yard for a hundred fathoms of tape-worm.

Even if justice were silent, gratitude, methinks, should stimulate us all to speak in favour of such liberal and munificent encouragers of literature. The art of printing is much beholden to this branch of the faculty; and the manufacture of paper would be ruined but for the circulation of bills and pamphlets, which are pressed with noble profusion on the passengers in our streets, with orders not to return them.

But, Sir, when I consider who those personages are, my admiration of them has no bounds. With infinite labour and deep study have they all travelled for the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Moved with the afflictions of their brethren, they leave their lawful callings, and watch over those cruel maladies which the College of Physicians cannot cure. Nay, several of them, born in remote parts, have hastened hither, smit with compassion for a nation so grievously exposed to an unskilful faculty. Let me mention as an example that great Esculapian, Brodum the Dane. . Born in the happy island of Funen, as soon as he saw in vision the diseases of England, he dropped the mallet and the spade; he left his Scandinavian and Visigothic kindred; and hastened to our relief. No diploma did he bring from Jutland, but came undoctored and undubbed, resolving generously to buy his degree in the country which was to yield him bread. He did more; for, when he transmitted the ten pounds to Aberdeen, he also paid the postage of his letter.

Much does it rejoice me that the generosity and good sense of this country has equalled his own. After a few years, during which his equipage has dazzled and gladdened the metropolis, he has been enabled to retire into splendid ease. Punen, henceforth, as well as Delos and Tenedos, shall be a feat of the Patacean Apollo, and future Vandals shall follow the steps of Brodum.

Thee, too, Van Butchell, would I celebrate, — of
awful

awful eye and of beard hirsute; born to invent spring bands! whose door moves not, without the touch of golden guinea! Thee, Godbold, Spillbury, Barclay, Ching! But ye want not my praises. Ye are elevated on the shoulders of Chief Barons, Archbishops and Bishops: and thy splendid Oglethorpean domain, O Godbold, hast thou not declared in the engraved plate to have been wholly acquired by thy Vegetable Balsam?

Gladly, Mr. Editor, could I expatiate on the virtues of their mixtures; but better far does it suit the health of thy paper to publish *their own* accounts of them.

But I cannot help alluding to the State Doctor, as he is called, who, with merits and talents of the same degree, has risen to the top of the order of quacks. He is the only one, as far as I remember, who varies his mode of cure. In the celebrated case of Alexander Mackenzie, it appears that Dr. Taylor stuck entirely to the *pill*; whereas our great Doctor, in treating the same disorder (in the Irish case now in hand), began with absolutely despising it; then, upon an *eruption*, betakes himself to the *steel* regimen; and is now administering a new *drop*.

The case is, no doubt, a very difficult one, and was sadly bungled by the notorious quack who first undertook the cure. After long irritating the patient with his instruments, and even the actual cautery, he took it in his head to urge a fresh connexion, which exasperated the symptoms, and only tended to make the patient more eager to renew the old one.

The poor fellow being bred a Catholic, has all along had a violent desire to go to mass, which all his friends imagine would do more to cure him than all the pills; and it is said the old quack designed to try the experiment, when the case was taken out of his hands, but the present Doctor says he will poison him sooner than let him go to mass when he has a parish church at his elbow.

elbow. Upon this, the patient spurns at the medicines, and swears he is eaten up with a swarm of journeymen whom the Doctor sends to feed upon him, to say nothing of a little imp of a son who demands a regular fee, on pretence of being his father's *clerk of the pills*.

The *humane* quack, as he is called, who assisted both the late Doctor and the present, and will assist any Doctor, must be mentioned hereafter.

MORE DOCTORS.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE you published my letter on quacks, I have heard several gentlemen of that fraternity complaining that they were overlooked, although they had as good a title to be noticed as some who were there enumerated. This I admit to be the case, and I am very sorry for it. But I might as easily number the stars as commemorate them all; and still less could I pretend to settle their several degrees of merit. I must say farther, in my own vindication, that my letter was not intended to serve individuals, but as a general panegyric on the whole body. And if I rather went out of my way to notice some celebrated names, I solemnly protest I meant nothing invidious to those who were omitted.

I request Dr. Solomon, therefore, in particular, to moderate his anger, and to consider with his usual candour that I can in no way be held to mean any thing injurious to him by my praises of Dr. Brodum. Surely, Sir, Dr. Brodum is no longer a competitor, having, as I formerly stated, retired with a fortune; and he may therefore be considered as a person canonized and out of the scope of flattery. My conscience is my witness, that if the case had been reversed I would as soon have devoted

devoted my talents to Dr. Solomon as to Dr. Brodum. And lest he should still suspect me of any personal bias in favour of the latter, I declare to him, upon my honour, that I esteem his work upon health to be fully equal to Dr. Brodum's book of cures; and as for their medicines, I have never discovered any difference between them.

I hope I have settled this point to the satisfaction of Dr. Solomon. But there are others, I find, who have taken so broad a view of the subject, that they must needs consider as quacks all persons, of whatsoever profession or pursuit, who trust entirely for success to their own solemn pretensions, and to the ignorance or weakness of those who are to judge of them. Were I to adopt so extensive a definition, I know not how far it might carry me. From gallipots I might get amongst great wigs; and, instead of pestles and mortars, I might fall foul of great seals and maces.

Others again, with more moderation, limit the definition of quackery to those who assume a lead in any profession, or in any walk of life to which they have not been regularly bred. This I confess I like better, because it does not pretend to include Lord Chancellors and Prime Ministers, inasmuch as they have all served regular apprenticeships to their respective callings. But still it leads to consequences little less terrible. For if it is followed, we shall be infallibly led to denominate Mr. Dundas (the great Lord Melville) a quack war minister, because he was not bred to military pursuits, but is in reality a Scottish advocate. And, in like manner, Mr. Wilberforce himself might be accounted a quack, because, being bred a warehouseman, he undertakes to instruct the godly concerning politics and vital religion.

But if the definition is insisted on, I will submit to it, being well persuaded that the body of allowed quacks can receive no disgrace from the new members who
would

would thus be added to it. However, to speak my real sentiments, if quackery is not to be limited to any profession, it ought at least always to be restricted to men in some public walk who have a cure for every thing, and are never in the wrong. Such men alone are fit to rule the world, and such men in general do actually rule it.

Thus, you see, all would be set right again, and the quack and the great character be found to be the same. And, upon trial, it is scarcely to be imagined how nearly a great quack statesman and a great quack doctor correspond.

Let the intelligent reader take Mr. Pitt for an example, and in the whole course of his administration he will be struck with the perfect resemblance between a heaven-born minister and a man who cures all disorders, *if curable*. Perfect from the first moment they appear in public, they equally despise experience. When he first mounted his stage on Tower Hill, Dr. Boffy was as much above the whole College of Physicians as he is at this hour; and Pitt, with equal consciousness of talent, declared at his earliest outset that he could take no situation in the government but the highest. Indeed it was impossible to see Dr. Boffy haranguing in front of his patients, the lame, the blind, and the maimed, who had been discharged uncured from all the hospitals in London, without fancying you saw Mr. Pitt himself exhibiting his ministerial tribe, the Roses, the Dundasses, the Wedderburnes, the dependents of all administrations, now brought to vouch for the perfect cure their great Doctor had performed upon them.

A real quack, as I have said, is never wrong, and never out of countenance. Let him destroy your constitution with his pills, and he will order you more pills; and although thousands die of his drugs, he boasts he has cured such as survive them. In like manner the

political

political quack, after failing in every thing he promises, except weakening the constitution ; after infinite waste of lives and money ; takes credit for all that he leaves. And when we are quite sunk and exhausted with war taxes, the remedy he approves is another war.

But I will not go on with the comparison at present farther than by remarking, that, notwithstanding the high popularity that quacks of all professions uniformly enjoy, while in the exercise of their callings, yet, on their demise, it is not found so difficult as one might imagine to fill up their places. Thus the retirement of Dr. Brodum is borne by all ranks of persons with the greatest composure. There are no lamentations heard in the streets that I know of, and the bills of mortality have not as yet shewn any considerable increase of deaths. It is therefore to be presumed that other medicines are found of as sanative virtue as his.

In the same manner, when Mr. Pitt retired, no earthquake was felt. The sun rose, to my astonishment, as usual. Every thing preserved its accustomed course. Religion, social order, solid systems of finance, fleets, armies, loans, rebellions, majorities ; in short, all the mighty objects which seemed justly to demand the vigour of a heaven-born minister, have all of them quietly passed into the feeble hands of another. The bow of Ulysses has been bent by a puny whipster ; yet people seem to remark no difference. The old boots of Lord Grenville, now a little cleaned, adhere well enough to the sorry shanks of Lord Hawkesbury. Brother Bragge, I suppose, shews as magnanimous an ignorance of his department as Windham did before him. Lord Eldon lays his hand to his heart with as much effect against Lord Grenville as formerly in his support. The sagacious Portland, the indefatigable Chatham, the incomparable Mr. William Dundas (who really has a speck of mind, although so rarely visible), all remain in
their

their places, and add uniformity if not strength to their principals. Besides, the spiritual arm is supported, as it was before, by Brother Hiley and Nicodemus. In short, if it were not for the quality of ill-nature which they possessed in so high perfection, the former great quacks might almost be forgotten in the presence of their successors.

I must own, however, that, notwithstanding my reverence for quacks, I think the people should not trust them entirely with their concerns. Accordingly I am pleased to see the spirit (of late become so prevalent amongst us) of looking a little after our own constitutions, whether physical or political; and I am well persuaded we cannot take a better method for securing both, than that we have so generally adopted, of a regular course of *exercise* in the mornings.

OPPOSITION LOGIC.

[From the Times.]

Authors doubt

Whether he were more wise or stout. BUTLER.

OLD England to crush, while the Corsican Cæsar
 All the Continent arms from Toulon to the Weser,
 Floating batteries builds, and innumerable hosts
 Of cut-throats assemble to menace our coasts;
 As firm as the rock that the whirlwind defies,
 To quell their invaders brave Englishmen rise.
 Their vast preparations they view undismay'd,
 And indignant endure the proud Gaul's gasconade;
 But deign no reply to that arrogant horde,
 For the voice of an Englishman speaks in his sword.
 One flame in the breast of each patriot glows,
 One, the wish of them all—to encounter their foes.
 When, among those who boast senatorial rank, a
 Rhetorician starts up of the breed *de la Mancha*,

A politic

A politic Hotspur, who 'd fight for sea-gulls (*a*),
 For the honour of bruisers (*b*), and bull-dogs, and bulls (*c*).
 "Brave comrades," he cries, "if the foe is your mark,
 Give me leave to assure you you 're all in the dark :
 How each nose, like the nose of a setter or spaniel,
 Points as if its game lay on that side of the Channel !
 What, d'ye think they're at Cherbourg, Ostend, or Boulogne ?
 Gad-zooks ! they 're as likely encamp'd in the moon.
 Never talk about gun-boats all mann'd with French roysters ;
 As well might you fear a flotilla of oysters :
 And as for their *sans-culotte* foldiers, ne'er mind 'em !
 If you'd know whom to fear, take your cue from WILL
 W-ND—M.

Aghast on the Treasury Bench turn your eyes :
 Like Bayes's grand army drawn up in disguise,
There your enemies sit—so terrific a band
 Exists not, believe me, on ocean or land !
 The grand BONAPARTE, his gen'als, and their crew,
 Are no more to be fear'd than a wig-block or scarecrow,
 When compar'd with our terrible Premier and Co. (*d*).
 Why ! did I not tell you two winters ago,
 (And my tale was prophetic (*e*), I'll lay what you dare on't,)
 That Right Hon'able Gentleman sign'd your death-warrant ?
 And,

(*a*) Such a man will go to war for any thing.

"Any spot upon the earth or sea, though fit only for the contention of seals and sea-gulls, may assume a much more important aspect, and become a legitimate subject of diplomatic interference, if honour is connected with it."—(Mr. Windham, Nov. 1801.) *Elements of Opposition*, p. 47.

(*b*) "Boxing is connected with ideas of personal merit and individual dignity."—Mr. Windham, May 1802.

(*c*) "The tendency of bull-baiting is to improve the warlike spirit of the country."—Mr. W. April 1800.

(*d*) "If there be persons who think that Ministers have shewn themselves inadequate to the execution of the arduous duties they have undertaken to discharge—that they have themselves caused the greater part of the immense danger with which the best interests, and even the existence of the empire, are threatened—and that BONAPARTE and his legions are less terrific than that band whom you now see on the Treasury Bench guiding his Majesty's Councils, &c. ; of this class I confess myself one."—Mr. Windham, Nov. 23, 1803.

(*e*) "Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo."—Hor.

"It is two years since I was compelled to say, that the Right Hon. Gentleman

And, since I'm out of place, and he's in, Sirs, the nation
Can never survive his dire administration.

"To read, in your recent address, who can bear, a
Detail of Berbice, Essequib', Demarara?
I'm ashamed of these conquests so easily got (*f*),
Without loss of life or limb, powder or shot:
Never tell me of settlements captur'd, or towns—
Bloody noses are *much better things*, and crack'd crowns.
A few more *such exploits*, and our credit is gone!
For—' *thousands kill'd off*—is my *fine quid non*.
You have witness'd my gloomy foreboding and croaking (*g*),
Or perhaps all this while you'd suppose I was joking;
But I'm serious you'll find, if you look in my face,
'T is no time to crack jokes when a man's out of place.
But, since I'm esteem'd a logician exact,
I'll quit declamation for matter of fact.
Can a chance then exist of that country's salvation,
Where liberal men, of refin'd education (*h*),

Good

Gentleman had signed the death-warrant of the country. 'The country
will not outlive their Administration.'

(*f*) "I was ashamed when I read in the Address the *inglorious con-*
quests of Demarara, Essequibo, and Berbice."—Mr. Windham, Nov.
23, 1803.

The right of our rhetorician militant to the title of "*Hotspur*" must
be allowed indisputable, when the sentiments of the two heroes are
found to be so perfectly congenial and in unison, that it may be said
of either, with equal justice,

Hunc circuratonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.

Should our modern Hotspur be ever intrusted with the guidance of
the helm of state, however our gold and silver circulation might be
affected by the influence of such maxims as "Perish commerce,"
&c. we might felicitate ourselves on the assured expectation that one
species of currency, viz. "crack'd crowns," must flourish and prevail
universally.

"We *must* have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too." *Hotspur, Hen. IV.*

(*g*) "We are fast approaching to the fulfilment of those *melancholy*
forebodings, to which a just knowledge of their want of talents and
capacity for government has so frequently given rise."

(*h*) "When I look at his Majesty's Ministers, and consider their
talents and attainments, I am ready to give them all the praise to
which I know, and probably they themselves know, they are en-
titled.

Good natural parts, large acquirements beside,
 The legitimate sway of the Sovereign guide?
 While men, such as these, steer the helm at this crisis (*i*),
 There's for me and my friends no cheese-parings nor slices:
 And hence I, as foes and incompetent, braud 'em!
Quod erat—you know, my good Sirs—*demonstrandum*.

“ This is logic, and let any man above ground
 Presume to deny that this logic is found.
 And with doughty WILL W-ND—M a crow he must pull,
 And baiting endure like a Staffordshire bull:
 So beware, you who shrink at a baiting or basting,
 For when W-ND—M engages 't is *war everlasting*.
 Nay, though forc'd to give in, if I can't do the job, it
 Shall be done ('t is all one) by my snarling cur C——.”

THE ANTI-VOLONIAN:

[From the same.]

Æstuat infelix.

JUVENAL.

WE are told, and no doubt you 're delighted to hear it,
 That our force half a million amounts to, or near it;
 For, if such be the fact, you may all go to sleep
 In safety, and hold your invaders dog-cheap.
 Half a million of foldiers this one little Isle
 To protect; at first sight how stupendous the pile!

titled.—I certainly behold men who have had a very liberal education, are favoured with large endowments, and who are not destitute of great acquirements.”

(*i*) “ But, viewing them as men fit to preside over the fate of this empire at a crisis like the present, I do think they are incompetency itself.”—Mr. Windham, Nov. 23, 1803.

In plain English thus: “ When I am utterly unable to point out any error in the conduct of his Majesty's Government, then I frankly and honestly confess, that it is only to his Majesty's Ministers *personally* that I have an objection; and yet not *personally* neither—for I have no right to speak disparagingly of their general abilities. I have no right to say they are not men of cultivated understandings, of liberal education, of very good natural endowments, or to say they are not read in the history of their country. But in five words, Sir, I AM OUT OF PLACE.”—Extract from Letter to the Hon. William Windham, Ex-Minister at War. Times, Nov. 23, 1803.

But

But the masonry mark,—all is not gold that glitters—(a)
 'T is a pile (take my word for 't) of pancakes and fritters,
 A mansion of pastry, just fit, I may say,
 To be serv'd for the Corsican Chief's entremets:
 And this I shall presently shew—if you 've patience
 To attend while I offer a few observations (b):
 Somewhat ancient and musty, perchance, they 'll be found (c);
 But who cares?—to convince you they 're pithy and sound,
 When I've us'd 'em you 'll see what a tough rope of sand
 They 'll my trumpeter, COBBETT, afford, second-hand:
 'T is my object—you 're sure on 't, before I commence—
 To arraign the Premier and his plans of defence;
 And you know what a bold flight my rhetoric soars
 When employ'd to depreciate our volunteer corps.
 To an army of regulars when I compare 'em (d),
 Let the French, if they please, but by Jove I 'll not spare
 'em!

(e) The system I deprecate, Sirs, altogether:

'T is a cloud fraught with storms and tempestuous weather

To

(a) "The Right Hon. Gentleman has told us, that we possess a force little short of 500,000 men. One might be supposed, on hearing such a representation, to lose all idea of danger, and to despise the efforts of BONAPARTE and all his legions. This, it must be allowed, appears, at first sight, a very stupendous pile. Let us, however, attend a little to the masonry. The old front may be preserved; but in the interior we may meet with little better than lath and plaster."

(b) "As to the disposition of the volunteers, I have to offer a few observations."—(*House of Commons, Mr. Windham's Speech: Morning Chronicle, Dec. 10, 1803.*)

(c) Of the nature and the favour of ex-ministerial strictures on points before us, the House is perfectly aware the moment the subject is started. They are, by this time, somewhat rancid and stale, and every Member will tell you, that (like dead Polonius) "*you may nose them in the lobby.*" They strike our senses, as those of Stephano were assailed in the Tempest, with a "*very ancient and fish-like smell, a kind of, not of the newish, Poor John.*"

(d) "My wish is to speak generally of the superiority of a regular army above any other species of force."—(*Mr. Windham, Morning Chronicle, Dec. 10.*)

(e) With regard to the volunteer system, he (Mr. WINDHAM) deprecated it altogether; he considered it from the first as a great, though remote, source of danger to the country; he was afraid of it as an armed democracy; he maintained, that the volunteer corps were not only undisciplined, but were characterized by a total incapacity for discipline;

To the state—'t is a monster whose fight makes me sick—
 On whose nature sound discipline never will stick.
 A silk purse you'll make easier of a sow's ear,
 Than mould to a soldier a raw volunteer.
 Hence a Minister's *doughty* half million I scoff;
 So three hundred and seventy thousand strike off (✓):
 For of volunteer soldiers it seems that 's the number:
 (Volunteers are in my computation live lumber.)
 The militia come next; and, beyond all dispute,
 A well-disciplin'd band, highly useful to boot;
 Their deserts (since I cannot) 't were vain to deny:
 But, left with our regular troops they should vie,
 Put them out of the question—then under my lash
 Comes that half-form'd, odd, heterogeneous hash,
 The army, yclept of reserve:—but, ah! pish on 't!
 Here 's, of forty good thousands, sixteen inefficient!
 And the rest little better, Sirs, every man John—
 Now where's your *half million*?—Hey, Presto!—'t is gone!
 After all the exertions and fufs that you've made
 With five thousand men fit to brandish a blade,

pline; they never could be capable of that discipline necessary to make them useful; it was *as impossible as to make a silk purse of a sow's ear*.—He entered his protest against the system, convinced that it neither was, nor could come to, good."—(Mr. Windham, *Morning Herald*, Dec. 13, 1803.)

The Right Hon. Gentleman's expressions of contempt and antipathy to the volunteer corps have been for some time distinguished by a kind of progressive energy. He seems (from the preceding extract) to have nearly reached the climax of reprobation, and to breathe the very self-same spirit in which Prospero stigmatizes the innate and intractable brutality of his slave Caliban:

"A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick!"

TEMPEST.

① "In the first instance, we had to put aside three hundred and seventy thousand volunteers, the number at which the Hon. Secretary at War had computed them; the militia were also to be put out of the question, though I do not mean to deny that they had made a very respectable progress in discipline, and, for a certain species of service, were highly useful. How then, Sir, stands the Army of Reserve at the present moment? If I am not misinformed, there are even now ten thousand men not yet raised. There are six thousand men still unattached to any regular regiment, so that we have sixteen out of the forty thousand men to be levied."

And

And no more, is our regular army augmented (g) ;
Yet you quiz me, because I appear discontented.

(h) What ! d' ye fancy that soldiers you 'll make of the herd
Who enlist for a limited time ? 't is absurd.

With my favourite axiom, " LET WAR BE ETERNAL,"

Can I bear a pro-tempore captain or col'nel ?

Or endure nineteen thousand raw tatterdemallions

Made use of to fill up your second battalions ?

Should things come to a crisis, I 'll hold ten to one,

With raw soldiers, you 'll have all your work *under-done*.

Expect no more service from men of this class,

Than work from a hackney just caught up from grafs.

A British recruit 's good for nothing, I tell ye,

While he 's flesh on his bones, Sirs, or beer in his belly ;

But if once you 'd prevail on these champions so fresh

To get rid of that portable load, their GRASS FLESH (i),

(That 's as much as to say *all* their flesh, for, alas !

There 's no need to remind you that " All Flesh is Grafs,"

Who to watch, fast, and pray, in *this chapel* take pleasure,

And no parings expect but of *heavenly* Cheffire,) (k)

BONAPART' and his legions, and Mameluc Hectors,

Could n't face such a skin-and-bone army of spectres.

(g) " It appears, then, that after all the exertions which have been made, the regular army has only received an augmentation of five thousand men."

(h) " It is absurd to pretend that men enlisted for a limited period can ever properly assume the habits, or adopt the character, of a soldier. Every military man scouted the idea. Till a man had adopted the life of a soldier as a profession, he could never be considered as a tried veteran in the service. Of the army of reserve, as it now stood, there are upwards of nineteen thousand who have not entered into the regular regiments, but have been used to fill up second battalions. As for such troops, I cannot entertain any very lofty opinion—they are, to all intents and purposes, raw inefficient recruits."—(Mr. WINDHAM, *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10.)

(i) " They have not yet got rid of their grafs-flesh; the beer is hardly out of their bellies, which kept them in a constant state of sottish dissipation."—(Mr. WINDHAM'S Speech, *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10.)

(k) The sagacious reader will naturally advert to the exemplary attendance of members on the prayers read by their chaplain before the commencement of their debates, as well as to their long vigils and painful procrastination of dinner hours for the good of their country.

Let

(l) Let the House but review this incongruous pack
Of old staggers and striplings,—poor rogues who kept back,
Not, indeed, from effect of a cowardly qualm,
But because none would cross with a stiver their palm;
And as much to the nation's defence they'll contribute
As Falstaff's recruits, that were press'd from the gibbet.
The idea is strange, that it makes a man bolder
To trick him out spruce in the garb of a soldier;
Give a lout a red coat, and bedizen with lace it,
He's a lout,—for “Cucullus non Mouachum facit (m).”

Nine months have elaps'd, ('t is a long time to wait,) (n)
And no remedy found for our invalid state
Save cutting out jackets and shreds of red cloth :—
This is all mere panada, skimm'd milk, chicken broth.
Only make ME Premier, I'll turn o'er a new leaf :
For I long, Sirs, to be in the enemy's beef;
And, to crown with success my judicious designs,
Am for vigorous measures, compulsion and fines (o).
Till this course you adopt, Sir, your system's a jest;
And against it I enter my furious protest (p).
Be assur'd, whether with or without a pretence,
I'll oppose all the Minister's plans of defence.

(l) “But, Sir, I desire the House to consider what is the complexion of the greater part of these second battalions. Why, Sir, they are composed of old men and young striplings—of individuals who had kept back, not because they had refused to volunteer into regular regiments, but because nobody could be found to offer them a bounty.”—(*Mr. WINDHAM'S Speech, Dec. 10.*)

(m) It is a strange kind of idea that all volunteers must be clothed in the dress of a soldier. Let them not be led away by the gewgaws of dress.

(n) “After an interval of nine months, I see nothing beyond the mere degrading idea of safety from threatened invasion. We had made no exertions for attacking the enemy. We could only provide for our health with such remedies as were within our reach. We could boast of nothing beyond broth and portable soups.”

(o) “Some vigorous measures must be adopted to give us any chance for recruiting our regular army. I am decidedly of opinion, that compulsory service should only be commuted for the payment of a stipulated penalty. Till this was done, it was absurd to think of recruiting for the army on a great scale.”—(*Mr. WINDHAM, Morn. Chron. Dec. 10.*)

(p) “He (Mr. WINDHAM) entered his protest against the system, convinced that it neither was, nor would come to, good.”—(*Morning Herald, Dec. 13.*)

To

To defend us a whimsical mode he pursues,
 For he arms all those folks who have something to lose :
 But allow me to help you out at a dead lift,
 And their arms I 'll take from them, and turn them adrift (g).

Don't imagine a volunteer soldier the worse is,
 For whatever I 've said of *stew's* ears and *filk* purses : (See note (c))
 Not a whit !—From their merits I scorn to detract :
 This the hon'able Doctor, by whom I am back'd,
 (Believe it who list,) will maintain : (r) Nay, what's more !
 For the *kindness* I bear to each volunteer corps,
 He can tell you, my health has been recently drank,
 By fifty fine gentlemen of the *first rank* ;
 By the learned Civilian and COBBETT, to wit :
 I 'm not certain whom else they might deign to admit,
 But I guess *my learn'd Advocates* twain to their revels
 Had engag'd, for the nonce, forty-eight printer's devils (s).

You 'll excuse this digression—And, since I have shewn
 My contempt for your plan, some account of my own
 You will look for of course, and I grant 't is your due :
 Then list a detail, BONAPARTE must rue.
 For distinctions I 'm famous (t),—my system admits
 Not of volunteer soldiers, but only arm'd Cits :

(g) "Before you can have a regular army, I say, *give me back* the three hundred and seventy thousand volunteers, who have been made the subject of so much exultation."—(MR. WINDHAM, *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10.)

(c) "His Rt. Hon. Friend (MR. WINDHAM) had not calumniated the volunteers. He had never spoken of them, as of a body incapable of being useful."—(DR. LAWRENCE'S Speech, *Times*, Dec. 15.)

"He would always feel proud of having acted with his Right Hon. Friend, in opposition to their (the Ministers') system, &c."—(*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 15.)

(i) "In a respectable vicinage, a company of fifty gentlemen, composed of men of the first weight, had drank the health of his Right Hon. Friend, especially on account of the line of conduct he has taken in this very business."—(DR. LAWRENCE, *Times*, Dec. 15.)

(t) "No man was a better Logician, or had a greater idea of distinctions and super-distinctions, and distinctions upon distinctions, than the Right Hon. Ex-Secretary at War; he was a perfect rival of Thomas Aquinas."—(MR. COURTENAY, *Morning Herald*, Dec. 13.)

"Let the volunteers consider themselves not as soldiers, but as armed citizens. What I am anxious for is, *not that the same men should continue long in arms*, but that the whole population should take this duty in their hands, should like to have them hot and hot in the service."—(MR. W., *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 10.)

I'll let no man bear arms long enough to produce
 The requisite quantum of skill for their use,
 But disband each recruit ere his business he learns;
 For the whole population must fight in their
 turns;

And, as fast as each company's butcher'd or shot,
 Fresh batches on service I'll send, *hot and hot*.
 I'll marshal, to-day, in my reverend lines,
 A sable brigade of short-cassock'd divines (u);
 And of Curates a corps de reserve upon drill,
 As the Doctors drop off, shall their vacancies fill.
 To-morrow shall see me the Frenchmen appal
 With coifs and full-bottoms from Westminster Hall—
 Then physic's the word! I'll impress Warwick Lane;
 With her sons reinforce'd, thrice we'll slaughter the slain.
 Then scavengers, stock-jobbing knaves, undertakers,
 Beaux, bawds, babes of grace, Swedenborgians, and Quakers,
 Jews, gaol-birds, conveyancers, butchers, and butlers,
 Hypercritics and hangmen, clerks, catchpoles, and futtlers,
 Pimps, vagabonds, venders of tractors metallic,
 Shall face in their turns our antagonists Gallic.
 Thus a fair chance I'll give ev'ry class and profession
 To conquer; or else be *kill'd off* in succession.

(u) They who constitute this most reverend, right reverend, and very reverend brigade, will differ not a little, both in flesh and spirit, from those wretched militants, of whom Shakspere says—"Half dare not shake the snow from off their *cassocks*, lest they shake themselves to pieces."

No part of the clerical garb is so well calculated for the militant service of the church as the *short cassock*, which by its succinctness, &c. will not only keep its reverend wearer (*totus teres atque rotundus*) fortified against the rigours of the weather, to which field duty must necessarily expose him; but, with a very little address, may be made also to serve, like Hudibras's breeches, as a portable magazine of

"—ammunition, bread, and cheese,
 And fat black puddings, &c. &c."

An economical dignitary of the church, who occasionally visits Billingsgate market, is well known to have frequently carried home, enveloped under this venerable and convenient covering, a dozen flounders for his supper.

THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE MODERNIZED,
AND ADDRESSED TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

[From the same.]

SEE candied o'er with snow the (a) Cheviau stands,
And the bleak (b) moor its dreary waste expands;
The woods can scarce the wintry weight sustain,
And rapid (c) Wharf is bound in icy chain:
Stir the brisk fire; let mirth and wit abound;
And push, my boys, the mantling tankard round.
Mind not, though W——m. disembogues his passion,
That MAN OF MIST, AND PUERILE QUOTATION:
Let him abuse our brave, stout Volunteers,
And bless his stars that he preserves his ears!
(d) Leave that to Heav'n; whose providential care
Has still'd the (e) tempest, hush'd the wordy war,
That wont to echo through St. Stephen's faue,
And (f) Fox and BURDETT plague themselves in vain.
While thus we quaff the barley's wholesome juice,
(g) Reck not what cares to-morrow may produce;
But (h) count it gain, that shivering on their sands
We brave and scourge the TYRANT's miscreant bands.
(i) Love, love your country, boys: let patriot rage
Gird your stout hearts, ere (k) chill'd by freezing age
The martial (l) field invites—O nobly dare
To pluck fresh laurels from the brow of war:
So shall ye quash W——m's aspersions foul,
And all the midnight (m) whippers of his foul!

MISOMERIDOS, OR A FACTION-HATER.

(a) A high hill near Otley, in Yorkshire.

(b) Romels moor.

(c) A beautiful river, which runs by the seat of Lord HAREWOOD.

(d) Permite Divis.

(e) Stravere ventos deptæliantes.

(f) Nec cupieffi, nec veteres agitantur orni.—The Ornus is remarkable for the sourness and asperity of its fruit, and for being excellent firewood; in which respects, it directly calls to our mind a rough crabbed INCENDIARY.

(g) Quid sit futurum, cras fuge quærere.

(h) Appone auro.

(i) Nec dulces amores sperne puer.

(k) Donec virenti canities abest.

(l) Nunc et campus.

(m) Sub noctem fufurri compofitâ repetantur horâ.

A PAIR

A PAIR OF DIALOGUES.

[From the York Herald.]

DIALOGUE I.

Πάντοτε γομάσας λαλον υκονα, ποιμισιν ἦδ' οὖ
Παύριον—

CAN ECHO speak the tongue of every country ?

ECHO. Try.

Te virginem si fortè quæram erotica ?

Εἰῶ ταχα.

Ma si ti sopra il futuro questionerò ?

Ετιον ἡῶ.

Et puis-je te parler sur des choses passées ?

Εῴῃε.

Dic mihi quæso virum, vitiis cui tot bona parita :

BUONAPARTE.

Whom once Sir SIDNEY drove with shame from Acre.

A cur !

(Where, by the by, will that tar next excel ?

Texel.)

T' unlock our India, France would make of Turkey—

Her key.

Would she then seize Bombay, Madras, Bengal ?

All.

And did her chief fly Egypt, when most needed ?

He did.

Whom is he like, who thrives but by escaping ?

SCAPIN.

Croyez vous aux histoires, qu'en dit DENON ?

Non.

What are the arms, with which he now fights Britons ?

High tones.

Ufusne in istius minis fuit aliquis ?

All a quiz !

Quid nobis iterat tanto hic jactator hiatu ?

" I hate you."

Qu'il vienne aussitôt qu'il le veut, ce grand homme !

A grand-bum !

Necit at ille moras, pelagusque horrere putatur !

Peut-être.

You 'd think him then mad, if his forces he march here ?
 As a March hare.
 Where does he with those forces wasted over ?
 To Dover.
 Granted—what would they be, ere led to London ?
 All undone.
 Can GEORGE then thrash by land the CORSICAN ?
 He can.
 But what, if he should chance to meet our navy ?
 Væ !
 Τουτῷ γ' ἂν ἐχθρὰ γῆ τε καὶ θάλασσα ἐστὶ ;
 A few.
 Atqui, ceu XERXES, nostris fugere actus ab oris—
 A bore is.
 And hence he swears, he 'll ne'er again turn flyer.
 Liar !
 How best shall England quell his high pretences ?
 Paret enses.
 Et qu'est ce qu'elle montrera, pour calmer cet inquiet ?
 Εγχυσ.
 Then let him haste; we've one to check his brag.
 Βλαστή.
 Ast unco ductus pœnas dabis, improbe, Gallis.
 Gallows.
 E chi ti vedrà morto "ben gli sta" griderà.
 Agreed—Hurra !

DIALOGUE II.

—Quæ nec reticere loquenti.
 Nec prior ipsa loqui potuit.—

AGAIN I call; sweet Maid, come echo me.
 ECHO. Eccomi !
 Tell me, of what consists the heart of Gaul :
 Of gall.
 Her mad caprices in her ancient shape ;
 Ape !
 Her present taste, for blood and riot eager.
 Tigre !
 Tell, of what god her sons are now the votaries ?
 Apis.

And

And whose before, so wolfish grown and ravenous?

VENUS.

Scoundrels, as changeful as the changing ocean!

O chiens!

Au roi, qui les aimoit, ils ont frappé le cou—

Πιλεκκου.

At dulcior stirps regia illis melle erat!

I smell a rat.

E sotto i ré erano sempre allegri.

All agree.

Why, once so gay, are they disconsolate?

They this Consul hate.

Τίς δὲ τοσὺν αὐτοῖς ἐνέπνευσ' Ὑπαίου θρησκείαν;

Cayenne.

Aliquid mali molitur in nos consilii:

Silly!

Cumque illo miles Bataurus conjurat amicum.

Rot 'em, I say.

Where would his *Brest* fleet in our empire land?

Ireland.

Ἀλλοθι δ' ὁ γ' ἤπειλ' ἰσχυραῖν διηγεῖσθαι,

En Ecoffe.

Quisnam illum à SCOTIS manet exitus, auspice MOIRA?

Moira.

Spem forsan nullam, MOIRA ibi jam duce, habet!

Deuce a bit.

Εἰς Ἀγέλας δ' ἤκειν ἰσχυρὸς τοῦ τοῦ,

To die.

How best shall we 'scape this invasion's alarm?

All arm.

Then, *Englishmen*, rush to the field, 't is your duty:

Διευτε.

Be no longer the dopes of an *Amiens* truce.

Ruse!

(Ἦν δαλος, οὐ φάλαξ τοῦ δ' ἐκ φρενὸς κλυθεῖν αὐτὸς;

ΟΤΤΟ'Σ.)

Furem ego coniundam, qui te rapere audet, agelle:

To a jelly.

Anglia que externos faciliè appropinquet ipsa latrones.

At her own ease.

And dost thou wish the throne restor'd by MOREAU?

Oro.

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Then from his height falls dread NAPOLEON ;

APOLLYON !

(*Scilicet hunc Anglus vocat, hunc Hebræus ABADDON* !*

A bad one.)

And then the world, now scar'd, will laugh at him :

Affatim.

Il reste donc à souhaiter, que la France lui désobéisse.

So be it !

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

DOCTOR ADDINO TONNINO, Manager of the New Theatre, *Westminster*, begs leave to return the PUBLIC his most grateful thanks for the support with which he has been honoured ever since he first used his *humble efforts* to amuse them ; and he trusts that when his Theatre shall open again after the *Christmas Holidays*, his attempts to provide *Entertainment* for his candid and generous friends will ensure a continuance of their protection and indulgence. *The Doctor*, however, humbly begs leave to represent to his patrons the *difficult* situation in which he finds himself at this conjuncture.

Mr. COLMAN, the Manager of the Little Theatre, *Haymarket*, had occasion at the commencement of his season to state to the public, that the Managers of the two winter Theatres having insisted upon keeping all the Performers who had entered into articles with them, but who went to perform occasionally at the Little Theatre, strictly true to their engagements, had, by those means, prevented them from giving him that assistance they had in former instances so generously bestowed, Mr. COLMAN was therefore obliged to re-

* Rev. ix. 11.

quest

quest the indulgence of the public in favour of the Performers, whom, in the hurry of the moment, he had been obliged to collect from different parts of the country.

The MANAGER of the NEW THEATRE, *Westminster*, finds himself equally distressed by the conduct of the Managers of the *Two Old Theatres, Westminster*; and is under the necessity of adopting the same remedy as his Brother Manager Mr. COLMAN—requesting a similar indulgence and forbearance from the public.—Those Performers who, from the first establishment of the New Theatre, had been permitted by the Managers of the Two Rival Theatres, in the same place, to lend their assistance to the *Doctor's humble efforts* to please a generous public, are now withdrawn: the Managers appearing determined to muster their forces, and to use all their combined efforts, however unfair and uncandid, to run down the *Doctor* and his Company.

In this distress the *Doctor* has been obliged to use all possible activity in providing *Performers from the country*, who, though they never before have appeared on a public stage, or been heard of by the public, the *Doctor* trusts and hopes, that they will at least experience the indulgence, if they cannot merit the favour, of his discerning but candid friends.

“Be to their faults *extremely* blind,”

is the only appeal he dares make in favour of his humble associates; but the *Doctor* assures the NOBILITY and GENTRY, that whatever may be wanting of sterling merit, or real talent, shall be made up by *Scenery, Machinery, and Pantomime*. For this purpose the *Doctor* has been most fortunate in rescuing from the trammels of one of the Managers of the *Old Theatre*, at a great expense, a gentleman *unequalled in those particular branches of Theatrical display*—a gentleman well known to the public, whose endeavours to amuse them

have

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have long been received with applause, and whose merit in the *lower walks of Comedy* has ever been considered as unrivalled.

ONE OTHER PERFORMER has also been engaged by the *Doctor* from the same Theatre. His talents, when he played upon that stage, were deemed much above mediocrity; since his new engagement, however, a sudden fit of *shyness* has come upon him, which has hitherto baffled all the efforts the *Doctor* has used to induce him to *open his mouth* upon the Stage of the New Theatre. He has, however, succeeded so well in *Rehearsals*, that the *Doctor* has no doubt but that he will soon become a great favourite with the town.—The *Doctor* thinks it right to state, that, for the present, he has been induced, by his *great skill in accounts*, to appoint this gentleman *Treasurer to the Company*.

FIGURANTES, MUTES, FIDDLERS, SCENE-SHIFTERS, AND
CANDLE-SNUFFERS, FROM THE TWO OLD THEATRES.

New Theatre, Westminster.

February —, 1804.

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS will perform the Tragedy called

THE CASTLE PRESERVED;

Or, a Plot Discovered,

As acted with universal applause in the sister kingdom, on
the 3d of July last.

The part of *Antony*, the Foolish Senator, by the DOCTOR.

With the popular Entertainment of

DOCTOR LAST IN HIS CHARIOT.

Between the Play and Farce, the DOCTOR will sing his favourite humorous song of "*Four-and-twenty Doctors all in a Row,*" accompanied by the *Union Pipes*.

February the 3d will be represented

The Tragedy written by SCHILLER, translated from the
German, called

THE MINISTER!

The part of the Minister (*by particular desire*), by the DOCTOR.

With the Farce of The DOCTOR and the APOTHECARY.

Early

Early in the Season will be produced the last New Farce,
called,

RAISING THE WIND !

With Mr. Reynolds's last New Play cut down into an After-
piece, called

THE THREE PER CENTS REDUCED.

The Entertainment of THE CRITIC is in Rehearsal,
and will speedily be brought forward. The part of *Lord*
Burleigh by GEORGINO TIERNINO, being his first Ap-
pearance since his Engagement.

A NEW PANTOMIME, which has been long in pre-
paration, will soon be produced, with great variety of
Changes, Tricks, Deceptions, Machinery, and Transformations,
called,

THE WORLD TURN'D TOPSY TURVY !

Or, The Doctor turned Minister !

The last Scene will represent an *Apothecary's Shop*, which
will change into a beautiful picturesque

VIEW

OF

RICHMOND PARK AND LODGE !

Shown to the Pantomime, Signor SHERIDANO.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

A SOLILOQUY.

Scene, the Shore at Calais ; the Speaker looking wishfully towards
England.

[From the Oracle.]

WELL ! here I am at last, arrived on the borders of that
narrow channel which separates me from the country I
have vowed to conquer.—Is this to be, to me, a *Rubicon* or
a *Hellepont* ? Shall I return covered with laurels, like
CÆSAR ; or in a cock-boat, loaded with shame and con-
fusion, like the proud potentate of Asia ? What a question !
Do I most resemble the warlike Roman, or the luxurious
Emperor ? The answer to that question decides my destiny.—
Yes, the proud islanders shall be laid low ; and on my return
from thence, TALLEYRAND, the debauched and debauching
TALLEYRAND, shall act towards me the part of the flatter-
ing

ing and luxurious MARC ANTONY. The imperial diadem, presented by his hand, shall bind my brow; nor dare my obedient slaves, like the lawless rabble at *Rome*, utter either a groan or a lamentation.—But ah! though I am not like XERXES, neither are my enemies like his: they are not indeed braver, but they are far more numerous, and they are masters of the ocean.—Republican bravery and enthusiasm represented this passage as narrow and easy; but it is more than twenty times the width of that which separates *Europe* and *Asia*.—The army of XERXES was seven days and seven nights employed in passing one mile, and we expect to pass twenty-one miles in one day and one night!—No, it is an illusion: it will never do; but I cannot draw back, and my failure will be attended with my utter destruction.—If I become the scorn of *France*, I must remember the memorable sentence of MIRABEAU:—"From the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock there is but a step." Yes, and that step is on a declivity. If I do not succeed, I can but die; and what is death to me? I ought rather to wish for it. I have no friend, no confident, no well-wisher. Even my wife hates, abhors, and despises me. Accustomed to those hot hours of pleasure, where, if there is not always love, there is at least liberty and equality, she shrinks from the cold embrace of an uncontrolled master. Every human face around me is but a mirror, or a mask, representing my own countenance, and disguising itself. If I am sad, they are sad; if I am gay, they are joyful in outward show; but in reality the feelings are all the same—fear, envy, and hatred towards me. What then is death to me? The end of misery here, whatever there may be *hereafter*. Yes, *hereafter*, though at that word I tremble; and why do I tremble for the *time to come*? Because I remember the *time past*. The remembrance of my deeds in Italy, in Egypt, covers futurity with a funeral crape. But enough—I can bear it no longer. What is to me the past, which is gone; or that future which may never be? The present is mine; and actions, not thoughts, are to my purpose.—*Ambition! Revenge!* be these my deities.—Britain must fall, and the world bend to BONAPARTE; or I must fall, and the world be free. If I rise, I shall rise high; if I must fall, I shall fall terribly: but I trust still to my genius and my fortune, which have never yet long forsaken me.—

There

There is but a little spot between me and universal dominion, and that is Albion; but I must consider my enemy as an inhabitant of the water, not of the land, and act accordingly. We run down the lion and the tiger in the chase; even the timid and harmless animals of the air and of the field are destroyed in an instant; but with the inhabitants of the deep we play, till they have fatigued themselves, and become an easy prey.—We first deceive them, when we alternately lengthen, and withhold, till efforts are vain, and resistance becomes impossible.—We must *waste England*; it cannot be taken by storm.—It is larger than *Acre*, and it is not defended by Muffulmen. But, in order to waste that great country (for even its enemies allow its greatness) we must menace, threaten, and attack in every different way, in every different place, in every different quarter. All the nations on the Continent will remain neuter, and look on in hopes of sharing in the commerce of the modern Carthage; while I shall return triumphant with the spoils. To humiliate, disgrace, and annihilate the English nation, will be occupation worthy of my ambition and revenge; but that I may indulge completely, I must preserve my person from the dangers of that element on which the NELSONS and St. VINCENTS ride triumphant. I must avoid death, to enjoy the conquest and ruin of England; or, if that be unattainable, the best retreat from remorse, reflection, and despair, is in the silent grave. I am doomed to pass a life of conquest and activity, be it long or short. Then adieu to reasoning and reflection; and *may the purple of England be of a deeper dye than that of Syria or Egypt!*

